

# Ġirkù Chronicles **0**

## ANTON PARKS



Dream of Eternal Time  
“Book of Nuréa”

**Anton Parks**  
Ĝirkù Chronicles  
Volume 0  
(Prequel)  
*Dream of Eternal Time*  
“Book of Nuréa”



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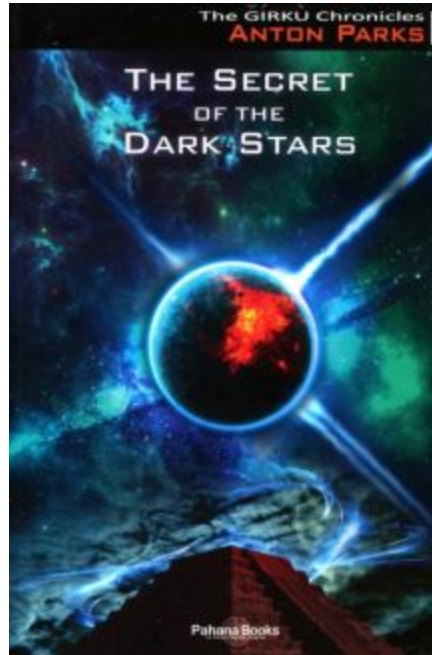
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The Secret of the Dark Star is a rare book, a strange, extraordinary, timeless, fascinating book. We find in the same book the richness of a novel, a historical and above all spiritual coherence that can make sense of the world surrounding us. A small miracle!

*“The Secret of the Dark Star is a rare book, a strange, extraordinary, timeless, fascinating book. We find in the same book the richness of a novel, a historical and above all spiritual coherence that can make sense of the world surrounding us; it is a challenge. A small miracle! If the presentation*

of the book reminds us of an epic narrative of science-fiction, and certainly, this book has a real epic 'breath of wind', *The Secret of the Dark Stars* examines the reality of our most distant past, the oldest civilization that gave birth to today's society, all to make sense of our present. The work of Anton Parks remains totally original, immersing the reader in a ceaseless ballet of questions and answers, playing with the roots of our most fundamental myths, the decoding of ancient and modern languages as part of an epic saga. Fiction or reality? It is up to the reader to decide. Anton Parks describes the functioning of the power struggles between the so-called "Gods" of the Egyptian and Sumerian pantheon by expanding the picture into a huge galactic bestiary, a highly complex and fascinating battle between multiple extraterrestrial civilizations whose identity is coded."

**- Alain Gossens (Karma One) - Karmapolis.be, October, 2005**

"The work of Parks remains unclassifiable and raises essential questions: what was happening on Earth before the coming of Man? What preceded and caused the advent of human civilizations? The author of the *Secret of the Stars Dark* fascinates thousands of readers around the world with his epic stories about the origin of human civilization. Parks just possibly restores to us our true genesis, the one which appears in the Sumerian texts, which, as a clairvoyant, he deciphers in a straightforward manner. Hang on, this is genuine Parks!"

**- Nexus France, No. 43-44, Spring-Summer 2006**

More information on the official website:

<https://www.antonparks.net/le-secret-des-etoiles-sombres-t1>

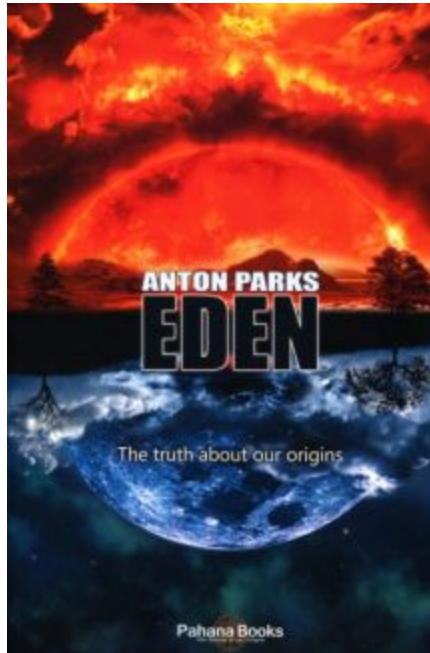
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In EDEN, you will see that the first chapters of the Book of Genesis present only a greatly edited version of what was inscribed on these ancient tablets. The Garden of Eden, the Serpent, and the Fall of Man are presented here in a completely new light, proving that these episodes were altered to the point of incomprehensibility in the course of later rewriting...

*"[...] Eden, is the result of Anton Parks' decoding and translating Sumerian cuneiform texts from clay tablets, dated to C. 2800 BC. [...] These texts, he concludes, are the source material for the first chapters of the book*



*of Genesis and would have been accessed by Jewish scribes during the captivity in Babylon C. 597 to 539 BC. Parks compares the cuneiform text translations with the biblical text and shows that serious misinterpretations were made in Genesis. [...] His rigorous analysis puts established beliefs into question".*

**- Nexus UK, vol. 21, n°4, June-July 2014**

"Anton Parks, writer and specialist in Eastern cultures, has devoted himself to the study of written documents considered the oldest of humanity. By translating several tablets decorated with cuneiform signs missed by most specialists (Kharsa? tablets), dug up more than a century ago on the site of Nippur, (Iraq), Parks was able not only to retrace the story of our origins, but also to demonstrate that the Book of Genesis was only an unfortunate and distorted copy of such an event ... essential reading."

**- Magazine Science et Inexpliqué No. 34, July-August 2013**

More information on the official website:  
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**Coming soon in English:**

[Secret of the Dark Stars - Ğirkù Chronicles 1](#)

Ádam Genesis - Ğirkù Chronicles 2

Awakening of the Phoenix - Ğirkù Chronicles 3

[Eden \(Essay – Ebook\)](#)

The Virgin's Testament (Essay – Ebook) The Last March of the Gods (Essay – Ebook) The Chaos of origins (Essay – Ebook) Corpus Deae (Essay – Ebook) “From Pleroma to Matter” – the exclusive Anton Park’s biography **Hanael Parks :**

Queen's shadow – The Mistress of the Temple Chronicles 1

Disgrace & Redemption – The Mistress of the Temple Chronicles 2

I am infinitely grateful to those who have made the effort to purchase this book because they have fully contributed to financing my writing and research.

I am particularly thankful to all those who have preordered this book months before its release. Without this help, none of this would have been possible.

I would also like to give a warm thanks to each and every one of you - readers and web users - for your support and your many messages of sympathy and fraternity, to which I seldom have the time to respond.

My immense task requires considerable time and work.

**Anton Parks**

**In memory of my father  
(01/1939- 12/2013)**

“History is the sum total of things that could have  
been avoided.”

**Konrad Adenauer**

“As this moment steadily advances through time it  
coagulates a wavy future into a particle past.”

**Lawrence Bragg**

“[The black hole] teaches us that space can be  
crumpled like a piece of paper into an infinitesimal  
dot, that time can be extinguished like a blown-out  
flame, and that the laws of physics that we regard as  
‘sacred,’ as immutable, are anything but.”

**John Wheeler**

“Who, among the human race, will accept that our  
world, as we know it, stems from misguided  
judgement?”

**Anton Parks**

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*SYNOPSIS*

# NURÉA

According to the ancient Gnostic doctrine mentioned in the Nag Hammadi (Upper-Egypt) texts, is the daughter of Eve of the Great Above, the archetype of the spiritual woman who carries the Mother of Origins's non-corrupt power. As such, Norea descends from Sophia the Wise personified. Norea symbolizes the inferior Sophia who separates the visible world from the invisible world. Her activity defies the ages of the Earth. She was present “*before the day the world was*” (NH IX, 2 - 28,16-17) whereas, in the Hypostasis of the Archons (NH II, 4), she gets involved with mankind, later on in the history of the world. Norea fights the dark forces (the Archons) in order to educate living beings and teach them the first lessons. Her mission consists in completing her mother's work. That's why Norea's powers come from Barbelo, the Mother of Origins and the concept of the Divine female in many different Gnostic movements.

The 4<sup>th</sup> century bishop and theologist Epiphane of Salamine refers to a Gnostic document entitled *The Book of Norea*. In this manuscript, which has disappeared, Norea reveals-the way to give back to Barbelo her integrity. She explains how the “*remains that were snatched from the Mother from above by the Archon who made the world*” and by the other gods, angels and demons who follow him, must be reassembled using the power contained in the corpses—which flows during sexual intercourse<sup>[1]</sup>. The Zohar (Bereshit 1, 19b) mentions Norea by the name of “*Naama*”, who united with Azael to give birth to succubus. Naama can be compared to Nammu in Sumerian culture and to Nut in ancient Egypt. The wise Hippolyte of Rome named her Nora and the bishop Irene of Lyon named her Norea.

Norea also personifies the revelation, the instructor or Noema in Greek (*thought, intelligence*). That's why she fights against the material corruption that the Gnostic sects condemn.

Another Gnostic belief spread by the Sethian sect depicts Norea as the daughter of the terrestrial Eve and as the wife of Seth (Ádam and Eve's 3<sup>rd</sup> son) or even Noe. According to this more recent version, she would be responsible for the sacred lineage of prophets that existed before the arrival of Jesus Christ.



When translated by the syllabic decomposition method, her Proto-Sumerian name gives us NUR-E-A-[2]: *“the very elevated of the house of water”* or *“the distinguished from the house of water”* or even *“the assistant from the house of water”*.

# BETWEEN DIFFERENT WORLDS

## (Foreword)

Nowadays, this unexpected book - the true foundation of my Ğirkù Chronicles series is published, I will have spent half my life in the halls of time, see through an impenetrable past in which it is so easy to lose oneself. It is an impalpable universe in which it is easy to lose one's mind and hopes for a stable and "normal" life. This last point is, according to me, the absolute dilemma, the terrible choice I have had to wrestle with up until now and which forces me to make intolerable sacrifices.

Despite a happy childhood, a tight family and extraordinary parents, I have lived in the shadows of my mother of German descent, an exceptional woman in so many ways. In light of the destiny that has been endowed upon me ever since I was a little boy, it was better for me to remain under her protective wing, since she is an extraordinary resource of knowledge of all kinds. I have nevertheless also inherited my loving mother's fears and anxieties originating from the torment of the war of 1939-1945...

In lower school, my young classmates would bark out my Anglo-Saxon sounding name and called me a "dirty Boche" all while playing violent games while I stood silently in my corner watching them "battle for glory." Did they know what a "Boche" was? Unaware myself, I remember asking my horrified mother.

My life slipped by with a constant feeling of invisibility. It resembled a dream that had reached its summit, with the feeling of progressively sliding towards a final conflagration in which matter would transform into particles of light. "Transparent" but here, I felt absent from the scenario of my own existence, of which some unknown hand had designated me to be the main character. This feeling of distance would not get better over time. I learned to adapt, to communicate and therefore "pretend" to be like everybody else, while suffering the humiliation of being different - without knowing why - and the feeling of being less intelligent than the others. To this day I can still picture myself, every summer vacation up until the age of 12 or 13, pacing back and forth on the

esplanade in Treport and Mers-les- Bains, wondering whether the new coming school year would grant me the understanding that missing to me, yet that my classmates seemed to possess. It felt like an enormous part of my brain's grey matter was disconnected, but I had the sensation that it could “wake up” at any instant and I grew more impatient for that moment to come with each passing day.

Shortly after, at the age where my classmates experienced their first loves, I was flirting with the shadows of an elusive genesis. That is how by the age of fourteen, I received my first visions, whose intrusions and frequencies (one to three times a day) scarred me for life. It took me months - practically a year - to figure out the sense of these informations.

Since 1981, the flash phenomenon is generally induced by ambient light. The luminous spectrum in which I find myself in the 3D world is exactly the same as the one in the beginning of the vision that I get in that same moment. The phenomenon instantly disconnects me from reality. I am then bathed in light and sound from which whole and complete scenes appear before me. It can happen anywhere, regardless of the light's density. This totally uncontrollable phenomenon erupts at any moment like a beam of light surging from the void, while time seems to come to a halt all around me. I feel as if I am living through two-to-twenty-minute scenes, but in actual fact they don't last more that a handful of seconds in our reality. I also get the bizarre sensation of breaking an illuminated mirror and slipping through it to the other side, towards the origin of the worlds. To be disconnected from the present moment and not to be able to control anything is an intense ordeal. It's like diving into a dazzling pool, without any markers to orient myself.

Desperate, I quickly told my younger sister who in turn told my mother, who fortunately lent me a listening ear, free of judgement— despite the singularity of such a phenomenon and despite our Christian roots. At the time, I could not predict that these uncommon experiences would one day lead my life. At first, I had to learn to "live with it" and avoid talking about it. The two first years, my mother typed up the contents of some of the visions I would write down with my tormented hand. Her initiative was the testimony of total comprehension on her part, for which I am grateful. Her support that never faded throughout my youth was precious to me until the day when these “experiences” became so ineffable and secret that I could no longer share their contents with anyone, not even with my own mother.

This gift therefore became a silent burden to bear on my own, for the best and for the worst.



At the age of seventeen, I met a woman who shared a large part of her life with me. She had loved me and supported me with all her strength for almost eighteen years when finally in December 2001 she broke into tears seeing me struggle to write the first chapters of *The Secret of the Dark Stars*. I had just left my job a few months earlier. I had no income and she understood that we would never be able to have a “normal” life. I lost all hope. Ten years before that moment, I had become able to suppress the visions, hoping to finally lead a peaceful life with my partner. Her fateful decision led to a terrible self-depreciation, and I hit rock bottom for over a decade. The last of my life's foundations that still stood crumbled in that month of December 2001. I became ashamed— I was incapable of doing anything or making anyone happy! At the time, I would have far more preferred to lead a calmer existence with an “ordinary job,” a family, children. I would have especially liked the visions to cease because, to this day, they still keep me from living normally and experiencing simple joys and sometimes even performing simple daily tasks.

In 2002 my parents took me in, desperate, watching me sink into depression. I felt so worthless that I would sleep on the floor instead of on the sofa bed available to me in the room I occupied. This was supposed to be temporary, but “a few months” extended to “several years,” the time that was needed to write the first two volumes of the *Chronicles*. From the moment I began writing, I finally understood that fighting this destiny would drag me down an infernal spiral at the bottom of which I could see only one fatal way out. From then I had to make something of these images of an unchained genesis, accept them, value them. What to do with all this information? How to put them into perspective? After all these years of resistance, I was opening Pandora’s box. It was now a question of life or death! Everything converged towards this prison whose walls I had to break to save my own skin and rebuild myself. It was with a heavy heart that I abandoned all hope of living a simple life.

What if the story of our past was actually the opposite of the one taught in our schools and universities? All of these images, at the service of some sort of transcendental power, nevertheless make up such a coherent whole. And so I wrote, and I still do, to the point of exhaustion, naively believing that maybe the virus would some day be expelled from inside of me, allowing me to pull away from this original solitude... because we are alone, so terribly alone, face to face with these vestiges of another time. From that period, I understood that it is not possible to escape one's destiny. Writing Ğirkù Chronicles became my only preoccupation, my full-time job, demanding labor that up to this day has not provided me with the resources to feed myself.

To this day, I have had visions throughout multiple, distinct periods of time, which I shall now detail:

- From April 1981 to March-April 1991: During this time, I obtained information on the totality of the cycles detailed in Ğirkù Chronicles, including the Celtic period that will be detailed in last phase of writing. In 1991 I “shut the door” to stop having visions and attempted to live more peacefully. It took considerable determination to stop the persistent flux of visions.

- 1991 to 2007 was a relatively calm time in regards to having visions. I had a few brief ones despite my will to stop getting them. I was able to pinpoint the ends of April and May as extremely difficult periods for me (the period of the Taurus astrological sign, under which I was born). Every year, in that lapse of time, the doors of the unthinkable past, hidden in the nooks of time, systematically want to open. I fell into a long depression in 1991. While I strived to preserve and construct my life, I was left with the opposite effect.

- In September 2007 the visions returned intensely during my first trip to Egypt. My connection to this country reopened the flows of light in a way that was impossible to control. Physically, these receptions were very violent. They were about the Egyptian period detailed in volume 3 of the Chronicles and about several themes detailed in The Virgin's Testament.<sup>[3]</sup>

- I had a new series of visions in October 2008 during my second trip to Egypt. Some of these elements are detailed in volumes 3 and 4 of the Chronicles.<sup>[4]</sup>

- On Sunday, May 12, 2013, I received all of the elements in this book during a two-hour vision. Some details from 1981 and 1991 are also present as I did not understand that part of the story enough to reveal them until now. The re-editions of the Ġirkù Chronicles series (volumes 1,2, and 3) will allow me to fill in the gap and put certain unpublished elements back into their proper context. The vision I had on the 12<sup>th</sup> of May 2013, marked a new turning point in my life. I had never received that much information in such a short amount of time.

These visions are not only abyssal, they appear in a mess that I must reorganize and piece together to be able to understand them. Living with this flamboyantly and wildly intense flow of images is an incommensurable experience in which the tunnels of time infinitely cross each other, creating a dizzying labyrinth. All of this information, buried and grouped up into thick layers in a corner of my mind, need to be clarified with patience and abnegation. These massively feudal worlds of fierce and archetypal royalty, ancient technology, sacred rituals, primordial philosophies and cosmological information serve a cause that often seems to surpass human understanding. The multiple incarnations of a torn lineage of reptilian humanoids and a family of souls in search of the absolute, succeed themselves in a world frozen by the dream of eternity. Mušidim—[\[5\]](#) technology makes the unthinkable possible: it pushes back the barrier of light and grants access to time travel through the deformation of space-time, or more precisely, through bending.



All of this may seem magical and enviable, yet on a daily basis this “adventure” is like a prison. My brain is constantly working like a fragmenting computer to make room for more data. When it happens I think of nothing, just like certain individuals in the Chronicles. It is vital to me. My head is flooded- to concentrate and record information from my daily life regularly requires insurmountable effort. This “handicap” has always made it difficult for me to find my place in a society where man must be a competitive and productive soldier, or simply to be accepted the way I am, even by my closest entourage.

I regularly have much difficulty focusing during discussions, especially about philosophical topics. Talking about the Chronicles is often difficult too, as I frequently struggle to find the accurate words with more or less difficulty depending on the day. On the other hand, everything unwinds when I am in front of my computer. I am no longer the same. The connection happens naturally like an external memory that floods a computer with its information. What follows is the long and fastidious task of structuring and finding the right words. My visions are not in French but in ancient Sumerian. The translation inexplicably happens all by itself during the writing process, when I recall all the information in my head. This remains a mystery to me. I am a perfectionist, so writing a book always requires an enormous amount of time and especially a lot of energy. I furthermore make it a point of backing up my statements with facts and archives. I feel entrusted with a great responsibility. Every word received and transcribed must be as true as possible so as to avoid any erroneous interpretation.

I am told that I am rather pleasant to be around, or even “a dreamer” - which I certainly am - but deep down inside it's like an endless storm! Worlds collide, space and time are one. I am like a light particle traveling outside of space-time. I feel like a sort of time paradox with limited free will because the path I take seems to be traced.

Until recently, I had completely lost all self-confidence, losing my Self and having terrible doubts about my choices and destiny. In hindsight, I see my life as going against established norms. Until now, this was a burden for me, even though I am told that I must accept it and be a part of the cause. I have to make this an opportunity rather than an obligation. I hope that writing this book will finally allow me to accept the unacceptable. The universality of the questions in Dream of Eternal Time does not only concern our world and its origins but the origins of time and of our universe.

The messages transcribed in my different books transcend time and space. They model themselves in a foundation frozen in space and time, in which universal virtues such as love, fraternity, unity, abnegation and combativeness are found. These values will remain forever engraved in us. I share this saga with my human family. It is inscribed in our DNA for all of eternity and is waiting for the right hour on the cosmic clock to reveal itself



to all. I am merely the scribe. I have contemplated the luck, but also the responsibility.

I'll seize this opportunity to warmly thank the readers that have supported me for ten years now. Every day they make this work possible, and their formidable support helps me overcome the dizzying experience of dense matter and time defragmentation that collide.

**Anton Parks**  
**Paris, Autumn 2014**

## NOTE

I have voluntarily included footnotes in this series of works. These annotations are essential because they will provide you information and benefit your comprehension. Placing these at the end of every chapter or at the end of the books would not only have been uninteresting and problematic for you but would have above all kept you from having the complete necessary vision you will need to assimilate the complex ideology of the “Gods.” You therefore have everything you need before your eyes, giving you the possibility to read Ĝirkù Chronicles in several different ways.

The transcription and translation work that is frequently done using to the Sumero-Akkadian syllabary may at times be off-putting, however I felt that it was important to be specific since the linguistic code of the “Gods” is being revealed to you for the very first time.

In the hopes of making your reading as smooth as possible, it also seemed necessary to me to include the definitions of the many words from the language of the “Gods” use in this book in parentheses. These are Sumerian and, subsequently, Egyptian, Nahuatl and Celtic languages such as Manx. If you wish, you can refer to the lexicon at the end of each book.

I am well aware of the significance of the information compiled in this series and the fact that it is very likely to disturb many popular beliefs about world history and evolution.

You will be the only judges. I believe that with these Chronicles I am able to provide the necessary dimension that is missing for the secret and ideological comprehension of the “Heavenly Bestiary,” or “gods,” of Earth.

Consider that the terms used in the entire series are fundamentally invariable. The goal is to avoid making it more difficult to read than it already is, what with the use of many Sumerian and Akkadian terms.

Do not forget that every book from Ĝirkù Chronicles possesses its own identity and forms a part of a whole that you will be able to totally grasp at the end of the series.

A.P.

# 1 - THE BATTLE OF THE PAST

Mesopotamian culture finds its origins in the most ancient known human civilization, of which we still have some traces. Located between the Tigris and the Euphrates, Mesopotamia went through political, economic, cultural and technological developments that considerably influenced the evolution of human activity. Indeed, Mesopotamia, often considered to be “the cradle of civilization” by many experts (such as Samuel Kramer, Jean Bottero, Thorkild Jacobsen...) is the region where agriculture started, where the first cities appeared and where we have dug up the most ancient documented writings on the planet. The Sumerians, Akkadians and Babylonians created a vast collection of clay baked tablet on which they wrote about their daily life, such as the construction of cities, their gigantic irrigation works, their social codes, their astronomy and mathematics- up until the story of Creation. The people of the ancient Middle East have been in contact with the “gods” mentioned in the Earth's legends, which is why their innumerable clay tablets and epigraphs are covered with unusual and atypical descriptions. Mesopotamian civilization's writings are a collection of written historical stories compiled according to different oral traditions passed down from generation to generation throughout thousands of years.

Most of the historians and archeologists consider some of these documents to be pure “fairytales” because, according to them, they contain many elements of fantasy. Yet official science finds itself confronted with a remarkable enigma: the more this region is excavated, the more the cultures we discover were advanced. The village of Jerf el Ahmar discovered in 1995 on the Euphrates' Syrian bank is a great illustration of this paradox. It is officially the most ancient village in the world to have been inhabited by farmers, 11,000 years ago.



1. Archive rooms, Ebla (Syria)

The Jerf el Ahmar village contains traces and remains of a dozen villages that have overlaid each other, built one on top of the other, over time. The Franco-Syrian archeological team working there accumulated discoveries that cast doubt on the Neolithic world. Among the many findings in Jerf, let us mention the discovery of carved stone in the form of pictograms, of which the oldest known until then dated back only to 5,000 BC and were found in the same region. In August 1999, Jerf el Ahmar was submerged during the commissioning of the Tichrin dam. Many ancient archeological sites have disappeared because of this dam, as was the case in 1970 with the Assouan dam (Upper Egypt). Three buildings have however been saved in Jerf and brought to the Deir es Zor museum (Syria) as part of an operation about "the first farmers of the Euphrates."[\[6\]](#).

The Halula site is implanted on the Euphrates' other bank and its also worth mentioning. This village was constructed 10,800 years ago at the foot of the most ancient Cyclopean wall in the world <sup>(A)</sup>. The same goes for the site of Abu Sharain, which have been known by the name of Nunkiga (Eridu), the Sumerian divinity Enki-Ea's sacred city. According to the clay tablets, this place is the oldest city of the "gods." The intensive Fuad Safar excavations (Iraq Antiquities) carried out between 1946 and 1949 revealed

19 levels of occupation that have succeeded each other throughout the several millennia, as well as a spectacular overlay of the 18 sanctuaries, a totally unique case in the annals of archeology<sup>(B)</sup>. Another exception – that is absent in the rest of the world but present in Mesopotamia – is that Nunkiga (Eridu) has no city limits and no fortification. Archeology provides no explanation for this incredible fact, which might suggest this sacred city had never experienced war or external threat.



Myths represent an integral part of the popular beliefs of every population on earth. They take root in different religious cultures and they participate in the modeling of every social life. World specialist in Mesopotamian civilization, Samuel Noah Kramer, had also pointed out this fact, along with the strange relationship that Sumerians had with their "gods": *"The rather delicate problem of free will, this perplexing question, difficult to seize and which has confused western thinkers so much, does not seem to have even brushed the Sumerians. Persuaded that they had been created only to serve as slaves to the gods, they bowed before these beings desires even when these turned out to be inexplicable or unjustifiable. The Sumerians found that the meanness and baseness of Men and their calamities and miseries had been introduced to this lower world by the gods, but they did not ponder the eccentric or temperamental side of these divine beings. The fate of Man was to suffer... Just like Job weighed down by underserved burdens, the Sumerian was raised with the idea that that he should neither complain nor revolt in the face of his incomprehensible misfortune: he had to convince himself that he was a depraved being, because according to the words of a wise man: 'never has women given birth to a child without original sin.'*"<sup>(C)</sup>.

Contemporary ideology has not changed, apart from the fact that the people of Earth no longer use "gods" but a system of ruthless inequality built off based on a monotheist religion. For creationist Christians, the rhetoric is both certain and constant: *"A Christian's faith must not be based on science. The Bible's testimony is the true base of Christian faith... The Bible is a set of books: rejecting one element puts the whole into question. Either the Bible is the word of God truthful and trustworthy in all of its*

*writings, or it is only pious literature. The Bible itself leaves no doubt about this. Paul the apostle writes that 'all scripture is inspired by God and useful for teaching, for convincing, for correcting and for training in righteousness' (2 Tim. 3,16) [2].*

The goal of my books is not to question the existence of a universal entity or original source that could be assimilate to God, but to state the fact that in the face of the biblical text's severe incongruities and repeated divergences it would be wise to assert that not everything contained in the Bible is truth!

The Mesopotamians left a profound and permanent imprint in the Bible and the whole of Judeo-Christian culture. The discovery of tablets dating back 3,500 to 5,000 years (date of their writing) in Mesopotamia proves that the Jerusalem Bible's Old Testament was evidently an adaptation of anterior scriptures. The Sumerian and Babylonian tablet's exhumation was not only a sensation in 1975 when the name *URU-SA-LIM* / Urusalîmu (lit. "*the roof of divine favor*" = Jerusalem) was discovered engraved in clay, but between 1889 and 1900 in Niffer (Nippur) when the famous garden of Eden was discovered on Sumerian tablets under the name EDIN or EDEN - a location recognized as being the vast pantry controlled by the "gods" of the Sumerian pantheon!

In addition, you may be surprised to learn that the term ÁDAM exists in Sumerian language under the form of Á-DAM: this term refers to the true function that the "gods" gave to the first Humans... We will study this in detail in this series of the Ġirkù Chronicles. As well, the root of the word SATAN is also probably of Sumerian origin. Satan is actually a combination of the Sumerian terms ŠATAM and ŠANDAN (also called SANTANA). Note that the primitive Sumerian sign for ŠATAM-ŠANDAN is a pitchfork or a trident. The diverse definitions deriving from these two terms confirm the biblical Satan's main function as it is clearly described in Judeo-Christian texts. As attested by the oldest Koran and Jewish literature, Satan lived among the "angels" – he belongs to the same family – and he worked for them. You will see that we are not that distant from this individual portrayed in a diabolical light by many religions. However, the "divinities" of the Sumerian pantheon could never have been able to subside on Earth without the "help" ŠATAM and ŠANDAN (cf. Volume 2 of Ġirkù Chronicles, Ádam Genesis).



I am stunned by the fact that not a single specialist has picked up on the multiple analogies between the definitions of the Sumerian Á-DAM and ŠATAM and their biblical quasi-homonyms. In fact, you may be stunned to discover that the similarities don't even end there, they are actually innumerable. Clearly, some subjects are taboo and some secrets are incredibly well-concealed. Considering these conditions and the analogies mentioned above, why would anyone believe in the biblical Genesis' historical reality more than in the one described in the Sumerian, Akkadian and Babylonian tablets?

In his world-famous book, Samuel Noah Kramer says that history begins at Sumer: *“The archeological research in the 'country of the Bible' that has drawn such important results shed light on the Bible itself, its origins and the environment in which it was born. We now know that this book, the biggest book of all time, did not come from nowhere like an artificial flower growing out of an empty vase. This work has its origins in afar away past... The Sumerians obviously do not directly influence the Hebrews since the former disappeared way before them. But they do have a lot of influence on Canaanites, the predecessors of Hebrews in Palestine. This explains the many analogies between the Sumerian texts and the Bible. These are not isolated cases: they often appear as a series... what we have here is a true parallel.”*<sup>(D)</sup> .

My translations of old Sumerian texts (Nippur tablets) published in 2011 and my translations of the E.VI part of Edfu (cf. The Last March of the Gods, essay, 2013) confirms these statements and prove that the Hebrews, exiled in Babylon and Egypt, were largely inspired by anterior documents to write the Bible that we know today.

Throughout your reading and especially thanks to the notes and documents, you will find that the multiple parallels between the Old Testament and the Mesopotamian tablets – just like the Egyptian Gnostic texts of and the traditions of the Nile – are not the only result of Canaanite influence but rather of the dispersed remains of a common culture. Most of the ancient cultures share similar similarities or archetypes. The manifest proof of this phenomenon is an astutely dissimulated linguistic codification found in a number of ancient languages. This striking information is, to this day, totally absent from the planet's specialists and savants.

About the sources that Rabbis used to compile the Ancient Testament (officially credited to Moses), you will notice that they are not

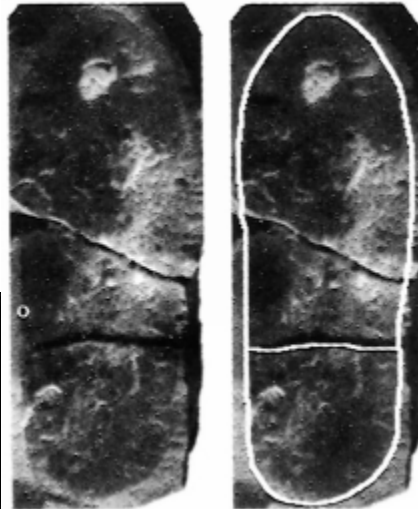
specific to Hebrew ideology but belongs to humanity's world history that can be found in the myths of Chaldee, the biblical name for Mesopotamia and Abraham's land. It's the same Abraham that is found in the form of ABRA-MU on the city of Ebla's clay tablets (2,500 BC) discovered in 1975 in Syria.



In 1993, two American scientists Michael A. Cremo and Richard L. Thompson, wrote a remarkable book: *Forbidden Archeology - The Hidden History of the Human Race*. The book was totally revised twice - once in 1996 and once in 1998. Today, the final version (English version) is around 904 pages and rattles the beliefs of those who claim that Darwin's evolution is the only explanation for life on Earth. *Forbidden Archeology* is a vast corpus of anomalies ignored by official science. An impressive complication of archeological discoveries radically contradicts Darwin's theory. Among these, for example, is William Meister's discover of a shoe print in mineral deposit dating back a least 505 million years - the time of trilobites! The discovery was in 1968 in the United-States, at Wheeler Shade, near Antelope Spring. Utah. What is the most remarkable about this is that the shoe print is not of a sandal or other archaic shoe, but the fossil of a modern heeled-shoe. Better yet, the heel's print was around four millimeters deeper in the rock, and the right side of its sole was worn, giving it every characteristic of a right foot's print.

Among Cremo and Thompson's impressive catalogue is a perfect metallic sphere that has three parallel lines at its equator. This object was discovered by South-African miners in a pre- Cambrian deposit in Ottosdal. South Africa, dated 2.8 billion years, therefore at a time when no intelligent life was meant to have existed. The miners discovered around a hundred copies. To this day, these spheres have never been in a single scientific publication.

2. A print that appears to have been made with a shoe. It was discovered in Cambrian near Antelope Spring (Utah). It is estimated to be at least 505 million years old.



3. A South African metallic sphere found in a 2.8 billion year-old deposit of pyrophyllite. Hundreds of these were dug up. These spheres cannot be scratched, not even by steel. The three parallel cannelures along the circumference of some proves that these spheres were probably created by intelligent beings. They strangely resemble the Gurkur (see chapter "Outrage" and especially The Secret of the Dark Stars (volume 1 of the Girkù Chronicles).



And what about the seashell shaped like a human face, entirely carved with human hands, found in England in the final red pliocene layers of rock, dated 2 to 2.5 million years ago? Official science only credits such work to pre-historic men, but the earliest dates back to only approximately 30,000 years ago<sup>(E)</sup>.

*Forbidden Archeology* also exposes geologist Virginia McIntyre's mishap with the United- States Geological Survey. She was asked to date the elaborate stone tools found at Hueyatenco, one hundred kilometers from Mexico. The remains were found in 250,000-year-old rocky strata. As one could imagine, McIntyre's team's datings were totally rejected by the American paleontologists because, officially, man appeared in the New World only 12,000 years ago. According to her, they did everything they could to destroy her career...

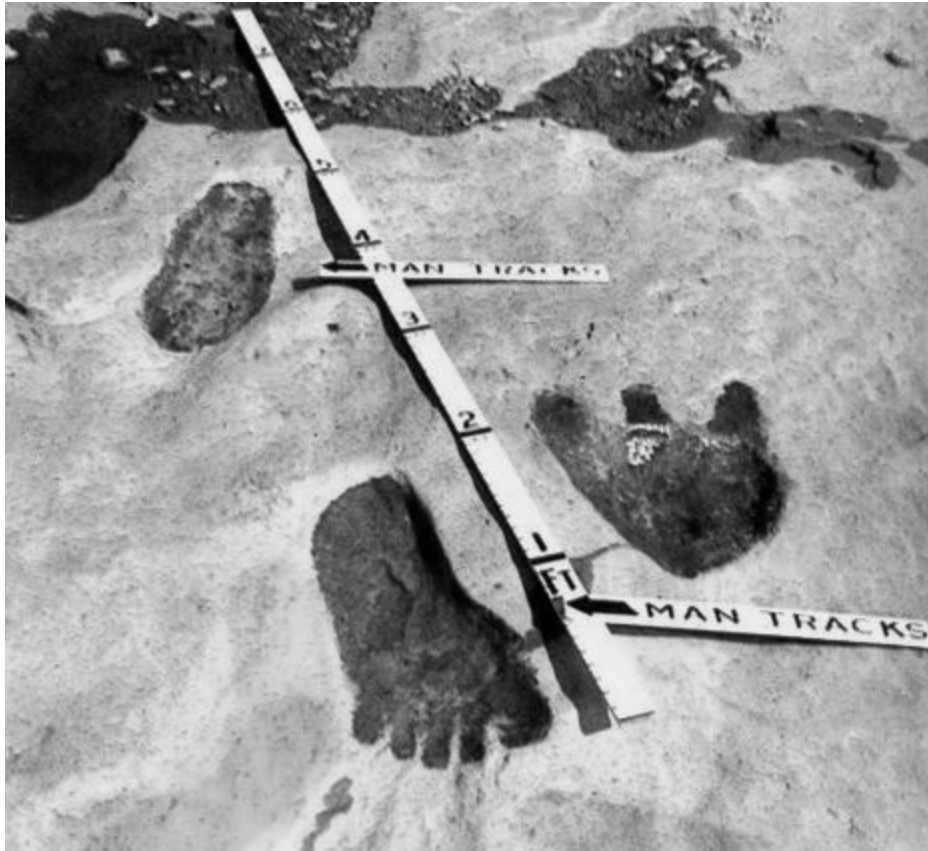
These are just a few of many examples that allow Cremo and Thompson to plead for a re-examination of the classic vision of prehistory. Arguing that these documents were forgotten and censored throughout the last two centuries, these authors imply that paleontologists and archeologists have been part of a conspiracy to silence these discoveries for many years now. This mind-boggling book unleashed a storm in the paleontological and archeological fields. The book was labeled “*an object of misinformation*” with “*outdated and uncertain*” documents by paleontologists and researchers merely because the authors could not explain these phenomena in a way that was satisfying enough...

Laborious expert assessments published in a French scientific magazine's<sup>(F)</sup> March 2003 issue, in response to the book's late French release<sup>[8]</sup>, are eloquent and worth the read. They give us an idea of how ridiculous “official” science can be, by trying to discredit unconventional information. For example, the “expert” assessment of the shoe-print discovered in 505-million-year-old mineral deposit (cited earlier): “*Geologists and sedimentologists know that a number of invertebrates that were teeming at the time left behind proof of their passage in the mud... These are the traces that geologists have discovered millions of years later. This Cambrian shoe-print was therefore made by a simple, facetious worm (sic).*”.

Let's look at another case mentioned by *Forbidden Archeology* and its expert assessment in the magazine. The assessment has to do with the discovery of different perfectly shaped metal tubes in Normandy in 65

million-year-old layers of chalk: *“When an animal digs its burrow into soft ground, the gallery resembles a tube that takes the shape of the animal's movements. The burrow's walls are covered by the animal's excrements, which have different mineralogical properties than the ground. Over the course of time, the main sediment can be eliminated, whereas the burrow's shape solidifies due to the mineral elements present in the excrements. We therefore find tube-shaped objects that are often very solid.”*<sup>(F)</sup>. I would suppose, then, that this poor animal was not only shaped like a perfect rectangular tube, but also had some sort of dreadful intestinal problem<sup>[9]</sup>!

Unfortunately for academic opinion, Cremo and Thompson's work was not an isolated case. In 1994, archeologist Carl Edward Baugh and Clifford Wilson wrote a book called *Footprints and the Stones of Time*<sup>(G)</sup>. In this book, Baugh reveals the results of his early 1980s archeological excavations in the Paluxy river's limestone bedrock, in the state of Texas. His first discovery was 100 million-year-old three-toed dinosaur footprints. The problem is that he also discovered a series of 54 cm long humanoid footprints that are sometimes beneath the layers containing the dinosaur footprints, in the very same Cretaceous rocky deposit (135 to 65 million years ago)<sup>(H)</sup>. This finding generated a lot of violent reactions and the archeologist was immediately accused of falsification. Two-legged, human-shaped animals could not have possibly existed alongside the dinosaurs! Despite critics, Carl E. Baugh organized new excavations along the banks of the Paluxy river, where he found more footprints.



4. Dried-up Paluxy riverbed, near Glen Rose in Texas. Dozens of Saurian and Human footprints are side by side on the same geological layer. Here, we can clearly see a giant human foot, a Saurian footprint and a human sole in the back. Officially, this diverse layout is impossible because it formally contradicts Darwin's theory!

Carl E. Baugh mentions other stunning discoveries in his books and on his website. One of these discoveries is a stainless iron hammer with a petrified wood handle, found in 1934 near London, Texas. Analyses show that the tool is a mix of iron, sulfur and chlorite, a combination that we are incapable of reproducing today. Carl E. Baugh believes that this tool was not fabricated in the kinds of atmospheric conditions we currently live in. According to him, Earth's atmosphere, before the great deluge that struck humanity, used to be twice as dense as it is today, with practically no ultraviolet radiation. The author also points out that the handle was carbonized, which indicates that the tool was present when the rock was formed. For something like this to happen, there needs to be a very intense source of powerful and constant heat, a true deluge of fire!

Carl E. Baugh's museum made an impressive acquisition in the mid-1980s: a fossilized human finger found in a Cretaceous quarry at Glen

Rose's Commanche Peak in Texas. Surprise! Anatomically, this finger is like a modern human's. The experts who carried out the verification with their scanner are very clear... Official science claims that dinosaurs became extinct approximately 65 million years ago and that the first modern humans only appeared 100,000 years ago. Baugh's investigations revolutionized paleontology and call for a complete rewriting of the history of evolution because according to his findings, the humanoid gene appeared countless millions of years earlier than what is officially stated, or dinosaurs disappeared much more recently. The previously unpublished elements in my book point towards this direction: a very evolved humanoid could have walk on Earth, over 250 million years ago (Permian age), way before the appearance of the human species... This information is also available in the Nag Hammadi Gnostic texts discovered in Upper Egypt in 1945. These entities are generally called Archons. You'll find important excerpts from these documents as introductions of every chapter in this book.

Carl E. Baugh is the founder and head of the Creation Evidence Museum [\[10\]](#) in Glen Rose.

Texas. The museum was created in July 1984 thanks to his discoveries along the Paluxy river banks. His team at the museum spends all of its time scientifically demonstrating that humanoids and dinosaurs cohabited long ago. These many discoveries are often refuted by the archeological world with the aim of preserving the “established order.” In addition to these are various falsehoods made up by a few dishonest archeologists and paleontologists. Here is a non-exhaustive list of examples of exposed wrongdoings perpetrated by unscrupulous “men of science”<sup>(1)</sup>:

1. Thus emerges the case of Charles Dawson and his friend Arthur Smith Woodward (a geologist at the British Museum) : in 1912, he passed “rigged” monkey bones off as the missing link of mankind (named Piltdown Man). They had filed a monkey's lower mandible to make it fit with a humanoid skull; this deceit lasted nearly fifty years! Considering that, I remind you that we are still waiting for this famous missing link...If this theory of evolution is correct, as according to Darwin's thesis, how can we explain this missing link even nowadays? How can we explain that not a single specimen between the ap and the Australopithecus has been unearthed? Where has the original common ancestor



vanished? And where are the mutant species between Australopithecus, Homo habilis? Homo erectus and Homo sapiens? Science is totally incapable of providing answers to all of these questions. Maybe we will never find the missing links of these different species because they never existed!

2. Amongst the charlatans, we can refer to the Indian Viswa Jit Gupta, the dean of the Faculty of Sciences at the Chandigarh University in Punjab, a true specialist who had taken control of many sites in the Himalayas and published articles in prestigious journals. He lured the scientific community for almost twenty-five years and was publicly unmasked in 1989 by one of his Australian colleagues. Viswa Jit Gupta stole archaeological pieces during his travels and pretended to have found them in Nepal. Worse still, he bought fossils from Parisian antique dealers and used the same ones several times, claiming to have them in places far removed from one another...
3. We can also recall the "feathered dinosaur's" fake fossil, found in 1998 in China, the Archaeoraptor, a bird with a dinosaur's tail, which was supposed to be the missing link between dinosaurs and birds. It managed to mislead the scientific world, but did not pass the X-ray tests.
4. There is also the more recent affair of archaeologist Shinichi Fujimura, caught red-handed in 2000 planting fossils from his private collection onto the site where he worked. This archaeologist garnered an international reputation thanks to many discoveries in the 1980s. His name was linked to 160 excavation sites for nearly twenty years. In response to this imposture. Fujimura invoked "the necessity for results" which weighed heavily on his shoulders. All of his research is now called into question<sup>(J)</sup>.
5. Finally, we have to mention a few prestidigitation examples, courtesy of Zahi Hawass, former head of the Supreme Council of Egyptian Antiquities (SCA). During the years spanning from 1990 to 2000, Dr. Zahi Hawass formally denied the existence of an underground network below the Giza plateau and the Sphinx. However, in 1987, a Japanese team from the University of Waseda probed the Sphinx's soil using a radar and found several

anomalies, leading to underground cavities that were connected to each other. This important discovery was never commented on or revealed by the SCA, and therefore by the press. However, in April 1996, Hawass authorized a one-year excavation license to the Schor Foundation, as stated in the application file, *"to assist in the preservation and restoration of the Sphinx and the pyramids and, in addition, to monitor the Giza plateau's underground to find fissures and chasms in order to ensure an increase in the security of the plateau."* Surprising words, considering that just a year earlier, in a press conference at UCLA, Dr. Hawass stated that *"if there are many anomalies under the Sphinx's feet, they must surely be deposits of sediments. "*

I traveled to the Giza plateau in 2007. A simple hike around the pyramids was very instructive. Indeed, on the east side of the Great Pyramid (Cheops), practically at its foot and well before the Eastern Cemetery, strange and profound conduits pierced through the tops of the dunes. They could not be funerary wells because these openings would be officially listed as such and that isn't the case. Similarly, the wall surrounding the second pyramid (Chephren) is dug directly into on the ground. The latter is dotted with underground openings that lead to sealed rooms and doors. Numerous bags and large electric cables littered the ground during our "unauthorized visit." It was clearly not being used to power the sound and light of Giza. Obviously, excavations were still taking place here in 2006-2007.

The impostures conducted within savant circles are clearly not in their early stages. Let's go back in time a little. Among the famous mystifiers, we can also cite the German biologist Ernest Haeckel (1834-1919), creator of the famous comparative embryo drawings, which allowed him to defend the theory of evolution of living species supported by Darwin (1809-1882 ). Haeckel's drawings represent the different stages in the development of embryos for eight vertebrate species: fish, frog tadpoles, turtles, chicks, pigs, calves, rabbits and human beings. These illustrations show that these embryos are almost identical in their early stages of formation.





5. At the bottom of the Gizeh Great Pyramid, on the east side. Very ancient openings are present at the top of the dunes. Barbed wire and metallic fences circle or cover them. Officially, there is nothing underneath the plateau... However the Egyptian funeral texts - the Book of the Dead and the Pyramid and Sarcophagus Texts — often mention the underground passages that the kings or insiders used to reach the great mysteries or the “gods”...



6. Flagrant traces of moulding present on the stones of the Great Pyramid. The theory that the pyramids and most of the Egyptian temples were built using reconstituted and moulded stone is true without a doubt. Furthermore, if you place your hand on these ancient monuments' stones, you will find that they are not cold (not even in the shade) but rather warm, as is the case with reconstituted stone.

A victory for Darwin and the supporters of evolutionism! Only, many biologists such as Jonathan Wells (author of *Icons of Evolution: Science or Myth?*) know very well that Haeckel's drawings of the alleged first stage of evolution are fake, and that he consciously exaggerated his sketches to create “a very pronounced familial resemblance”! In his book

cited above, Jonathan Wells published the authentic drawings of fish, frog tadpole, turtle and human embryos; and we can see they are totally different from each other...

The biologist Wells also lists the names of the various embryology specialists who do not hesitate to call out this imposture; here are a few: Adam Sedwick in 1894. William Ballard in 1976. Michael Behe in 1999. etc., even the New York Times from November 27th, 1910 brought attention to this affair, but in vain<sup>(K)</sup> ...

Other elements are still blurring the tracks and act as determining factors in favor of the “burial” of the true history of mankind. Among them is the problem of thousands and thousands of objects (probably millions) hidden in private collections belonging to rich billionaires and collectors who have a taste for secrecy. These objects are, for the most part, lost forever. They usually come from robberies carried out by tomb raiders and find themselves in the hands of unscrupulous merchants and crooks that quickly sell them on very private markets. It is clear that museums will not fight to acquire objects that are often totally unclassifiable because they do not fit the criterion of categorized objects to date. Some museums have enough objects stocked in their basements to keep them hidden away from curious eyes.

We can conclude by quoting Martin Wilson's documentary. The Pyramids of Caral produced by the BBC<sup>(L)</sup>. This very interesting film recounts the discovery of the gigantic city of Caral located in the Barranca province, north of Lima. This very ancient city, dated between 3,000 and 1.600 BC. is officially, and to this day, the oldest on the American continent [\[11\]](#). The report focuses on the different hypotheses that led archaeologists to try and understand the reasons why modern day man abandoned their hunter-gatherer lifestyle to build cities. What is striking in this documentary is the length to which the archaeologists go in order to try and construct hypotheses, which, once validated, will become harsh convictions! The end of the movie is striking. After having finally concluded that the inhabitants of Caral were a peaceful people who traded with the fishermen of the Pacific shores, the discovery of a child's skeleton lying in a basket thirty kilometers away disrupts everything... Did the people of Caral sacrifice humans? Could Caral be the first city on the American continent to have perpetrated such barbaric acts? In the end, a careful examination of the skeleton gave no results. There were no fractures. What if the baby had

simply died by accident by falling on its head? This sends shivers down one's spine because if that were the case, archeologists would have definitely concluded that Caral was the American continent city in which the first human sacrifices had taken place...

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## 2 - THE PILLAGE OF THE GODS' DOMAIN

Mesopotamia has focused considerable attention since the 1990s. The biblical country of Iraq is present more than ever in our daily scenery because it is at the very heart of political and economic world issues. Its priceless treasures are caught up in a plan so devious that we can only see the tip of its monumental iceberg.

The 1991 Gulf War was a consequence of the conflict between Iran and Iraq. Let's go back to 1980-1988, the time when Iraq and Iran were at war. Khomeini's Iran was a threat to the planet's oil monarchy (petromonarchy). With the UN's silent complicity, dictator Saddam Hussein did the dirty work, actively backed by United States government that secretly financed his country's over armament in high-tech weaponry under the guises of funding agriculture. A total hypocrisy. At the end of the 1980s, Saddam Hussein was under pressure due to his debt to the United States government that had subsidized him for eight years. The U.S. suggested he privatize part of his oil industry to settle his debt. Impossible! The trap closed in as Kuwait received the order "from above" to flood the market with low-priced oil<sup>[12]</sup>, going against every agreement signed with OPEP. Iraq and other OPEP countries resorted to diplomatic efforts to pressure Kuwait into ending its devastating policy, in vain... Saddam Hussein therefore announced the annexation of Kuwait and invaded it to get its hands on the oil there. Not for an instant did he expect his western sponsors to turn against him, especially after the American Ambassador to Iraq, April Glaspie, declared in a statement to Saddam Hussein at the end of July 1990 that *"the United States will not take a stand on the quarrel between Iraq and Kuwait"*<sup>[13]</sup> This position was confirmed when the Iraqi President warned the American Secretary of State that an invasion was imminent and the former replied that it was *"a quarrel between Arabs and not our problem, you're on your own!"* Iraq's real mistake was not invading Kuwait in 1990 - the United States' firm and lasting support for the colonial state of Israel is living proof of this - but having many treasures, including an ultra-

secret one that threatened the interests of this world's most powerful leaders.

To this day, it's common believe that the only motive behind military intervention in Iraq is the fight against terrorism, however this is unfortunately not true. They still have us believe in a cleverly orchestrated way that oil is the only motive behind the attacks against Iraq but this is not exactly correct...University of National Defense (Washington) economy professor Donald Losman's scathing study, published on the 1st of August, 2001, clearly demonstrates that unlike what we are taught to believe, oil is far from a priority for the United States.



Iraqi territory contains around 10.000 official archeological sites, of which only 15 % have been explored to this day, according to archeologist McGuire Gibson. However, some 15.000 other major sites supposedly exist but have not yet been excavated. This did not deter the “new world order” from erasing the past in 1991. It is estimated that thousands of archeological sites in southern Iraq have been destroyed, with the world's widespread indifference— a disaster for the archeological world and for humanity's world heritage. Tons of biblical vestiges have been turned to dust and lost for eternity in the name of “peace.” An shall we mention, among the official and documented destructions, the Ziggurat of Ur that was struck by 400 missiles...and the Ctesiphon temple ruins that have been considerably damaged by the bombardments.<sup>[14]</sup>

During the war in 1991, many sites and museums have been pillaged, and 4,000 archeological objects have been stolen from Iraqi museums in Mossul, Kirkuk, Karbala and Bassora. All of the objects are inventoried in an official catalogue. But the strange story of a bronze statue stolen from the Museum of Kirkuk and documented among the stolen objects of the time, proves that these objects are not all in the hands of private collector: in 1999 the bronze statue reappeared, in the New York Metropolitan Museum collection!

The outcome of this first war was a process as old as the world and- in a way- resembles the voluntary isolation and asphyxia inflicted upon Germany after the First World War. This forced Iraq to its knees before the

"peacemaking" countries. Yet these countries never stopped bombing the country in the time leading up to the Second Gulf War. A commercial and financial embargo, whose cruelty is often silenced, was established in August 1990, five months before coalition forces were deployed into Iraq—and extended until further notice in March 1991—right after the hostilities ceased. The Iraqi people paid the heavy price for Saddam Hussein's hypocritical acquittal, because his very presence at the head of the country justified the embargo's extension. What for? To prohibit Iraq (second biggest oil stock in the world) from pumping its oil and controlling crude prices with Saudi Arabia for many fruitful years... But this move would above all allow the United States to push Saddam Hussein to make more mistakes. In this way, the "Axis of Good" gave itself the legitimacy of renewing yet another deployment of armed coalition forces on Iraqi soil—with, of course, Americans in control. Clearly, the work that had secretly begun in Iraq in 1991 was left unfinished because it turned out that it needed much more time.



September 11<sup>th</sup> 2001 plunged the United States into terror but was also a decisive turning point for the biblical country, Iraq. The confusion, voluntarily maintained for months by President George W. Bush between his "Axis of Evil" (Iraq, Iran, North Korea) and Bin Laden's terrorist group (supposedly behind the September 11 attack) made the idea of once again going to war with Iraq possible. At the beginning of this new millennium, George W. Bush, the "great universal guide," managed to put the crowds to sleep in order to accomplish his mission as a savior, whose objective was to lead humanity towards a "clean world" in which enemies of the new order have no place, and where United States adversaries are evil opponents of the "free and unified world (sic)." The American president's crusade makes sense when we realize that Iraq is the country in the biblical Genesis. It is the country of Abraham and his patriarchs, and especially of Eden, Ádam, and Eve. We will study this in detail, later. The Mesopotamian texts carved onto clay tablets never cease to perturb experts because they question many established ideas concerning the Bible and Judeo-Christian religion in general, which is frankly bad news for the "free" world that uses the Holy

Bible as a guarantee for going to war against a skillfully orchestrated terrorism.

Enormous lies were used to justify this absurd war. Among the most striking that were relayed by the press is the fake British report used by the United States government aiming to prove that Iraq possessed weapons of mass destruction including chemical and biological weapons—[\[15\]](#). Unfortunately for them, the said report was actually a compilation of sources accessible via Internet and twelve-year-old documents that a student had used to write his thesis. A number of passages from this thesis have been discretely plagiarized, including the typos....

In the days following the American troops' entry into Bagdad, a wave of pillages stripped the city's museum—[\[16\]](#) of its treasures, while the US soldiers did nothing to protect the archeological objects. In a few days, the museums of Mosul, Tikrit and Babylon were also looted or burned and many archeological sites were raided and destroyed! A number of British archeologists lamented the destiny of the precious Iraqi cultural heritage by blaming the American and British forces for not having intervened to protect the museums from the looters while all the Iraqi oil wells were immediately secured from the start of the conflict, and juicy contracts were signed with American companies as part of the reconstruction of Iraq. The Museum of Bagdad contained a collection of over 200,000 pieces of art mostly from ancient Mesopotamia, the cradle of the prestigious civilizations of Sumer, Akkad, Babylon and Assyria. We still do not yet know how many objects have disappeared and it is very likely that we will never know for sure due to the voluntary destruction of the catalogues by the looters themselves. Some estimate that around 170,000 objects were pillaged and the rest gravely damaged.[\[17\]](#)

Anthropologist Elisabeth Stone, who took part of an expedition organized by the National Geographic Society, emphasized that pillages are led by "*the desire to purchase these objects in western countries by wealthy people in the United States, Europe and Japan.*"[\[18\]](#) In London, the market is subjugated by small cuneiform tablets that sell for 600 to 700 € a piece [\[19\]](#). George W. Bush's conniving lack of intervention to prevent the pillages in the country containing the most ancient documented vestiges on the planet was condemned by the international community. "*The occupying country and its army must take the measures that are vital to protect the cultural goods that run the risk of being damaged by military action in an*

*occupied territory*” stipulates an article in the Convention for the Protection of Cultural Property in the Event of Armed Conflict, adopted in 1954 in The Hague by UNESCO. The Hague Convention requires nations at war to protect cultural heritage in the event of a conflict, but it is true that the United States and Great Britain, major colonial countries, are among the rare countries that have not signed it.

A great number of international archeologists and researchers of the Arab world don't hesitate to point out that American collectors are behind the pillages of the Iraqi museums. On Thursday the 17th april 2003, a meeting in Paris between UNESCO experts concluded that the pillaging of archeological objects was the work of extremely well-organized gangs in possession of the keys of the safe-desposit box. Dony George, head of research and studies at Bagdad's National Museum of Iraq, informs us in a declaration to AFP that the pillagers left the copies and instead took the original objects: they were *"well-organized art thieves who worked methodically"* and according to him this is irrefutable evidence that specialists were among the thieves and that they acted on behalf of foreign interests.<sup>[20]</sup>

During the same period in London a group of nine renowned archeologists published a text in the British paper The Guardian addressed to the Coalition's member-states. They declared that an organization created in 1994 called the American Council for Cultural Policy (ACCP) negotiated with the American Department of Defense before the beginning of the conflict, aiming toward a “softening of existing legislation protecting Iraqi cultural heritage.” The goal was to export antiquities from Iraq under the excuse that the objects were safer in the United-States. This information was published around the same time by The New York Times. The Art Newspaper's November 2002 issue published an article called “Iraq's history is our history too.”. In it we read that the ACCP association offers its aid to soon-to-be liberated Iraqi institutions to pick up the excavations again with more efficiency and more advanced technology. The article's lead was very revealing: *"Archeologists and lawyers press the American government to take into account the historic sites in Iraq in the elaboration of their military strategy"*. It is quite remarkable to point out that the ACCP – which has close links to the Bush administration – was founded by the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art's earliest lawyer, who held a famous stolen bronze statue, an artefact taken from the Museum of Kirkuk

during the first Gulf War... The ACCP denies any implication in the pillages of the Iraqi museums.

What are we supposed to think? Why did they decide to invade Iraq even though no weapons of mass destruction were discovered? Who planned the pillages that targeted Iraqi national museums and archeological sites? Were the pillages and the oil the only goals of the oil companies and clandestine organizations, or was this actually a cover up? One must admit that oil is to this day a mighty political weapon and a means of blackmail, and it will continue to be, so long as there is still any of it left. It makes it possible, among other things, to control the energy supply of countries that might seem too independent in the eyes of the American giant. We also know that American company cash registers are filled with precious black money but that doesn't mean that it is the main reason behind military deployment in Arabian Gulf region. The United States has sprinkled the vast country of the “gods” with military bases and through these they maintain secret control over the region-[\[21\]](#).

The events linked to the imperialist offensive in Iraq have led to numerous resignations in the coalition-country governments. This phenomenon shows that planetary diplomacy is in great danger. The American government's incapacity to establish a peace plan for Iraq after the war, and still today— leaving the country in a state of chronic insecurity, it demonstrates that peace was clearly not part of its original plan. Actually, could peace really be the American goal, when we know that 15 million USD would suffice to solve world hunger and that according to SIPRI (the Stockholm Peace Research Institute), weapon exportation around the world has supplied 101 billion USD to American firms in 2002 alone?—[\[22\]](#) Apart from that, the US military budget rose from over 370 billion USD in 2002 to 383 billion USD in 2003. This money funded the fabrication of high- tech weapons and guaranteed the development of an American anti-missile shield-[\[23\]](#).

In the face of all these facts and the revelations that will follow, it is easy to affirm that history on this planet eternally repeats itself and that the Iraqi issues are not solely linked to oil. As you will see, the control of Iraq is psychologically of considerable importance for the occult government, but it is also intricately linked to the military project that surrounds the Earth like a noose, initially baptized as “Star Wars” by President Reagan...



### 3 - PLANET UNDER QUARANTINE

September 11th 2001 not only served to relaunch the idea of going back to war against Iraq, but also served as a argument for the Bush administration's to relaunch the anti-missile shield project formerly known as "Star Wars". Since 1983, when the project was launched, American citizens have contributed more than \$ 70 billion for research related to the development of various versions of the missile defense system, and large companies in the military sector have amassed colossal fortunes. The pretext has now been the same for many years: the fight against terrorism! According to the US government, the "rogue states" (North Korea, Iran and Iraq) have been able, since 2002, to build long-range intercontinental ballistic missiles. In reality, in the midst of the "Shock and Stupor" operation, none of these countries had missiles capable of traveling less than a thousand kilometers from the territory of the United States.[\[24\]](#)

Remember that the presumptions of the American government – transformed into virulent assertions and so-called "evidence" – today widely contested by the international community, nonetheless justified the bloody invasion of Iraq in 2003. International terrorism is a good pretext. Everything is implemented now to to create a climate of global insecurity. However, we must hope that humanity is not fooled: the reign of terror is also possible by deliberately making the United States unpopular, thereby confining the world to an orchestrated fear that legitimizes the use of highly sophisticated persuasive and defensive weapons and for some ... ultra secret! But for what purpose?

It's not just about controlling the citizens of this planet through computers (Internet, telephony, insurance, banks, social security, post office, etc.), but also to dominate humanity with technology worthy of science fiction. The missile shield formerly known as "Star Wars" bore a revealing name as to its true mission. No doubt it was too formal, it went from BMD (Ballistic Missile Defense) to finally be called NMD (National Missile Defense). Finally, this "toy", officially non-operational, swallowed up US public funds. The certified purpose of this shield would be to protect the territories of the United States and its allies from a terrorist attack. It should be recalled that during Ronald Reagan's time in the 1980s, this

shield was nonetheless argued as the ultimate defense against "*hostile forces from outside*" (sic). This had made many people smile, and today, fortunately for the planet's secret government, international terrorism is there to save appearances. Yet the real purpose of the missile defense shield is still the same, and in some 20 years later, space has been completely militarized without our knowledge. It is as if the Earth is in quarantine.

Is the world elite in the service of an organization foreign to this planet or in contact with a tiny group from our planetary system? If they exist, who would these individuals be capable of defying time and space? The volume of the Chronicles of Ĝirkù that you have in your hands will clearly answer this question thanks to this information on the origins of our Solar System.

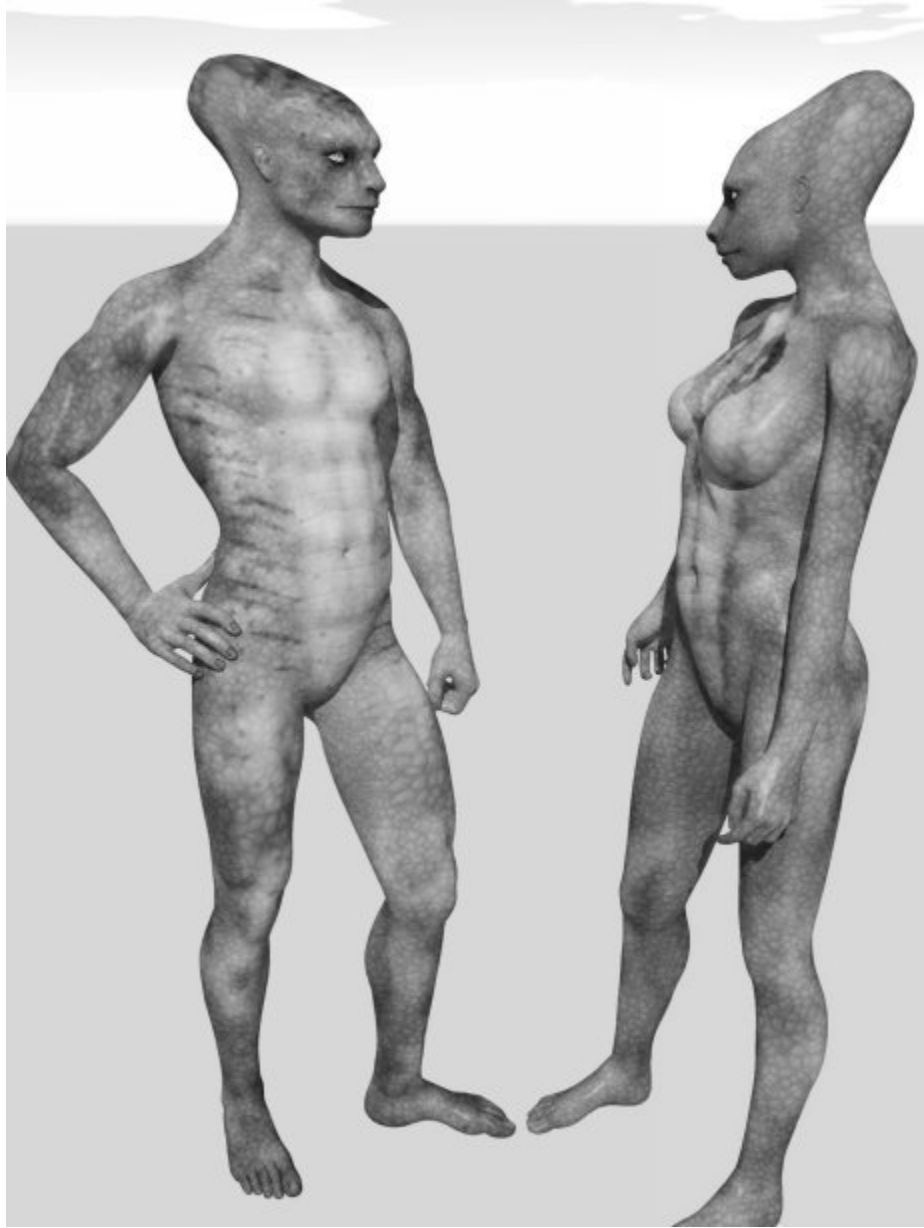
For reasons that I will develop in volumes 1 and 2 of the Chronicles of Ĝirkù series, a group called the Gina'abul crash landed here on Earth around 300,000 years before our time. They took possession of the land and extracted an extraordinary amount of resources from the planet. This is backed by many Sumerian tablets (the Nippur tablets in particular) and Egyptian manuscripts (such as the Nag Hammadi, which I give particular attention to in this volume).

Several groups of this Gina'abul family strongly disagreed over this plan of "land of exile" and its first inhabitants. They fought each other on this subject and humans naturally paid the price. The vast majority of Gina'abul – more precisely the Ušumgal dynasty and its sub-race called Anunna – were also in conflict with other small groups from our galaxy. These are the planners of our Universe, they are called Kadištu. They work in the service of the Source of everything, a concept that we can assimilate to "God". The exiled Gina'abul did not stay here because life would have been easier but rather by obligation, because any return to their different planetary colonies of our Universe was made progressively impossible for them by the intervention of the Kadištu planners.

Throughout the millenniums and against the Ušumgal-Anunna group's will, human ancestors secretly received precious assistance from the Kadištu and from certain Gina'abul who remained down here on Earth. With difficulty, humanity thus obtained a semblance of freedom but nevertheless always remained under the control of the Gina'abul jailers, the Ušumgal-Anunna.



The present situation does not seem entirely different: humans appear to be in the service of an elite by means of a corrupt ultra-secret system that toys with them and the countless resources of the Earth, as one would play a board game. In light of the various wars and conflicts that have succeeded each other over the last millennia, we may consider that the quarrels between the "gods" are far from over... However, important information sometimes gets through, despite the fact that the press force-feeds us with junk on a daily basis. You be the judge: *"The State transfers entire parts of its sovereignty to independent administrative authorities: currency, budget, industrial policy, media, energy, but also citizens' rights. In these sectors, decision-makers are unknown experts appointed in the shadows to strategic positions. Ministers are simply passing through, governments are ephemeral. The caste of the decision-makers, however, stays put and jumps from one position of power to another. National governments are deprived of any room for economic maneuvers. Who has the ultimate power? The central bankers!"*<sup>[25]</sup>. These statements were made available in the French press in August 2003. More recently, Karen Hudes, a former employee of the World Bank who worked for over 20 years in her legal department, and who was dismissed following reports of numerous cases of corruption, explained on Red Ice Radio, on February 21st, 2014: *"I'm going to tell you about a group that is behind the network of control [...]. If you look at the images of Akhenaten and his daughters, you will see that they wear large headdresses; this was to hide their elongated skulls. They are hominoids. but not human beings. They are very clever; not creative, but certainly mathematical. They were a much larger force during the last Ice Age[...] They have elongated skulls and can produce a child by mating with humans, but this offspring is sterile [...]. We live in a world of secret societies and secrets, and the information that should be public is not so..."*.



7. A common type of repulian, Mušidim / Gina'abul, whose ancient history is traced in the Chronicles of Ġirkù. This ancient race manipulated terrestrial genes and mixing its own genetic heritage with mankind and is therefore responsible for evolution's missing link.  
© Frantz Lasvignes / Anton Parks

For a long time, human beings were enemies of the dominant class of the Gina'abul, but they were so successful and indispensable that plans were made long ago to keep them asleep on a daily basis and to give the impression to the slase-citizens that they were in charge of their own lives. We are trapped in a subtle system, which is why we are still in the same position today as the Man and Woman of ancient times (Ish and Isha in

Hebrew) that worked in the garden of the “gods.” We incarnate the productive, blind, and docile peasants of the gigantic pantry. The “reptilian brain” is the heart of the system of felons-[26]. If our “mammalian brain” (center of emotional activity) came to predominate, we would no longer be in an advantageous position for the elite and its pressure groups, because this part of the brain does not calculate! Human beings are only evaluated in regards to their daily profitability and the financial means that result from it. In the event that you find yourself in this situation someday, no longer serving society as it sees fit, you would then be outside the planetary system, outside the coherent whole of this planet's nations. In this case, the system automatically marginalizes the unruly (or “delinquents”), it harshly judges them, then leaves them to deal with administrative ramifications. Think about it: to which category do you belong?

The Iraqi territory is dotted with stellar portals that the Gina'abul and their Mušidim ancestors, who are thoroughly studied in this book, referred to as “Diranna.” The Gina'abul chose to settle in this part of the globe for this reason alone. According to the information I have been able to obtain, which will be expanded upon in *Chronicles of Ĝírkù*, the former country of Sumer contains about 25 portals of various sizes, which is huge and totally exceptional for planet Earth. As the Akkadian myth, “Atrahasis,” confirms- some Gina'abul (the Nungal) had to create the Tigris, and more particularly the Euphrates, in order to provide drinking water for these key sites, most of which became prestigious cities where precepts of the Gina'abul monarchy were implanted. The 25 portals also include the seven stellar portals of the Persian Gulf territory, now engulfed by the sea and forming part of the military territory controlled by US Armed Forces.

There are Diranna in cities or sites such as Baghdad, Abu-Shahrain (Nunkiga-Eridu), Niffar (Nippur), Tell el-Muqayyar (Ur) and Babylon. The latter comes from the Assyrian *Bâbili* (or *Bâbilu* in the singular form) whose Sumerian equivalent is KÁ-DIĜIR. lit. “*the door of God*” and ŠU-AN-NA “*the power (or control) of the heavens*.” However, decrypted the term “*Bâbili*” in Sumerian gives the particle BĀ (living, living being, presages), AB (opening, window), ILI<sub>2</sub> (transporting, raising...), or BĀ'AB-ILI<sub>2</sub>, literally “*the opening that carries the living*”. In this regard, it is interesting to point out that in Arabic, the exact translation of the term Babel is “*the door of God*”. The stellar portal of Babylon is one of the most

important in this region, as well as the last to have been frequently used by the ancient “gods.”

In order to use a Diranna, it requires to use an adapted spacecraft. Then, you must know how to program the destination through the wormhole linking two distinct regions of the space-time continuum: another gate on the same planet, a different planet, or a gate in distant space. Furthermore, it is necessary to cross the Diranna at high speed, otherwise the traveler would pass through without any effect, or perhaps get lost in one of the parallel universes. When the appropriate speed is attained, a supersonic bang is inevitably heard. This is how the ancient “gods” proceeded in ancient Babylon, as it is clear from the two passages below, which mention supersonic bangs caused by flying ships described as flying dragons.[\[27\]](#)

*“It is said that around the tower of Babel and in the desert of ancient Babylon, meaning its ruins, there dwell enormous dragons: their voices and their roars terrify men.”*[\[28\]](#)

**Speculum Naturale, Vincent de Beauvais** *“Behold, from Babylon a noise is heard, a noise as powerful as the shaking of the earth from the Northern wind: the inhabitants of Judea have been killed, it reduces all towns to solitude, and in the place of men it brings the dragons to dwell there...”*[\[29\]](#)

**Jerome, Commentarii in Isaia** Each planet owns multiple Diranna.

The Diranna are openings that lead directly to time tunnels that allow anyone in this universe to travel from one point to another much faster than the speed of light. These tunnels – or wormholes – form a shortcut through space and time. These vortexes, where the notion of time no longer exists, are essentially highways through space and significantly reduce the time it takes to travel between two points, when compared to a traditional trip. As you will see in Chronicles of Ġirkù, these stellar portals make it possible to travel long distances through the universe, from one planet to another, but also across vast expanses on earth in the blink of an eye. They allowed the Gina'abul, who transformed the human genome, to come to earth during the Great Battle for the Solar System that took place almost 300.000 years ago.

The Gina'abul traveled with the help of Gigirlah (GIGIR-LAH, “sparkling wheel” in Sumerian) or simply objects that fly. The legends of Earth include many descriptions of these apparatuses: *“The gods prepared their chariots*

*[...] Astabi [the god of war] jumped onto his chariot [...] He gathered the chariots. He hurled thunder and, with a thunderous noise, headed towards the sea."*

**Ullikummi Hurrian chant, third tablet (Northern Syria)** "A voice is heard, from this oval zone, after the Great God has passed before them  
*[Sokar and the flying snake] like the noise of thunder through stormy skies."*

**The Amduat Text (Tomb of Thutmose III), 5th hour, 3,197-199 (Egypt)**



8. Image from Amduat, the Egyptian funerary text from the tomb of Thutmose III (18th dynasty), 11th hour, register 1, scene 3. A mummified deity seated upon a flying snake is flying to the stars. The text explains that the goddess is gathering the hours and swallowing the stars. This illustration clearly depicts a far-flung trip outside of time. Several cultures tell of "gods" traveling through the skies with the help of winged-disks likened to dragons or flying snakes.

"And here is the Great Chariot of Vara [the wind]. Destruction follows him and thunder is his sound. He touches the skies and turns the light to a proud burst of red which he sends down upon the Earth."

**The Rigveda (India)**

"For, behold, Yahweh will come in fire, and with his chariots like a whirlwind, to render his anger with fury, and his rebuke with flames of fire.

For by fire and by his sword will the Lord plead with all flesh: and those slain by the Lord shall be many."[\[30\]](#)

**The Bible, Isaiah 66: 14-16 (Middle East)**

"The Kachinas [spiritual guides] can move very quickly and, as I utter these very words, they can travel long distances. They only need a few

seconds: their vessels fly thanks to a magnetic force, even when they go  
around the world...

When you cut a calabash in half, you get a shape that looks like a cup or  
a saucer: when you put these two shapes together you obtain the shape of  
the vessel that was used long ago...

The Hopis know that some of our own ancestors made use of these  
vessels and that they were also used in other countries."

**White Bear, traditions of the Hopi Indians of Arizona** (North  
America)



9. Hopi woman on a flying shield. The arrow shows that the flying shield is moving very fast.  
Drawing carved onto stone near Oraibi in Arizona.

The more time passes, the more human beings seem to be  
awakening, which is causing panic for the gravediggers that rule the Earth.  
Today, the age-old planetary conspiracy is partly unveiled: several  
publications are available on the subject, and several films and news articles  
bring attention to it every day.

Controlling information is the specialty of felons. The vampires of  
international business have always made a profit off of honest citizens by  
spreading death and fear and manipulating information. However, the vice  
is slowly tightening, and this is why the world is sick and why so many  
mysteries still shroud the origin of humanity and history in general. As is  
clearly stated in the creationist work cited above. *"The Bible is a set of  
books: and rejecting any one element calls the entirety of it into question."*  
[\[31\]](#). The same goes for world politics or this planet's historical, social, and  
human sciences. If the enormous lie concerning the evolution of species  
were to be formalized, the entire social edifice would come crashing down

and the felons would be unmasked. Are you ready for it— ready for a completely different life?

Thus, fully persuaded that you are sound asleep, and taking careful measures to protect itself from the "outside", the current system modeled on ancient royal structures has developed the famous missile defense system. This sophisticated shield allows them to simultaneously keep a watchful eye on the movements of the human worker and to counteract any untimely approaches by extraterrestrial forces (the Kadištu designers?). It would indeed be very disastrous for the current elite and this planet's ultra-secret government if the human worker were, once more, to receive even just a little help from the outside. I specify "a little" for the simple reason that the designers of this universe never give direct help to earthlings. This is a theme that will be developed in this series. If they are to bring help, they will do so, as always, through human intermediaries.

The fear of these designers and the prospect of losing workers is too great. Thus, on July 16, 1969, Congress adopted an American law that is still in force today and stipulates that, "*whosoever makes contact with extraterrestrials or their vehicles is liable to a year of imprisonment or a \$5,000fine*", or even both. This law was established without any open public debate. NASA explained that the approval of this law was none other than a preventative security measure for returning astronauts: but this law is applied to all US citizens.<sup>[32]</sup> Since when does NASA consider its returning astronauts to be extraterrestrials?

In my opinion, there can be no doubt that the main reason for deploying armed troops in Iraq is directly linked to the missile defense shield. If members of the worldwide elite, aided by the US government, have gone through such pains to develop a shield for Earth, it is paramount for them to ensure that no outside help, whatever it may be, may intervene through the planet's stellar portals— especially those in Iraqi territory. There are so many! He who makes himself master of the gates of a planet has full control over it. There is a fairly simple way to block these gates; in fact, a large portion of the Earth's stellar portals were once blocked by the Annunaki faction and their Mīmínu<sup>[33]</sup> workers to keep out intruders.

We know that many UFO sightings happen around militarized perimeters. As an example, we may cite New Mexico, where two (official) UFO crashes took place in 1947 at Coronna and Socorro, not far from the American RAAF (Roswell Army Air Field) base. We can also cite the



infamous Area 51, located in Nevada. It has housed an important military base since 1954, where stealth devices are developed for the Pentagon and the CIA. This area is a stage for incessant aerial ballets composed of UFOs and non-conventional apparatuses.

Every time US forces intervene overseas, they do not hesitate to set up military bases under the pretext of "guarding the peace." Among these bases, it is obvious that some are located in sensitive zones, both militarily and economically speaking.

Thanks to wars with Iraq, the US government was able to implant military bases in the Persian Gulf. Thanks to the war with Yugoslavia, US troops settled in Bosnia, Kosovo and Macedonia-[\[34\]](#). Ever since the last Cold War, the USA has pushed the expansion of NATO towards the East. Today, at the time of this publication's release, they are at the Russian border, attempting to surround it using NATO. The USA's extension over the world is inevitable and extremely well organized. Furthermore, Japan and Germany have been occupied by the American military since the Second World War. The populations of these two countries no longer wish to have American bases on their soil. In November 2014, in Okinawa, the Japanese protested vigorously against American occupation...

After the fall of the Wall, the Russians immediately withdrew from Germany, as did the majority of allied forces: British, Canadian, Belgian, etc. This was not the case for the US, who still have over thirty bases in Germany! First, the Germans were made to believe that the US was staying in order to protect them ("from the big, bad Russians."). This abnormal situation is no longer justifiable nor is it accepted by the majority of the German population who are against the numerous interventions around the world that now have to originate from its soil. Especially when it comes to drone strikes from the Ramstein base, which is a USAF air base and which houses NATO's major European Air Force. Drones launched from this base are intended to kill targets tracked using cellphone SIM cards. We may also note that attacks often lead to the deaths of innocent people in the vicinity of the intended target. Of course, this isn't a problem for commanders and their subordinates. Let us bring attention back to the fact that Germany has been unable to sign a peace treaty and is still on the list of enemies of the UN! In April 1993, when Russia renewed its request to have the problem solved, France and Great Britain opposed the signing of this treaty. We must assume that Germany, economic motor of Europe, is still at war.





We have spoken extensively about the missile defense shield created by the American armed forces and commissioned by this planet's occult government, but to which missile defense shield are we truly referring? The one located in space whose development lasted approximately 20 years (today officially non-operational and abandoned), or the new one—the one that is currently being installed around Earth and that is constantly plagued with failures brought about by laborious tests? I am persuaded that this subterfuge allows the regular injection of tremendous sums of money into the budget of US defense in order to counter “the growing threat of international terrorism.”

All these facts are a part of American policy that has one sole purpose: controlling information (truth) concerning the origin of the Earth so that the occult government may continue to rule the world in peace, while making a profit on its inhabitants, in order to fully submit the planet by propagating a permanent sense of insecurity and murdering innocent victims. Rants? Anti- Americanism? Science fiction? I will let you come to your own conclusions, as I refer you to the following lines from a 1997 article in the US Army War Review:

*“We are entering a new American century, in which we will become still wealthier, culturally more lethal, and increasingly powerful. We will excite hatred without precedent. [...] There will be no peace. At any given moment for the rest of our lifetimes, there will be multiple conflicts in mutating forms around the globe. Violent conflict will dominate the headlines, but cultural and economic struggles will be steadier and ultimately more decisive. The de facto role of the US armed forces will be to keep the world safe for our economy and open to our cultural assault. To those ends, we will do a fair amount of killing. We are building an information-based military to do that killing.”*[\[35\]](#)

**Ralph Peters, US Army lieutenant colonel** Often, against their will, countless countries host terrorist organizations. In this clever way, the US government gives itself the sovereign right to sanction any nation of its choosing! The end goal of this constant instability is to lead us, backs up

against the wall, to a generalized state of panic by creating rivalries throughout the world and by propagating racial and political hatred. The daily media intoxication cannot be considered innocent in this regard. When the world is finally on its knees and asphyxiated by insecurities, terrorist attacks, wars, and (subtly planned?) pollution, the planet's ultra-secret government, through the US and the UN, will establish its World Government so that "peace on earth" will finally reign supreme. A praiseworthy objective, except for the fact that the true aim of the occult government is none other than to submit us to its monstrous, anti democratic authority, far removed from the true values and principles of humanity. What do you think of the Georgie Guidestones monument, located in Georgia (USA), where it is stated in different languages (including Sumerian!) that humanity must be kept below 500 million individuals?

See for yourself: it is only through the clever combination of fear and war, that these scoundrels intend to impose a worldwide totalitarian government in the next few years. The establishment of a world order would render it legitimate to resort to armed violence and that would erase the notion of rights and would be completely immoral and foreign to basic human principles. The need for insecurities and wars justify the felons' plan for worldwide control. This plan is not new; it is, in fact, ancient, but the awakening of the human worker, how ever slow it may be. disrupts it greatly. If you wish to know more about those who secretly pull the strings, to understand the deep roots of their paranoid impulses, to discover who our true ancestors are, I invite you to continue reading Ĝirkù Chronicles.

## 4 - THE LANGUAGE OF THE STARS AND THE SECRET CODE OF THE ANCIENT “GODS”

The book you currently hold is part of a series whose goal is to document a large fragment of the Gina'abul annals, such as the divinities mentioned on the Mesopotamian tablets and Egyptian manuscripts. I am not pretentious enough to ask you to believe everything I say, especially since the information detailed in this series is, at first sight, written in the form of a novel, with the exception of the footnotes and captions for the graphics and documents. Nevertheless, an original element supports and reinforces my statements throughout our journey through the ancient history of the Mušidim, their Gina'abul children and humanity. All this information that has been ignored up to this day will allow you to better understand many of the hidden aspects of the world's history. You will see that a part of the Gílimanna (lit. The Heavenly Bestiary) used a code to communicate with the entire peoples of Earth, our ancestors. This code is found in many of the past great civilization's different languages and is proof of a common ancient source. This code will shed new light on many universal themes.

Well before Sumer and Akkad, before the first dinosaurs, a civilization called Mušidim walked the Earth while already speaking the Sumerian ancestor language. Much later, their children, called the Gina'abul, adopted this language and ended up codifying it during a war that separated males and females. Practically all of the Earth's ancient languages are codified and can be translated thanks to the phonetic values of the Mušidim / Gina'abul syllables found in Sumerian and Akkadian language. This is totally unprecedented information. I will continuously mention this codification, which is present in many languages, and I will study its true purpose in Ádam Genesis, the second volume of this series.

According to scientific opinion, there are 300 linguistic families dating back to the Christian era. A little further back in time, there is the hypothesis of about 50 groups from around 5,000 BC-- however this is still discussed by the scientific community. Even further back, some speak of “linguistic superfamilies” and date them at 10,000 BC, but even this theory is very debated. Nevertheless, the more we go back in time, the more we get systematically closer to a universal language, an original language.

To my knowledge, contemporary studies of a probable ancient universal language or protolanguage are often focused on the resemblance between the words of different languages but almost never on their formation from an original lexicon or syllabary that may have been used to create the languages of ancient civilizations. The reason for this omission is that it is unthinkable for the scientific community to conceive that a mother civilization could be responsible, among other things, for the elaboration and development of huge language families spoken throughout the world. If linguists focused more on the multilateral lexicon comparison method, they would have inevitably noticed the singularity of the Sumero-Akkadian syllabary and the fact that it is the very root of different key words in many ancient languages like Arabic, Chinese, Dogon, Egyptian, Ancient Greek, Hebrew, Hindu, Hopi, Japanese, Latin, Germanic languages and many others...

It is possible to translate two or three words from different ancient languages thanks to the phonetic values of Sumero-Akkadian syllables. It is not possible however to translate all of the key words from many ancient languages. Furthermore, every translation leads to similar definitions for the same word, sometimes even a complimentary definition. You will be able to appreciate and judge, for yourselves, the exactitude of all this information as you progress throughout the book. The Sumerian language of ancient Mesopotamia is a true mystery for linguists for two main reasons: first, it encompasses a system that was already completely formed right from the very start of its existence and has undergone very few changes since then, and second, it doesn't belong to any known linguistic group. Nevertheless, Akkadian - the language spoken in northern Mesopotamia and whose structure is based on the Sumerian syllabary - is the ancestor of the Assyrian and Babylonian languages that belong to the Semitic groups such as Hebrew and Arabic.

Mesopotamian cuneiform writing combines signs in the shape of triangular nails (or Santak in Sumerian) etched onto clay tablets several millennia ago, using a carved beveled reed. It's hard to translate and interpret this language using these signs because it's mainly ideographic, meaning every sign represents an image that has either a concrete or abstract meaning. Sumerian is an agglutinative language that uses pre- or post- particles (particles placed before or after) with usually invariable nominal or verbal roots. Some of these particles function as ideograms or as

signs that have different phonetic values and that serve to note either the vowels (A. E, I, U), the diphthongs (G = GN...), simple syllables (AB, Bl. MA, RU...) or complex syllables with vowels surrounded by two consonants (BAD. GUL...).

There is a different sign for each name, verb and adjective. The total number of distinctive cuneiforms documented by specialists is approximately 600. This number contains the phonetic and ideographic values of the Sumerian, Akkadian, Assyrian and Babylonian signs, but does not take the number of phonetic values or the possible variations - which are more numerous - into consideration.

The ancient "gods" responsible for the codification of the Earth's languages never made any distinction between the different ideographic values because these emanate from the same original dialect from which all their sub-group and sub-race idioms were fabricated. They called this particular language Emesa, lit. "matrix language." [\[36\]](#) Originally, this language was invented by the Gina'abul priestesses called Amasutum. The "matrix language," an exclusively female secret dialect, was made up of a vocabulary that males could not understand, particularly the Anunna group. On the other side, all of the Gina'abul males communicated in Emenita, lit. "male language," which corresponds to Sumerian, for linguists. The Amasutum priestesses also spoke Emenita, which they had elaborated themselves, and commonly used to communicate with the Gina'abul males [\[37\]](#).

In these conditions - and I might shock some Ancient Middle East experts here - the Assyrian and Babylonian languages do not result from an evolved Sumerian language like specialists believe, but from voluntarily implanted idioms from Emesa ("matrix language") by certain Gina'abul rebels. Only the cuneiform writing that the Mesopotamian peoples inscribed on the tablets actually evolved according to the different regions- not the actual language itself. Primitive Sumerian writing was introduced around 4.000 or 3,500 BC thanks to the appearance of archaic signs or pictograms that resembled objects.



10. Evolution of the HA or KU6 (fish) Sumerian pictogram into Assyrian cuneiform.

These pictograms were created to count the "gods" wealth in the country of KALAM

(Sumer) and then evolved into the famous cuneiform writing I previously mentioned. The different languages created from the Emesa ("matrix language") syllabary were simply modified or replaced, but they did not evolve. Please take note of this point: only the writing transformed throughout the centuries and millenniums! Humans on this planet have expressed themselves distinctively since the dawn of Man and you will discover that they all spoke different idioms structured using Emesa ("matrix language") with which, among other things, Emenita ("male language") - or Sumerian - was elaborated.

Now let's have a little demonstration using two terms taken from different languages. In conventional Sumerian (or proto-Sumerian—[\[38\]](#)) grammar, the verb is placed at the end of a sentence. In the Earth codification that resulted in all our languages, this is hardly the case. The verb is even sometimes placed at the beginning of a terminology: this gap was premeditated so as to disrupt the decoding process. The grammar rules are not the same and have been simplified in comparison to ancient Sumerian. The terms are systematically invariable. The suffixes and prefixes have generally been removed so as to not end up with ridiculously long expressions and instead go right to the point. Originally, this code was used to communicate with humanity in a brief and secret way.

In the majority of cases, I'll translate specific terms or words for which the rules of translation are a lot simpler than the ones for complete Emesa ("matrix language") and Emenita ("male language") sentences. The translation is from two, three, or even four syllables words. A beginner could manage it. What is important in proto-Sumerian language is to know the context of the situations. A term will be constructed in a certain way

depending on the specific situation it finds itself in. Ĝirkù Chronicles Gina'abul rebels-Amasutum, Ama'argi, Nungal and Abgal— knew the contexts of the different words and key particles used to create the terms that are today found in Sumerian. The translation for these words becomes difficult when they are stripped of their context, especially when you remember that the proto-Sumerian language's concepts and realities have nothing to do with those of our current day society.

This makes all the difference and it is also for this reason why no one has, up until now, been able to decode the Gina'abul language. The complexity of the Emenita language (“male language” = Sumerian language) used by the Sumerians essentially resides in its multiple homophones (syllables that have similar pronunciation) but which can be distinguished by their phonetic length or strength. In order to differentiate between the many homophone cuneiform signs etched onto the unearthed Mesopotamian tablets, French archeologist F. Thureau-Dangin devised a system of accents and numbers for each sign, at the end of the 1920s. Let's take the KU particle, for example:

KU: “foundation”  
KÛ: “metal, saint, sacred”  
KÚ: “food”  
KU<sub>4</sub>: “entrance, to introduce”  
KU<sub>5</sub>: “to cut, to slice”  
KU<sub>6</sub>: “fish”  
KU<sub>7</sub>: “soft”

Now let's see the Arabic, Latin, African Lingala, Hebrew Japanese and Kurdish terms for king. Before doing so, we must point out that when a Sumerian or Akkadian word references a person or a place, it is generally OK to introduce it with “the” or “the place of...”:

1. King is *Malik* in Arabic. In Sumerian, we get MA (to establish, to place) and LIK (prince, priest, inspector), thus MA-LÍK: “*the prince who establishes.*”

2. King can be said with different words in Latin, such as *Regis* or *Egis*. Using the Sumerian phonetic values to translate these terms give us: RE (to guide, to conduct, to bring), E (to speak, to do), ĜIŠ

(scepter, tree), which amounts to: RE<sub>7</sub>-GIS "*the one with the scepter who guides*" or even E-GIS "*the one with the scepter who speaks.*"

3. In African Lingala, more specifically in Gabon, Zaire, Congo and southern Cameroon language, king translates to *Elwa*. In the language of the "gods" this will give EL ("to be raised, to be pure"), WA ("to offer, to give"), that is to say EL-WA, litt. "*The high one who offers*". With regard to the main function of the king, it is easy to guess that he offers some gifts to the "gods".

4. In Hebrew, king translates to *Melek*. In proto-Sumerian (Gina'abul) this gives us MÉL (voice, throat), the EK particle does not exist in Sumerian therefore we'll replace it with ÉG (to order, to speak, to do) which gives us MÉL-ÉG "*the one who's voice orders.*"

5. In Japanese, king translates to *Kokuô*. In proto-Sumerian "o" does not exist therefore it is replaced by the vowel "u", which gives us KUKU-Ú "*the elder in charge.*"

6. Finally, in Kurdish, king translates to *Pasha*. Broken down we have PÀ (to declare, to judge, to conjure), ŠA (good, beautiful, favorable), which gives us PÀ-ŠA "*the good one who declares or conjures*"

Let's take another stunning example, the most beautiful there is: woman. A woman is the source of life, she is of course the one who bears children, but for the elders she was generally the one who "transferred power and understanding." This theme is totally forgotten nowadays, but it is nevertheless developed throughout this entire series. This ideology reminds us of Ádam's transformation in the garden of the "gods":

1. In African Duala (Cameroon, the Wuri estuary), a woman is called Múto, which in Sumerian is: MÚ (to push, to make pushed, to appear) or MU<sub>10</sub> (woman, female), the "o" doesn't exist so "to" therefore becomes TU (new-born, to give birth, to bear, to conceive), which gives: MÚ-TU "*she who grows the new-born*" or MU<sub>10</sub>-TU "*the female who bears or conceives.*" For those of you who don't know, let me specify that females have not always been the only ones to bear children in the past, which explains why they have suddenly had to bear children in pain following the "error" in Eden - I'll explain this in detail when the time comes.



2. The Indonesian word for woman is *Wanita*. Deciphered into the language of the "gods," this term is: WA (to offer / provide, to give), NÍ (body, man, force, power), TA (nature, type, genre, character), which gives: WA-NÍ-TA "*she who gives the body its nature*" or "*she who provides man with his character*" or even "*she who provides a type of power.*"

3. In Quechua (language spoken in Andean countries like Equator, Bolivia, and Peru) and also in Aymara (language spoken in southern Bolivia, part of Argentina and Chili), the word woman is pronounced *Wuarini*. Deciphered using the proto-Sumerian syllabary, this gives us WU (this particle is the same as the Sumerian GEŠTU, both have the same meaning: "understanding"), AR (to enlighten, to mark, to shine), MI (destiny, us, our being, charge, responsibility), which gives us: WU-AR-MÌ "*she who's understanding enlightens*" or even "*she who's understanding marks one's destiny*" etc.

4. Woman in Egyptian is Sèt or Zet, therefore SÈ or SÌ (little, weak), ZE or SÉ (life), ET (this particle is the same as the Sumerian Á and has the same archaic sign and meaning: strength, next to, presage) which gives: SÈ-ET "*she who is next to the little one*" and ZE-ET "*the force of life.*"

5. In Armenian, woman is said *Guin*. Deciphered this translates to GU<sub>7</sub> (nurse, food, alimentary offerings), IN<sub>5</sub> (woman, sister), therefore "*the sister-nurse*" or "*the woman of alimentary offerings*"

6. Arizona's Hopi Indians use the ancient term *Tumasi*. Its Sumerian breakdown is as follows: TUM (work, action), A<sub>5</sub> (to fabricate, to do, to place) or Á (strength), SÌ (little, to give), which makes: TUM-A<sub>5</sub>-SI "*she who's work fabricated the little one*" but also TUM-Á-SÌ "*she who's action gives strength*"!

Notice that the notions are always the same: child, power, food, understanding, but where does this lead to? Let's conclude with Wu'uti, the Hopi term commonly used to say "woman": WU (understanding), Ú (plant, food, power, charge), TI (life): WU-Ú-TI "*she with the plant of understanding and life*" or even "*she with the food of life and understanding.*" Are we not once more at heart of Edenic ideology? Can we really believe that these simple examples are mere coincidences? The answer, obviously, is no.

The Ĝirkù Chronicles series will attempt to demystify many themes that are still shrouded in mystery due to subtle manipulation from an overprotected millennium orthodoxy. A new comprehension of humanity's history will be revealed to you, as you continue your journey into the elders' hidden secrets.

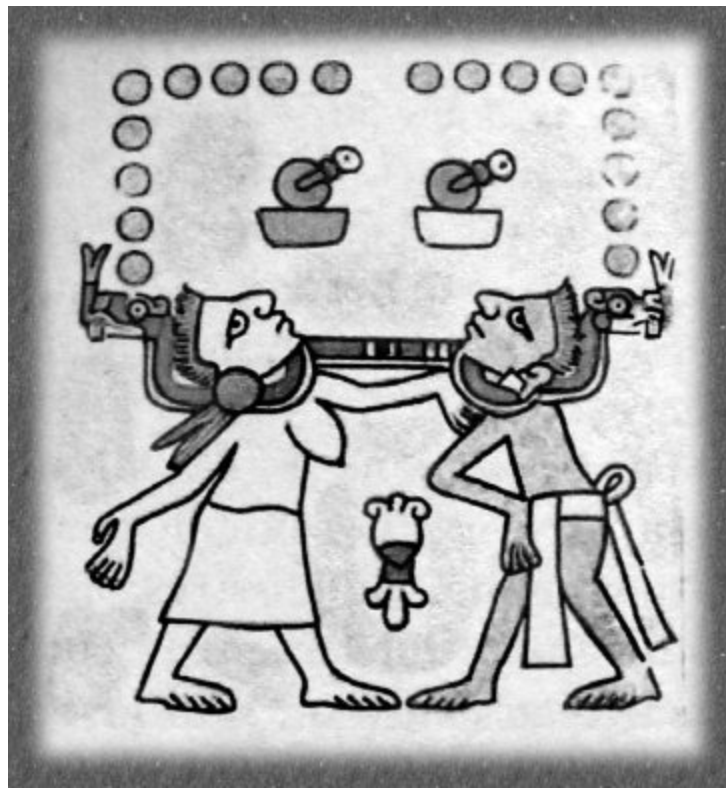
So many authors have studied the ancient Middle Eastern tablets and manuscripts that everything appears to have already been said. Do you really believe this though? Despite the rigor with which the different ancient manuscripts and tablets have been written, there remain only a few traces of the history that I will reveal to you. The most significant are the Mesopotamian tablets, of which a big part has disappeared from Iraq since the beginning of the 1990s and are today sold on the black market in western countries. The clay tablets are precious and precise: the different Mesopotamian stories detail the history of a group of immigrants called Anunna(ki) who crash-landed on Earth many millennia ago during a galactic war and who were able to extract Earth's many riches thanks to their advanced science. Only 10% of the elements contained in the Ĝirkù Chronicles are found on these Mesopotamian clay tablets. With time, the history of humanity was cleverly distorted in order to protect those who established power on Earth ages ago.

The Mesopotamian tablets are no exception because the female cult was deliberately removed and distorted to profit the dominant patriarchy, especially at the time the Assyria-Babylonian tablets were created. Today, religions are all too often the cause of conflict and war. Thanks to their voluntarily misleading disparities (because in reality all religions have the same precepts), the different beliefs make it possible to kill one's fellow man in the name of God. Throughout this planet's centuries and millennia, religions have caused the deaths of billions of individuals...

Today, religious conflict is used to “regulate” the quantity of living terrestrial beings and to make big profits by creating more and more murderous weapons. The term religion is derived from the Latin word *religio* and is very precise in the eyes of the ancient “gods”. Christian linguists like to explain that that the term comes from the Latin verb *ligare*, meaning to “link,” which insinuates that religion links humans together. But it would be correct to say that this word also means “to subjugate” in ancient Roman. In fact, in Latin, the words *religio* and *obligatio* (“obligation” or “debt”) often have the same meaning. I don't have to point

out that "religion" designates all the beliefs and dogmas that define the relationships between man and the sacred, a whole that was generally dictated and imposed by God or "the gods."

Before translating the hidden meaning behind *religio* using the famous syllabary, you should know that only a few millenniums ago, the only supports available to our ancestors when they wanted to record their legends, doctrines and beliefs, i.e. their religion, were clay or stone, carved in the shape of tablets. It is through these tablets, in particular the Babylonian ones, that so much information was able to be transferred with care, providing the intellectuals of Israel with what would be used to compile multiple passages in the Old Testament. Was it not also from "God's" Tablets of Stone that Judeo-Christian religion received its first commandments? Middle Eastern Man used tablets to catalogue and spread the different dogmas that made it possible to put together what we consider to be the world's first religion. But let's get back to the facts. The breakdown of the Latin term *religio* ("religion") gives RE<sub>7</sub>-LI-GI<sub>4</sub>-U<sub>8</sub>, lit. "*what comes with the sheep's learning tablets*" or even "*the learning tablets that guide the sheep*" (sic).



As you read along, especially in volume 2 of the Ĝirkù Chronicles, you will learn that the Heavenly Bestiary that crash-landed on Earth had the tendency to refer to humanity as Á-DAM (*animals*, in Sumerian), to small livestock, or more precisely- to sheep! This concept may seem strange to you but it was very widespread in the past. Let's use the example of ancient Egypt where small livestock (or sheep) is said *Undu* (or *Undju*) and the people *Undut* (or *Undjut*). The Sumerian transcriptions of these terms leave no doubt: UN-DU<sub>7</sub> "*the horned crowd*" and UN-DÛ-UT "*the population that melts the metal of light*" [\[39\]](#).

I am totally convinced that the ideology that assimilates mankind to animals hasn't really changed when I see how modern-day society is organized, despite the millenniums that separate us from this antiquity. The same idea of subjugation is found in Arabic in which the word religion is *aldin*, meaning subjugation, domination or obedience. In proto-Sumerian, *aldîn* is decyphered into AL-DI-IN, lit. "*the representation (or symbol) of severe condemnation*". Man was indeed condemned to be under the ancient Sumerian gods' influence and dominance. Let's add that Islam, the Muslim religion, means "submission" in Arabic.

For the Far-East, religion is expressed through the word *Dzungjyau*, which, when broken down into Sumerian, means "*humanity's submission*". Its exact pronunciation is *Jungaau*. Since "j" doesn't exist in Sumerian, this gives: HUN-GÁ-U<sub>8</sub>: "*that which diminishes (or puts to rest) the sheep*". In Japan, religion is named *Shukyô*. Decyphered in ancient Sumerian, this term gives us several possibilities: ŠU-KI-Û "*control of the sleeping Earth*" or ŠU -KI- Û<sub>5</sub> "*control of the totality of Earth*" or even ŠU -KI- Û<sub>8</sub> "*control of the Earth [Land] of sheep.*"

In Hebrew, religion is *Dat* whose original meaning is "law." Hebraic religion is not really based on faith but on respecting God's different laws. In Sumero-Akkadian we get: DA-AT "*the power of the Father*" or even "*the proximity of the paternal power.*" Using homophony, we can also get: DA<sub>5</sub>-AT "*the paternal power that grasps (or encircles)*"... It is interesting to point out that the Akkadian particle AT ("father," "paternal power," "ancestors") is also pronounced AD in Sumerian, which implicates that the Hebrew word *Dat* (religion-law) is also pronounced DAD in the language

of the “gods.” In this series we will see that there are many other vocabularies that have similarities like these and that are at first sight rather amazing...

One last example, the Hopi Native Americans use the word *Wiimi* for “religion.” In proto Sumerian this give us WI-IM-I, lit. “*the understanding that dominates the clayey*,” it refers to man! In Ádam Genesis, the volume 2 of the Ĝirkù Chronicles, I will explain the meaning of clay and its close relationship with the human species in great detail.



In order to contemplate the present and future with tranquility, humanity must know its real origins and see its distant path with hindsight. This is the role of Ĝirkù Chronicles. This is my truth, the one I have been given, the one I have understood, and nothing compels you to adhere to it.

In the beginning of each chapter you will find excerpts from diverse legends and traditions from around the globe. These passages will help you to expand your vision of the History of humanity and will serve as proof of the universality of the story that you will discern in my series. Many of our planet's traditions describe the same events. You will be surprised to discover how similar some myths are. Among this volume's excerpts are passages from apocryphal texts (from the Greek word *apokruphos* “held secret”) - embarrassing passages that were voluntarily left out of the Bible and were written by the Gnostics (from the Greek word *gnosis* “knowledge”). The Gnostics were convinced they knew about the origins of a class of evil angels that precipitated the Mother-Goddess into matter (the Dream of Eternal Time's main theme) and then primordial terrestrial Man into a body and material world. According to the Gnostic school of thought, the knowledge of Man's origins results from a revelation made by a handful of heavenly bodies in the hopes of helping Man free itself from the “evil spirits” that dominated them and ruled the world. The Upper Egyptian Nag Hammadi Shenaset texts are filled with this fatalist yet oh-so realistic philosophy.

The strength and similarity between the versions I will detail in this book and the dominant ideology of the Gnostic texts - particularly the Nag Hammadi ones - pushed me to include these as introductions to each of the

chapters in this book, volume 1 of Ĝirkù Chronicles. My goal is not to discredit the Bible, but to help you think about the parallel documents that can frequently and admiringly complete the biblical texts.

The goal of this series is neither to be sensational nor to bombard you with indigestible esoteric information. Its goal is to provide you with information that can help you comprehend our past and future. More information, I hope, will also help you to position yourself at the heart of the evolutionary process that generates a very powerful chain of karma here on Earth, the home of free will. Free will means freedom to act and to think. Freedom of action and judgement has simultaneously generated extraordinary phenomenon and painful events here on Earth. When an entire people elevate its level of consciousness, it raises its collective frequency at the same time. When they are struck with anxiety, the opposite happens. This is also one of the main themes in this first book of this series.

# 1st PART - FOUNDATIONS

I am Nuréa, the legitimate daughter of our Matriarch Tiamata and the Margíd'da (*the Big Dipper*) Crown's Ambassador. In this crystal, I am recording historical events related to our origins and to the Ti-ama-te system (*the Solar System*). These are the only fragmented pieces of knowledge in our possession but they are explicit enough to justify their transcription onto this mineral and be eventually transferred on to future generations. Some of these pieces come from our archives, while many others are the result of an experience that I was forced to have and that transformed my life and whatever knowledge I had previously acquired at the Nalulkára School of Knowledge.—<sup>[40]</sup> This new data transformed everything we thought we knew about our ancestors and our origins. A group of Abgal amphibians and myself are the only ones to know. If the Urbar'ra (*Lyra*), Margíd'da (*the Big Dipper*), and Mulmul (*the Pleiades*) Crowns were to find this information that has been hidden since the dawn of time, an unprecedented war would break out in Anriba.<sup>[41]</sup> (*our Galaxy*).



We are an autonomous race with multiple and varied ambitions. Many in our vast lineage are pugnacious families in a quest for power and territory. Our military routes stretch out through the entire known Milky Way up to the limits of the time tunnels and galactic belt. The destructive orgies have been securing our domination and reputation since the dawn of time. Our legendary ferocity is dreaded in the vast Anriba (*our Galaxy*). No known text has been able to completely document our history because this latter is punctuated with devastation and amnesia linked to all kinds of destruction, for which we are mainly responsible.

The dark routes to different sources of minerals systematically cross our commercial routes. All of our astronomical maps show the strategic points that guarantee the continuation of our power. Our technology requires an enormous amount of the substances that we extract from the ground. Without these we do not exist, deprived of these we agonize. To obtain and exploit them we subdue many worlds and their nations. We do

not hesitate to use force, however our diplomatic threats remain our best weapon of intimidation. We have been masters of the art of fraud and trickery since the age of Nimra.<sup>[42]</sup> When diplomatic language fails, we set the war machine into motion, usually after an epidemic, a terrorist attack or even foreign threats, all of our own fabrication. We then claim to subdue these threats in the name of Peace. Nonetheless, only chaos subsides following our implantations and multiple mineral extractions.

Despite being internally torn by multiple tensions, we are an untouchable society. The different families in our lineage do not share the same greed, and since the age of Nimra they have all used different ways to gain power and security. We do have one point in common: during our conquests we secretly dominate others by using the implantation of hidden underground bases – linked by a communication network – that functions by using radiant energy and telluric waves. Some of us, particularly the females of our race, are capable of controlling the elements. This art, associated with the minerals, allows our industries, weapons and spaceships to function. We regularly, shamelessly ignore legislation in order to lead our conquests and pillages in the name of survival. We are the plague of this Universe and the victims of the Ga'anzír Shadow. In past times, we and our ancestors lived in peace. We are the Gina'abul.



# 1 - OUTRAGE

“The Archons came to meet her with the desire to cheat her. Their supreme ruler told her, *'Your mother Eve came to us'*. But Norea turned to them and said, *'You are the Archons of darkness, you are damned. You knew not my mother but your own co-resemblance. Because I do not originate from you but from the heavenly world from which I came'* ”.

**NH II, 4 - Hypostasis of the Archons, 92,19 - 92,27**



## Ğirkù-Tìla Nuréa / Dili-ME-Dili

I was lying on a piece of stone as smooth as a block of metal, fixing a hole in the wall. I scanned the dim light that passed through my cell. Far off were dark, grey hills with tall pointy peaks that cut through the night sky. A disturbing liquid substance leaked through the cracking ceiling as pieces peeled off under its own weight. This tiny room brought me no comfort. The silence here contrasted to the confused echo still resounding in my head. I had broken a Ti- ama-te (*the Solar System*) golden rule: I had influenced the living without permission. Beaten and beaten until I bled, I was abandoned here, totally humiliated, for many Ud (*days*). I was naked, wrecked and trembling. But my eyes stayed dry in the face of shame. The only ounce of energy I had left allowed me to crawl onto the piece of rock that was my bed. In addition to the pain came a fear that paralyzed my entire body. The sanction for my transgression could be even worse. I feared being sent back to Anduruna, our sovereign kingdom, where my mother was and where I knew death would certainly await me. Itud (*the Moon*) was, to my knowledge, a neutral nation in which judgments could be made outside of planner conventions. What a degradation this was for me, the only diplomat in the Gina'abul lineage that was allowed to have a seat in the planner assemblies.

Two Mímínu workers with disgraceful faces pulled me out of my prison. Seeing the hideous emptiness in their eyes I knew that nothing

would play out within the rules of the current conventions. With a blow from their metal bar they forced me to my feet to follow them. I asked for my clothes, but one of them replied "NO!" using Kinsağ (*telepathy*). My insistent look changed nothing, I was at their mercy. They controlled me physically and psychologically.

Freezing, my slow pace slowed us down many times. We walked through dark galleries until we reached total darkness. Voices suddenly yelled out, "*Bring in the defendant.*". I was abruptly pushed through a large metal gate. I found myself before a council of judges in the gallery's higher balconies. The judge's heads were hooded. It was impossible to know their identities. The room and its walls were freezing. My nudity appeared to heat them up. I wanted to scream to express my disapproval and notify them that my status did not allow for such treatment but I was incapable of formulating a single word. I was accused of freeing workers on Salbatánu (*Mars*). I argued that these beings originated from Uraš (*Earth*) and working in unacceptable conditions that they did not deserve in a Kadištu zone (*planner zone*). I was reminded that the Kingú-Babbar belongs only to their masters. I was retold of my role as ambassador and observer for Queen Tiamata. The council ruled that I should be immediately sent to Uraš (*Earth*) in order to be judge by the Kadištu Court (*Planner Court*), which was the only court owning the authority to sentence me. In that moment I felt saved, yet I felt a deep guilt. Once more I would have to justify myself to the Kadištu<sup>[43]</sup> planners and engage in never ending discussions...

Shortly after the sentence, a Red Kingú dragon warrior belonging to our own royal breed gripped my neck and handcuffed me. What was this individual doing here on Itud (*the Moon*)? Two of his congeners were behind him. Grabbing my arms, they bluntly led me towards the dark galleries while the sound from the heavy metallic gate echoed through the endless tunnels.

At the time, I worked for Queen Tiamata's Intelligence Service, but officially I was a diplomat. My role was to observe and investigate the commercial links between this system's planets and States and report the information back to the Kadištu. I sometimes negotiated for different factions in Ti-ama-te (*the Solar System*). I speak several languages because I attended Setrá'an Academy in Gagsisá-Eš (*Sirius 3*). Most of the time, I speak in Emeša but I'm also fluent in Emenita, Ganetran, Sukkal, Amelian, the language of the Urmah, and different idioms used in Ti-ama-te. The

Salbatanu (*Mars*) Kingú did not expect a diplomat to free their plantation workers. The Kingú-Babbar hide behind texts written on the thin crystal shards in order to preserve their privileges granted by the Kadištu Court (*Planner Court*). Were my judges Kingú? If this were the case, I would have to prove it and report it back to the Kadištu Authority (*Planner Authority*).

My spirit was split between the joy of returning to Uraš (*the Earth*) and the sorrow of not being able to inform my son who was patiently waiting for me on Mulge-Tab. I comforted myself with the belief that I would contact him later when I reached the Kadištu. My harassers led me through dark passages. I focused all of my will to keep my head and the pace up as I suffered all over. Still, I sometimes had to rest against the slimy walls when I was paralyzed by terrible abdominal pain. Had I been abused or drugged? I had no memory of my captivity. My whole body trembled. Strange shapes emerged from the filth in the shadows.

After some time, we reached a passage where a benevolent light finally shuns. We exited the tunnels onto a platform on which were parked a number of flying machines awaiting the signal to take off. I was pushed into one of them. A being, his head covered, waited for me beside the pilot, who wore a helmet. "Enter, daughter of Tiamata," he said with a firm tone. I awkwardly entered the ovoid spacecraft. I was slowly coming to. My face burned and my eyes teared up.

"This is an offense to the Kadištu Court (*Planner Court*)! What did you do to me, to my body?"

"Nothing displeasing."

"Whoever you are, you will have to face the consequences!"

"Don't be so disrespectful, young ambassador. Your lack of knowledge about the Ti-ama-te (*the Solar System*) is pathetic. You should know that your work here is enslavement, not some disguised sacrifice for a noble cause. Your role for the Kadištu is just a strategy for your mother, the Gina'abul and the Kadištu Authority (*Planner Authority*).

"You don't know my mother! Tiamata doesn't owe you anything, she is the daughter of Barbélú, the one you despise so much."

The stranger threw my sandals and clothes in my face and said, "You will soon meet your destiny. Honor it."

Our ship left the Itud (*Moon*) tunnels and started towards a crepuscular region on the blue planet. We did not use time tunnels, it was an

ordinary space-time trip. Our ship entered the atmosphere and dove into a thick fog before emerging over an immense scintillating ocean. As far as I could see, I was contemplating the majestic scene of the swell rising and falling in thick mass. The winds were violent and formed intense waves. We travelled through a grey layer of clouds, on the horizon, the sun disappeared behind frozen blue mountains: our destination.

I asked my Cerberus if the meeting would take place in this region. He said nothing, leaving me in a state of uncertainty. His supple fingers, slipped into gloves, slid along a strange metallic sphere, a Gúrkur-[\[44\]](#), an object that makes possible to travel through dimensions. Our ship descended and brushed over the desert of ice towards a cliff. On the other side of it, we saw a gigantic glacier. Once we arrived, the ship opened abruptly, my body fell backwards onto the inhospitable ground as if pulled by an unknown force. The ship closed and took off silently in a bolt of thunder.

Stupefied, I lay there, watching the sky, freezing silently, in the midst of an oppressive quietness barely disturbed by a light breath. I saw the glittering ship enter the skies, mingle the misty stars, and disappear. My violent fall made my physical condition even worse. Every breath was followed by excruciating pain. I easily understood that I had several cracked ribs. Where were the Kadištu (*Planners*)? They would sooner or later end up finding me. Time passed and I had to face the facts: no one was coming. It was a trap, an attempt to end my life! In such extreme conditions, every second spent at the mercy of the elements surely led me to death. I had to find refuge, a cave, to heat myself and heal my injuries. The sky suddenly filled and snow fell in thick flakes. In an instant, my thin clothes absorbed the humidity and the penetrating cold became worse. My whole body shivered as I began to get a fever. I noticed a little stream of water out in front of me. I could make out trees through the fog. If I couldn't find a cave I could at least find refuge under the trees' large branches.

Suffering as I was, the idea of crossing the stream seemed insane. The snow stopped falling as fast as it had started when I made the decision to crawl towards the water. The light from Itud (*The Moon*) bounced off the water agitated by the wind. With the sun now gone, the temperature dropped dramatically. This intense cold made my teeth clattered. It took time and incredible effort to cross the half-frozen barrier, cutting myself with its frozen ice. My blood blended in with the snow, leaving a trace

behind me for several Danna (*hours*). My ordeal was endless. Once under the trees I had to break off branches using angular stones in order to create a protective shelter. I used my teeth to rip the thread out of my dripping sandals and tie my shelter's roof together. I then spread thick branches out over the wet soil. After rubbing my wet feet, I crept into the precarious shelter, legs first, and collapsed in its center. The pain in my belly kept increasing and I was subjected to appalling pain.



Incoherent thoughts took over my mind. I entered a semi-comatose state until at some point I was pulled out of this stupor by a shrilling sound. I was no longer in my shelter but outside. My body, covered in roughly assembled fur with rudimentary strings, began to warm up and revitalize. It seemed to me that I was gradually coming back to life. A huge silhouette had pulled me out. This being was blowing through a sort of archaic flute made out of a small animal bone. Panicked, I had the uncontrollable reflex to try to run away. Stoic, the colossal furry silhouette comforted me. I realized it was an Uru-[\[45\]](#), an archaic form of the guardians of this planet, the Namlú'u-[\[46\]](#). The few Uru still present in the mountains are their ancestors. Before becoming the Namlú'u, with their etheric multidimensional bodies, the guardians of Uraš had dense and voluminous bodies like this one. Our archives mention the Uru presence before the Age of Nimra; their origin is lost in the mists of time. No one seems to know who created them in the first place.

Some Kadištu groups fought to preserve Uru species and a few survivors remained. I had never seen one before. I knew every detail of their way of life, having studied them in our ethnological archives in Gagsisá-Eš (*Siruis* 3) and Mulge-Tab. Today, Uru and Namlú'u are the planet's guardians. There are subtly linked by thought. The former watch over the mountains and the excavations down into Abzu (*the underground world*) while the latter watch over the planet as a whole. This occupation forced them to be regularly in touch with the Kadištu, with whom I'm in contact.

Moose crossed the little river in the distance, towards the great glacier from which came the biting wind. Seeing that I was coming to my

senses, the Uru groaned twice to let me know that he was going to enter my mind: “They're coming...” he said by Kinsağ (*telepathy*). I still suffered from fever. The Uru fed me tea made of tree bark through a wooden spoon. His eyes were round and dark as night and he watched me while a smile spread across his brown furry face. "You saved my life." I told him, gratefully. The Uru placed a hand on my stomach and jolted. An awkward silence followed. I became aware of the severity of my condition, probably of an organic kind, related to my abdominal pains.

I tried to get up but my legs refused to hold me up. At that very moment, as if lifted by the winds, a group of Namlú'u suddenly appeared in our dimension. There were five of them. They were a GI and-a-half (4.50 m) tall. One of them spoke to me using telepathic Kinsağ: “You are the ambassador, Tiamata's daughter.”

I could not utter a word, that's vision appeared to me like a charm, I was amazed. Supernatural good and beauty emanated from these beings, enveloped in a purple and pink etheric sheet. A Namlú'u placed me in a kind of translucent pellicular pocket that would protect me during our imminent voyage. The Uru made a friendly gesture and I was transported into the higher stratum where an unknown destiny awaited me. The Namlú'u travelled inter-dimensionally thanks to the Turzalag fields (*tachyon particles*) which is what a time vortex is mostly made of. Our trip was practically instantaneous, kind of like our travels through the space-time tunnels that form with the death of stars.



Many worlds exist behind this curtain of events, the limit of our perception. The Namlú'u travel around them at whim. I was transported to one of these heavenly worlds with fascinating reflections in its hypersky that we usually call ANGAL (*Great Sky*). When I awoke I lay for a moment in silence, aware of the pleasure of being able to actually open my eyes and contemplate another welcoming reality and savoring this blessed moment after having endured so much torment. In this place of indescribable purity, the arrangements were precise and the harmonious colors were part of the surrounding perfection. Nothing was left to chance. I was experiencing a moment of privilege, I could feel it in the very depths of my consciousness.

Still in my translucent pocket, I discovered an infinite space that spread out to the horizon. Out there I could see sparking walls with a crystal palace. A strange, indistinct sound was coming from the fortress: a laugh, or perhaps a sob. Dream or reality? Would it be possible, in this intense world of pure light, to create one's own personal universe free of any material or sentimental shackle like the ones we are subjected to in KI (*3rd dimension*)? Or perhaps was I evolving in an "imaginary" time with density fluctuations from the scalar field in one of the many appendixes of the Great Universe? To these questions I had no answer. I would lean towards the second possibility, but how could I be so sure?

I measured the exceptional, strange and unique situation I was in. I was just getting used to it when a Namlú'u came forward and covered me in a blinding light. I was projected into the Uraš (*Earth*) KI, in an extremely dense place in which all matter seemed to clash together and heat up. Sunlight-filled drops of water scattered through the wind like miniature splashes of fire. I heard the earth tremble through my protective pocket. The five Namlú'u were still with me. They watched over me. We were next to an active volcano and we were waiting for something. One of the Uraš guardians leaned his translucent face close to mine and, with his thought, said, "You need medical attention, we are bringing you to the Kadištu (*planners*). Only they can help you."

A wall of intense light split the sky in two. An ovoid ship came down majestically and parked near a river of lava. A silhouette appeared from the bright light and I was softly drawn in towards it. I was taken into care by the Kadištu, or more precisely by a group belonging to my galactic family, the Abgal.

## 2 - NURÉA'S DESTINY

*“The Original Mother conceived and bore Norea.  
She said, 'From the spirit I bear a Virgin who will support many human  
generations.*

*She is the Virgin whom the Powers did not defile.’”*  
**NH II, 4 - Hypostasis of the Archons, 91,30 - 92,4**



### Ğirkù -Tìla Nuréa / Dili-ME-Min

We were in the depths of the Abzu (*underground world*) of Mulge [\[47\]](#), the Kadištu planet. I remain in isolation for three Urasian Ud (*three terrestrial days*). The sanitized room was blindingly white. No furnitures or apparatus, only an opaline layer was present. I wanted to share my discoveries from Salbátanu (*Mars*) and Itud (*the Moon*) as soon as possible, but the Abgal seemed to ignore me. The Abdgal didn't listen to me. I raised my voice and looked at them helplessly, but they seemed more concerned with examining my body. Particularly anxious, I demanded the presence of my son Ašme, who was on Mulge-Tab (Mulge's satellite). From that moment, we only had medical and technical contacts. I learned that in addition to my physical wounds, I was being treated for my belly pains which came from an alien body that the Abgal studied using rays that they would regularly beam into the room. I was given beverages to ease the pain and relieve my distress. I was washed and purified frequently to remove the dirt and my sweaty smell.

Shortly before finding myself here, in this austere examination room, my mission and investigations on Salbatánu forced me to blend into my surroundings. I was disguised as a normal citizen, devoid of title or prestige. Hooded, I lived in complete filth and my body reeked. In this way, I was able to mingle with the marginalized people of the Kingú-Babbar world.

The effervescent city of Mardam, with its mixed odors of excrement and cooking and its mazes of dark streets, was a perfect location to carry out my mission with discretion and anonymity. The high cast resides in the



upper districts, while the poor live down at the bottom at the city limits. All types of Anriba's-[48] (the Galaxy) community live here. This vast city is a melting pot from which the royal Gina'abul can recruit laborable miners. At least, that's the official version that we have believed for so long. The Gina'abul do hire miners from this area, but we believe it's a cover up. The Kadištu confederation has been observing Salbatanu (*Mars*) activities for as long as we can remember. We suspect there to be humanoid trafficking, but we are missing enough proof to dismantle the underground “worker machine” networks. Only one thing was left to do to validate the suspicions I brought up over and over again during assemblies: to infiltrate the system and lead an investigation. Unfortunately, Kadištu diplomacy was too slow and maybe complacent: it's took too long to spring its executive power into action, thus causing endless delays. Facing this inertia, I therefore decided to take the investigation into my own hands, without the planners' permission or even that of my mother's.

May this crystal bear witness to my discoveries. Today, I can prove that the biggest units of workers on Salbatánu were not composed of volunteers, or marginals, from different galactic communities: they were slaves made from the Ukubi gene (*Homo type*) or Uraš. Just like all the other races on Uraš, these Ukubi were subjects to protection promulgated by the Planner Court. I saw and recorded these poor slaves, working until exhaustion, covered in dust from dark places in this maze where no one would ever venture unless they were forced to. I also discovered their creation center, the huge, dark, oppressing room hidden underneath the desert. Hundreds of Uzumúa-[49] (*artificial matrixes*) aligned and lying on the ground, seemed at rest. However, their color, their buzzing as well as the organic substance that filled them, betrayed their fruitfull activity.



After three endless days of isolation, my son Ašme was going to visit me. He has Abgal blood just like I do. He has webbed hands and ruby eyes, but his scales are thinner than most Gina'abul. He is probably the most talented botanist of us all. Several weeks ago, he had made the decision to leave Mulmul (*The Pleiades*) and his father Enkù to secretly join me in Ti-ama-te (*the Solar System*) with the aim of bringing me back with him. I

would have preferred that he remain on Mulmul, near his betrothed Šaran. Poor fool! I sometimes have trouble believing he knows his own mother. Ašme's heart is too soft, his innocence sometimes frightens me. The carefree memories of innocence were still engraved in his spirit. I was excited to see him soon, after having suffered from these deplorable troubles.

Instead of my son, I receive the visit of Wa, an elderly Abgal I had known very well for many cycles. He is one of the two inseparable sages, the prodigiously intelligent twins, called Wa and A'a-<sup>[50]</sup>. When he entered the room, I knew from his grim expression that something was not right.

"How are you, Nuréa?"

"Where is my son, why are you here, in his place?"

"We are worried about your health," he continued, "your son is dead, don't you remember?"

A cold silence filled the room, my heart and soul blurred. I had lost the ability to distinguish between past and present. Slowly, the nightmare came back to me. My son Ašme had the same father as his fiancée Šaran, because my sister Ninsikila and I had mixed our essences with an Abgal individual called Enkù. Šaran was promised to become the sovereign of the planet Dukù. She was totally idolized by her maternal family, who reserved the Mulmul (*the Pleiades*) throne for her. Šaran knew all of the Gina'abul arts and sciences. I consider her as my own daughter. She was in reality only my niece and therefore my influence over her should have been marginal, but fate decided otherwise. My sister Ninsikila's daughter fell in love with my son Ašme, a simple royal garden worker. They were so in love that Šaran gave up her aspirations to the throne. They shared a perfect love, against the will of Mulmul's royalty. They came to me secretly in Tiamate (*the Solar System*) and Gagsisá (*Sirius*) several times. I could not hide them from Tiamata the Great Matriarch, our queen and my mother, for very long. Šaran and Ašme constantly had to be on the move in order to hide in their desperate flight. I gave them everything they needed to carry on until the tragedy happened. On the royal planet of Dukù, my son was treacherously killed by the royal guard, right before his lover's eyes. Šaran managed to escape and joined up with me during my diplomatic mission on Gagsisá (*Sirius*).

"I beg your pardon, my thoughts aren't clear," I replied, troubled.

"Do not worry about that. Šaran is by my side. Look," said Wa.

My dear Šaran threw herself onto me and cried while holding one of my hands.

"Calm down, my dear, your mother-in-law is in surrounded by the best healers there are."

Wa interrupted me:

"My brothers just told me about your affliction, the foreign body inside your body."

"Are you worried about me too? You forget that I am a great healer."

"No, Nuréa, this is not a matter of organic growth. This is a foreign body lodged in a Nunus (*egg*). You are pregnant."

"That's impossible! Call your team. No, forget it, I'm getting out of this stupid room."

Before they could even react, I dragged Wa and Šaran into a dark hallway separated from the rest of the building. Two Abgal rushed toward us. Wa snapped: "Ambassador, you mustn't move! The thing you are carrying has a sharp stinger that can rip through its membrane to sting you. We have to proceed with further analyses before making any decisions."

"I've decided! You will remove this parasite! They corrupted me, the Kingú have violated me!"

"Nobody will know," said Wa. "The creature is developing rapidly, which is why we must study it closely. We have to tell you that we will probably have to remove it by cutting your stomach open."

I was struck with terrible anxiety and begged them to operate immediately. I did not want to have this strange thing in my uterus for a second longer. After a lot of useless discussions, half a Danna (*1 terrestrial hour*) later, I was undressed in a bright room and laid down upon an operation table. Šaran held my hand tightly. Wa and four other Abgal began removing the foreign body, the Kingú offspring. I understand very well why they wanted to take their time. The symbiont lodged in my belly was a scientific curiosity. The royal Kingú regularly experimented on every type of female in Ti-ama-te (*the solar system*) in the hopes of ending their curse. I felt in their trap, so they decide to made me their experiment subject. The royal Gina'abul race was threatened by extinction and cloning was the only way they could survive as a species.

The albino Kingú, a self-proclaimed royal branch in our family, don't have the same genes as we other Gina'abul do. We have a common

ancestor, our Saint Mother Barbelú, but the Kingú-Babbar have a specific father from which they got an extra unknown chromosome. This ancestor is called Kingalàm, and according to our archives, did not come from Anriba (*our galaxy*). His genetic code passed down onto his Kingú descendants cannot withstand the Uraš KI's (*Earth's 3rd dimension*) natural radioactivity. When the albino Kingú evolve more than one Ud (day) on Uraš' surface, a terrible virus wakes up inside of them and inexorably replicates. That's why the royals take refuge in the underground layers of Uraš and its Kurgal (*inferior dimensions*) or even on other planets such as Salbatánu (*Mars*) where the radiation is different and the natural virus remains dormant.

The female Kingú-Babbar are particularly concerned by this virus. The males synthesize their female's poison to make themselves partially immune to this intracellular parasite. This however is not sufficient to stay on the Urasian surface for long periods of time. In the end, the drinking of beverages to keep the antidote working and the different rituals the royal Gina'abul practiced drove the two sexes towards self-destruction. As if this did not suffice, another factor came into play: the degeneration of the Kingú breed through the premature aging of their bodies. The side-effects of the royal social system led to a competition between the two sexes. The males then came to dominate so that they could control the poison present in their female's blood. Despite their great knowledge, the female Kingú became their slaves. Stripped of their responsibilities in society, reduced to simple matrixes for a dying race, they sought to escape from their reality by absorbing massive amounts of a psychotropic substance, the only pleasure they could still experience. In their suicidal spiral, they put aside the use of plants that sometimes allowed an opening of consciousness and instead favored the use of hard, chemical, artificially-created drugs. The Kingú family did not know that this substance would create a psychic dependency that would activate the mortal virus. The substance attacks the organs, particularly the brain, and the individual plunges into madness before dying in terrible agony. The royal breed proceeded to exterminate all of the females to avoid contaminating the rest of the family. This was the terrible fate of the female Kingú-Babbar and their great knowledge, drowned in the meanders of history.



The intervention was about to begin. I asked to remain awake to be able to participate in the surgery if necessary. The magnifying sight slowly approached my stomach. His burning eye seemed to see through to the depths of my Ba (*soul*). The Abgal were not at ease. They knew about my medical competence. When it came time to begin the incision, the offspring moved, causing me unbearable pain. I therefore asked the surgeons to pause. We tried a second time, but the reaction was the same. The Abgal's faces were covered in stupefaction. We began to worry. I began to shiver. An Abgal spoke:

"If we remove this parasite, it will sting you and its deadly venom will kill you rapidly." "I know," I answered, "there is another solution."

"What do you propose, Nuréa?" asked Wa.

"I cannot tell you. This symbiont is communicating with me. If I formulate my thought out loud, it will receive it and eliminate me. I am trying not to think about it. Now leave me alone for a moment, I must communicate with it."

Šaran wanted to stay by my side, but with a look I insisted that she get out. Finally, alone, I relaxed and tried to come into contact with the progeny. A most unusual exchange happened through Kinsağ (*telepathy*), and we began a conversation that would change my life:

"I am Nuréa, our Matriarch Tiamata's ambassador. Who are you?"

I waited for a response. "I am a thought self-generated. A power stripped away from my Mother."

"Your Mother? Whom do you speak of?" I asked.

"The one of many mistakes, the self-fertilized, the one responsible for the agitation of the stars and the cycle of time."

"What do you mean?"

"She is blind, selfish. She conceived only for her own pleasure and covered us in a veil of sleep. Her pride and that of her lineage are responsible for Anriba's (*our Galaxy*) miseries."

I was troubled by these strange words. I tried to know more, thinking that the Kingú symbiont was talking about one of our kingdoms' ancient females.

"Our thoughts have the same prohibitions as our bodies. I am in a good position to know. Our limitation emanates from our will to imitate the

divine without trying to know more about Nature. Your Mother is a victim of her own power and helpless solitude. You mustn't blame her."

"She wanted to conceive without her partner," replied the parasite. "It's what she did for you, but not for us..."

These words shook me because they referred to the story of our Mother of Origins, Barbélú, who the Kingú despise. Why was this creature talking about the Great Mother of Origins?

"Why are you talking to me about Barbelú?"

"Mother conceived the divine Babbar (*albino*) lineage with a genetically deficient being, responsible for our perdition."

"You are mistaken, the Kingalám ancestor's world was probably perfect, only his genes were not compatible with our Mother's world. His immune system did not have time to mutate and adapt to his new environment."

"The Kingú's genes never managed to adapt to Uraš even though their presence here dates back to the beginning of time," he continued.

"Their mutation was not possible because they got rid of their feminine principles. The Kingú-Babbar cause irreparable damage when they killed their own mother and are now incapable of restoring their lifecycle!"

The offspring paused. "You're wrong. Your superior mind and your genes could help your royal brothers save their destiny. I was introduced into your prison of flesh in the hopes that you'd accept this request and change all our destinies. You will give birth to me and I will take care of the rest."

I was gripped with horror. I had been manipulated against my will to give birth to this individual, a future queen who will lay more eggs, engendering a new royal lineage. The royal Kingú examined my body and probably did tests with my genome to make sure that I was compatible with them, an act whose deviousness is matched only by the cold efficiency that characterizes them!

Everything spun around in my head. The disappointment was so strong that I could not hide my thoughts from the future unborn queen. A harrowing pain seized my guts. Faced with the growing anxiety and the urgency for decision, I wanted to execute my initial plan: destroy the Nunus (*egg*) with a natural poison I kept in my uterus. Unfortunately, the queen heard my thought and, in an act of despair, stung me with her poisonous stinger. At the exact same moment, I received the fatal dose of poison, my

destructive fluid submerged the Nunus that the runt had pierced through with its stinger.

My cry of pain alerted Šaran and the Abgal. An unknown poison flowed through my veins and the first symptoms of paralysis appeared immediately. The group panicked around my bed. I heard Wa's grave tone: "It's too late. There is absolutely nothing we can do other than wait. If her body does not succumb in several Udàr<sup>[51]</sup> (*minutes*), then that means the poison is slow to act. We will then send Nuréa off to Mulge-Tab to be treated by my brother A'a."

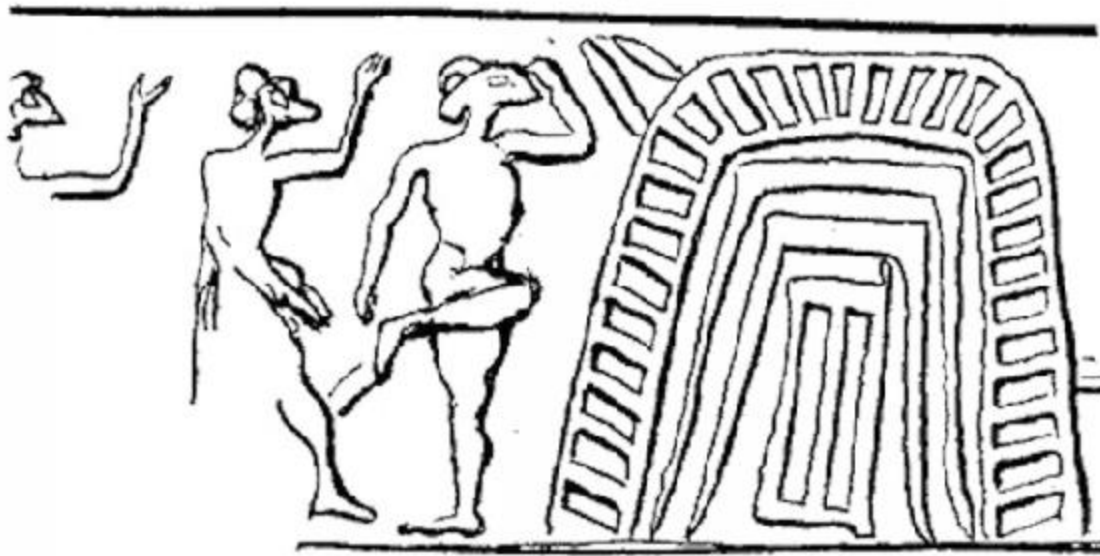
The wait was endless... I suffered from hallucinations. The sorrow spread throughout my entire organism. I begged the Abgal to send me to Mulge-Tab as soon as possible. The Abgal waited another 2 or 3 Udàr (*minutes*). Finally, I heard the agreement for my transfer to Mulge's satellite. I was placed on a stretcher and led through a dark chamber and an elevator that led to a launch pad. In the blink of an eye, we were under the translucent dome of the large landing platform. This protective dome was at the bottom of a narrow ravine with steep reliefs. The group jumped into an ovoid ship made with Gagsisá (*Sirius*) technology. Once the doors were hermetically sealed, the dome opened up. The planet's cold gas filled in while the ship slowly began to rise up from the ground before dashing into the sky. Mulge is a planet covered in dangerous storms and toxic gases. In our ascension we began to see Mulge-Tab floating out in dark space. The huge planet lit up the inside of the ship with reflected sunlight, like a second shining star.

My eyes were fixed on the unfathomable sky and its dizzying number of anonymous dots, I recognized Wa's silhouette beside me. He expressed his infinite support. I was still hallucinating. I asked for news about my children, the two Maštabba (*young twins*). Šaran came close to me in a gust of affection, she whispered into my ear not to worry, that they were by my side. Šaran would have liked me to be her mother, I could tell every time she looked at me.

We approached Mulge-Tab with transcendent speed until the satellite's mass looked superior to Ti-ama-te (*the Solar System*) sun's. The ship slowed down before penetrating the dense layers of artificial atmosphere. From above, Mulge-Tab looked like a green planet with impenetrable forests. Our dizzying descent forced us into a very tight angle as we entered a deep valley. Our ship landed in Mahli, the city of light

shaded by great foggy hills, a prestigious place where some individuals from the Abgal breed (who's blood I share) reside.

As we exited the ship, a horn let off a deep sound that echoed throughout the valley. We arrived at the green, marble pyramid, in the city's lower quarters. I could feel the agitation in the air through the fast-paced rhythm of the feet that rushed to surround me. My stretcher was rapidly carried up the pyramid's steps to its embossed temple. The burning sun's oblique rays beamed around the columns.



1. Reptilian humanoids dance in front of the gates of a temple. Cylindrical bucket of Ur (No. 374). from the Leon Langrain collection and published in *Ur Excavations* (volume III) - *Archaic Seal-impressions*. Oxford University Press, London.

When we arrived, two heavy wooden doors opened to let us through and I was brought directly to A'a, Wa's brother, who was clearly waiting for me. The terrible events that we had gone through together in the past had brought us closer. I remember how A'a and Wa helped me when I gave birth to my twins. I trusted them. The rising fever affected the way I perceived things and A'a's face was deformed. I was moving towards another reality. They laid me down delicately on a blanket. In a deformed voice, A'a said: "Here you are again by my side."

"Where are my children? Why did you take them away?" I asked, aching in pain.

"Your son Ašme remains in our hearts. Šaran is at my side."

"Yes, that's true... Forgive me, my thoughts are still unclear."



“Listen, the situation is critical,” he said softly, “We are unaware of your offspring's powers and cannot predict how its poison will affect you, but I must keep you awake.”

“I killed it... I killed the symbiont while it was in my uterus. It probably intercepted my thoughts and stung me right before.”

“Very well. Here, drink this mix, it will keep you awake while I do the Darígi ritual (*the Eternal Ascent*l).

“I thought that ritual was only reserved for the dead?”

A'a raised my head slightly and made me drink the mix.

“The Darígi is an ancient ritual for the dead or to the dying who belongs to the high dignitary caste of our Gina'abul family,” A'a continued. “This ritual communicates secret truths about our past. The Darígi offers ancestral knowledge. Our history is so fragmented that with time and war we are only left with one certified, very secret and preserved version, the one conserved in the amphibian Abgal archives. Normally, no one has access to them, because the Darígi would grant knowledge about the disasters of war and corrupt political strategies. We usually use it to guide a Ba (*soul*) to the heavens or to reward a nobleman for an exceptional act. It is the ultimate privilege. In the latter case, which happens very rarely, the Darígi offers a kind of promotion.

“If I survive, my role as ambassador and the knowledge you will have transferred on to me will put me in the position of being a true Kadištu (*planner*).

“It is your destiny, Nuréa. You have known this for a long time. You were created at the same time as the ancient breed of Amašutum females; you have the ability to give birth through Triple Power (*parthenogenesis*), just like our Mother of Origins, Barbelú, the one who gave birth to all of us. We must share with you our knowledge.

“What do you know about her? Do the Abgal archives mention her?”

“We Abgal brothers know everything we need to know. Are you ready for the Darígi?”

“Yes, I am...”

My weakness became worst. A'a's potion did however seem to give me a bit of relief. I could stay away and the pain faded little by little. A'a eyes, looking down to me, expressed solenity. Silence filled the dark room, as if they all held their breath. A'a glanced at the depths of the dark background, contemplating the incandescent flames lighting up the room.

He gestured to Šaran and the rest of the group to leave the room. His face, usually gentle, became hard, a sign of his inner preparation for the ritual. A'a gave me my Ugur crystal. I had cautiously left it in his hands shortly before my dangerous mission on Salbatánu (*Mars*) so that it would never fall into the hands of our enemies. It was a wise precaution. Each of us possesses a sacred crystal. Mine comes from Gagsisá (*Sirius*), at least that's what the Abgal told me. A'a placed it beside us in order to record the ceremony.

Thoughts flooded my fevered mind. I was finally going to know our History! Was all this experience and suffering necessary to access and penetrate our secrete archives' hidden meaning? I remembered everything we had been taught at the School of Knowledge. I was considered to be a very good student. The best in my cycle, they said. I could feel that many notions we had been taught would soon be contradicted. I don't know why I was so troubled when A'a mentioned our Heavenly Mother Barbelú. We knew practically nothing of her or her story, except for a few banal facts that allowed us only to remember that we are mere sparks, separated from the truth of our origins. But her name resonated in our minds. It was like an artifact, frozen in time and matter, allowing us to partially fill the abyss that separated us from our origins.

The darkness progressively absorbed the green light which radiated from my Ugur crystal while its began pulsating into “record” mode. Everything was set for the solemn ritual. A'a raised his head and closed his eyes as if to catch the fragments of light suspended in the hot air. He recited his text from memory, unless he was actually connected to some virtual library linked to Abgal light fragments (the Great Sky). These were his first words: “*All Gina'abul descend from the great Matriarch Barbelú-[52], she who is self-created,*

*capable of procreating her own lineage. This is the name she was given. Her origins and those of her descendants remain obscure. A fantastic creature, she knew of the universes' corruption and the separation of the High and Low. Holy Barbelú wanted to offer her light to the Rúmgar-[53] world that had greeted her following a failed mission, without knowing she would also transfer her obscurity onto it...*”.

### 3 - THE MUŠIDIM

*“It is not appropriate to [think of God] as (we think of) gods or similar terms.*

*He is more than a god because none exist above him, because none dominate him.*

*[He does not exist] in anything inferior to him, [since everything] exists in him alone.*

*[He is eternal] since he needs [nothing], since he is complete perfection.*

*[He] was not missing [anything] to accomplish [himself].  
He is [on the contrary] always totally perfect in the li[ght]”.*

**NH II, 1 - The Book of Jean, 2,33 - 3,7**



#### Ğirkù -Tìla Nuréa / Dili-ME-Es

The ritual continued as A'a transferred his story about the history of our origins: “Beyond the ancient cycles, beyond quantifiable time, the dynasty of the Makers of Life, the Mušidim<sup>[54]</sup>, lived peacefully near Anriba (*our Galaxy*), in the Mother-Home, the Mulmuš<sup>[55]</sup> stellar system.

Any attempt to expose their genealogy would be futile. Their origins have no mention in our archives. We know however that they first crash-landed in Mulmuš, on Hul, during a reconnaissance mission. It is said that they came from another galaxy. The sparse survivors and their descendants had to start over from scratch and patiently learn everything all over again in the hopes of one day being able to travel back home. The Mušidim ancestors barely had any time to transfer notions to their childrens, due to an unknown virus that killed them one by one. Luckily, the descendants of the dynasty of the Makers of Life did not become extinct, despite a high mortality rate among infants when they first started settling in this alien world. Their metabolism mutated and progressively adapted to a new environment. Once they were settled on Hul, the young Mušidim concentrated all of their efforts to develop means of flight with the aim of traveling to another planet in the Mulmuš system as soon as possible.

The Mušidim were a reptilian breed and could regenerate their cellular tissue. They therefore had long lives. This quasi-immortality was a determining advantage for their space travels and the numerous attempts they made at reaching the speed of sound and then the speed of light. Their explorations took a turn when they discovered the Diranna-[\[56\]](#) stellar portals that their ancestors used long before they did. They made a map of these natural openings hidden on the surface of each planet that grant access to the giant web of luminous tunnels linking the worlds together in infinite space.

For a very long time, the Mušidim believed they were the only humanoids living in this galactic zone, until their trips through the vortexes of light led them to the discovery of different types of more or less evolved individuals. Thanks to their technological superiority, the Mušidim offered to pass on part of their knowledge. In exchange, they negotiated a guarantee to keep a watchful eye and power over their neighbors and galactic disciples. Their thirst for traveling and proselytism made them emissaries of the right way. Everywhere they went, they asked for a total abandonment of culture to instead bring about joy and civilization. They most likely wanted to take the place of the Source of all things, the first impulse in the Universe from which we all come from.



The Mulmuš system, the Mother-Home of the Makers of Life, had eight principle planets: the first planet, closest to the sun, was called Bi'bu [\[57\]](#). Despite its small size, its strong heat created unusual metals and exceptional crystals within its very dense soil. The Mušidim exploited its different minerals for their advanced technology by using the method of absorbing heavy matter through light. Bi'bu had no atmosphere, all it had was a thin layer of residue from meteorite impacts.

Then there was Dubkù-[\[58\]](#), the saint planet where the Mušidim taught their children the

universal arts. This planet had a single, voluminous continent, surrounded by a vast ocean with reefs and shoals. Dubkù had famous schools in which the concept of the Source was taught. Anyone could apply to get in, regardless of gender, under the condition that one was at least 10

Muanna old, from Hul, and had already graduated from the School of Sciences. There were no cities, just a few simple houses. This was a peace haven where every Maker of Life could rest and recharge, free of any material preoccupation. Dubkù trained individuals who had exceptional competence and elevated consciousness, and were able to travel through space.

During the era of the Šuhia Matriarch, the decision was made to bring thousands of living species there to create a breeding ground in Anriba, and the idyllic setting slowly lost its peacefulness and calmness. Giant beings were also brought over to supervise the natural reserve. Using their own genes, the Mušidim created these specimens and called them “the guardians.” This exceptional land's reputation soon reached the Mother-Home. The Mušidim people regularly went there to observe the wildlife, therefore leading to an increase in aerial transportation to the point of jeopardizing the School of the Source's future.

The third planet was Hul-<sup>[59]</sup>, a vast aquatic reservoir where the Mušidim studied underwater life as well as all kinds of amphibian species. Its name is derived from the complex marine experiments that were led there. The Makes of Life lost control over some of them which forced them to create hydraulic barriers thanks to the electromagnetic energy produced by their Ze'èd-<sup>[60]</sup> columns. The Mušidim built a number of metal and glass cities on the shores, protected by the rows of Ze'èd capable of moving water. Time on Mulmuš was around the same as on Hul, which was closest to the royal satellite. Life there was artificially maintained.

Even further away from the sun was the Kaštu-<sup>[61]</sup> satellite. It was much bigger in size than Hul. Kaštu orbited around its massive planet with great speed, which is how it got its name “*the running bird*”. Unlike the other Mother-Home satellites Kaštu rotated on itself, which led to days and nights just like on Hul and Dubkù. Time was in Hul Danna (*hours*) due to their similar rotations. Kaštu was the Mušidim's royal world. The People of Life created an artificial atmosphere there, which was essential to their survival. In this oxygen they planted trees and built temples, simple villages and vast stone and crystal cities, as flutes played melodies and percussions resonated through the leaves. Even though it was only a satellite, Kaštu was seen as a jewel by the Mušidim. It was marvelous and sublime, it represented everything their art and technology was capable of, and that is why the royal families settled there.

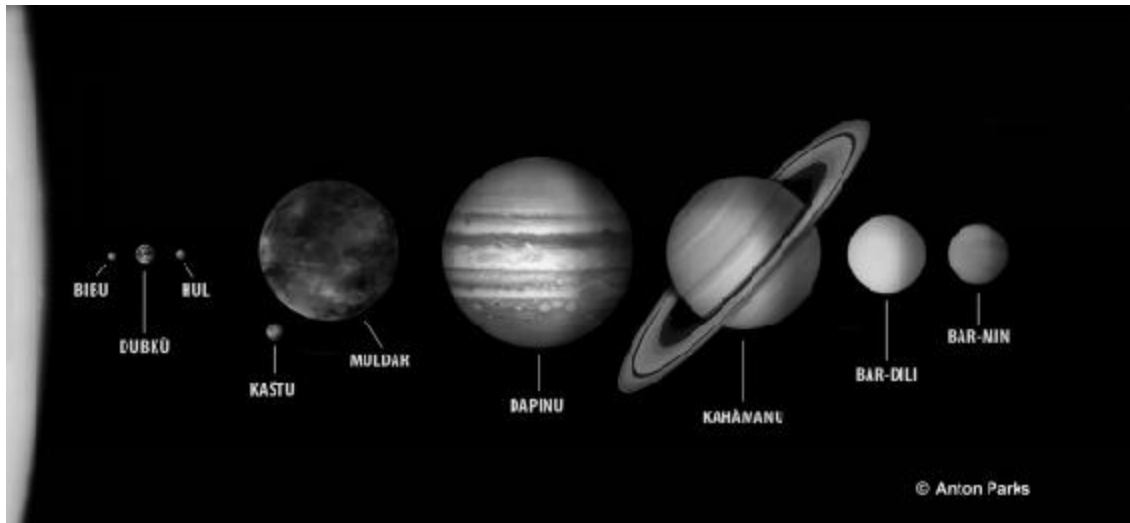
Right beside it was a massive and cold planet around which Kaštu evolved. Its atmosphere was composed of gas, and in its bowels, Mušidim constructed huge bases in order to extract its riches. It was called Muldar [\[62\]](#), the High Planet, the central point in the Makers of Life's solar system. The Makers of Life set up bases in its depths to extract the resources necessary to supply their technological industry. This is where they created their flying vehicles, thanks to metals and crystals taken from the Bi'bu soil. The Makers of Life sorted and founded their metals in gigantic tanks. When infusion, certain metals combined, creating complex alloys used to make sophisticated machines and engines. They were occasionally colored in powders taken from Kùsig (*gold*).

The Mušidim knowledge's first protective barrier was the giant Dapinu [\[63\]](#), the next planet in the line. Its atmosphere was composed of gas like Muldar's but its diameter was even bigger. Behind the first layer of a gas was a second, liquid layer. It was the Mušidim base from which the Mušidim took off when time traveling to far away destinations. Every year on Dapinu, the orcher planet, there were storms. They resulted in long streaks of severe thunderstorm south of its equator. The Makers of Life noticed that this supernatural agitation led to time fissures, and took advantage of these to take their trips along the Valley of Storms. The turbulence in this zone varied cyclically over time. The Mušidim had to travel during the most violent agitation cycles in order to enter the deepest parts of the time fissures because these are linked to other unstable cosmic locations. The Mušidim knew they should never navigate using these fissures but they did anyway, and ignored the fact that their ancestors suffered catastrophic consequences when they tried to do so. During the first experiment, enemies appeared in every Mušidim colony, hunting the colonists to exterminate them...

Even further out in space was Kahámanu [\[64\]](#), the planet of ice and liquid crystals. Its name means "*the door to many time-companions*." The Makers of Life had to dig deep into this planet's core to reach the cold stone and build tunnels and underground galleries. They set up their military bases in this cold silence, with the necessary elements of comfort. Garrisons of soldiers lived there alternately. These soldiers protected the Mušidim civilization and were ready to combat any outside threat.

After Kahámanu, there were two planets, Bar-Dili and Bar-Min [\[65\]](#). The Makers of Life never settled in these giant balls of ice. These two

planets were thought of as being the spirits and souls of the many Mušidim time-travelers who never managed to find their way back to the Motherland. Beyond these two worlds were other heavenly bodies grouped up on the periphery during the formation of the Mušidim's stellar system.



2. The Mušidim stellar system during the Permian era, over 260 million Earth-years ago.

More and more sophisticated, faster, further, the rate of interstellar trips increased. At no point did the Makers of Life wish to return to their original homeland. The path to their world of origin was unknown, but they had no ambition to find it. Mulmuš was their beloved home. They would have exchanged it for nothing else in the world.

The use of Diranna (*stellar portals*) made it possible to travel great distances using the Universe's curve but the Makers of Life also experimented with the fusion of suns to create multidimensional fissures. The ancient Mušidim experimented with wave and matter in several of Anriba's (*our Galaxy*) celestial locations. During the first experiments, malicious adversaries appeared from within the depths of eternity. Despite running away and moving around, the Mušidim were always confronted by their enemy, the Kingalám-[66], who waited for them, ambushed them and chased them...

In order to protect themselves and the survival of their species, the Mušidim developed sophisticated ways to scrutinize the galactic abyss. They had to protect themselves from this enemy who's shape they did not know, and who's language they did not understand, but sometimes picked up on, thanks to their antennas. They knew nothing about their spaceships,

simple spots of light on their radar screens. All the mystery surrounding these enemies made them even more frightening. Their name was passed down from generation to generation and the words were enough to create eternal apprehension: the "*Powerful Order*".

Day and night, the Makers of Light scrutinized the abyss in the search of challenge. Their astronomical observations resulted in advanced equations. They realized with surprise that their enemies were using the same galactic routes as them. While some appeared to come from the Sipazianna constellation (*Orion*) in the Gaanzír Shadow-[\[67\]](#) zone, many others appeared at the very doors of their stellar system, on Dapinu and its Valleys of Storms. It is in this chaotic location that an unexpected object appeared, very long ago... A young erudite working at the Kaštu archives discovered it when searching through the royal planet's royal library."



## 4 - THE MOTHER-HOME MYSTERY

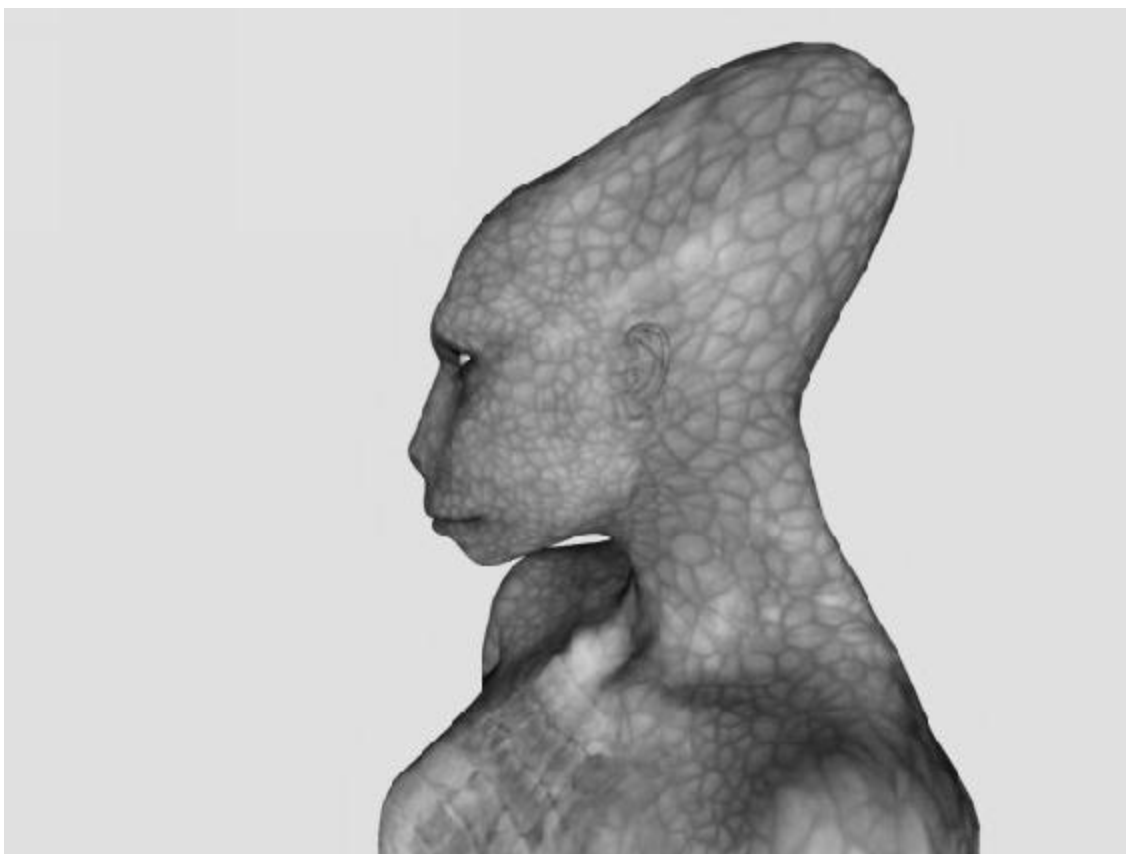
*“As for our sister Sophia-[\[68\]](#), she is the one who descended in  
innocence  
to correct her own deficiency.  
That is why we called her ‘Life,’ meaning ‘the Mother of the Living.’”*  
**NH II, 1 - The Book of Jean. 23.21 - 23.24**



Ğirkù -Tìla Nuréa / Dili-ME-Limmu

“Barbelú-[\[69\]](#), a renown astrophysicist with experience in star-science, descendant of a long dynasty of Matriarchs, was both respected and feared by all the scientific members of the royal Kaštu planet. She spent her life calculating equations and decoding old messages from ancient Mušidim, searching for information about her race's obscure past, while her sisters were all destined to serve the temple or the royal family. She had elaborated a very solid theory on the beginnings of time and the visible Universe. Nevertheless, the Kaštu's scientific court had rejected her work under the pretext that the most important sages had proven the reality of initial time that some call “Imaginary Time.” All life began with an original and violent impulse, followed by a rapid expansion of the known universe. The Makers of Life call this key moment responsible for physical reality and for “Real Time” the Zag-Anki-[\[70\]](#) (*Big Bang*). Thanks to savant calculations, Barbelú maintained that Imaginary Time was none other than the projection of an underlying, hidden source of reality on the flip side of the Zag-Anki (*Big Bang*)! There, behind this passage, lay the known Universe's fossil information. Barbelú also studied the gigantic Bùranna's (*black hole*)-[\[71\]](#) matrix located at the heart of the Milky Way that the Mušidims called the Region of Meka-[\[72\]](#)'s Light. The erudite detected a singular energetic signature that incited her to believe that the Milky Way's Bùranna (*black hole*) did not form naturally. She deepened her discovery and established a link to the stellar fusions caused by the Mušidim ancestors. This was a fatal error that caused the Mother-Home's highest scientific authority to do everything it could to halt her promising

career and force her to dedicate herself to her only predestination: the study and preservation of the royal archives!



3. Barbélú the Dark Matriarch, astrophysicist from the Jade Palace and Kaštu. She worked for the Mušidim crown. © Frantz Lasvignes / Anton Parks

When it was time to search the royal archives for information on the Ga'anzír Shadow (even though it was discredited by the scientific community), Barbélú would be the reference, because she had profound knowledge of scientific and archeological data. Royalty was looking for clear answers to put an end to the war against the Kingalàm... The young erudite had to give the results of her research as soon as possible. End this interminable fight with the Kingalàm that went on as far as one could remember, suddenly became very urgent.

Right when Barbélú took up her post, she became interested in this enigmatic adversary that came from unknown space. She studied the Kingalàm, and the acquired knowledge allowed her to rapidly respond to the pressing royal house request. Barbélú was also in charge of the Life-Maker archives. Nevertheless, her important responsibilities were not enough to satisfy her, nor did they correspond to her aspirations. She dreamed of stars and travels...

In a stagnant, dusty and humid atmosphere, she would patiently scrutinize the historical events that she was in charge of watching over. A complex and extremely voluminous collection of information was stocked in the Jade Palace. She was the only one who knew how to use them without deteriorating them. The tiniest of scratches could irremediably destroy important data. In order to avoid any accident, she used the universal force of Níama - the power taken from vital energy - that the Dark Matriarchs mastered to perfection. This omnipotent energy allows one to lift massive objects using the power of thought, for example. Barbélú would levitate the big crystals before each manual use or before each reading. She could therefore take them out of the library with care and put them back in the same way.



4. King Uru-ka-gina's fired clay Tello Cone, around 2350 BC. The Sumerians and Akkadians carved some of their royal archives onto cones resembling this one. This recording method reminds us of the ancient Mušidim's crystal cone archives. **Louvre Museum**

The ancient archivists wanted to concentrate all of the Mušidim knowledge inside these unique crystals to simplify storage and future research. This was without considering the lamentable archiving conditions their descendants worked in - they did not all master the power of Níama [73] like their ancestors did. The ancestral traditions therefore disappeared over time. Barbélú's predecessors deteriorated a great number of crystals, creating unfathomable ruptures between past and present, and she was trying to piece them together, painstakingly. She consulted each and every crystal available to her in the reserves, even the most anecdotal ones. Among the ancient Mušidim who had access to the archives before she did was her direct ascendant, Šuhia-[74], who's story Barbélú tried to piece together. Šuhia was seen as the original mother of all the Dark Matriarchs. Here is her story, the way Barbélú laboriously pieced it back together.



Throughout the ages, the Mušidim travelers explored the Galaxy, high and low. Šuhia, a passenger of the stars who came from the center of the galaxy, appeared one Ud (*day*) in the Valley of Storms. She was returning from the Anriba core, over 40,000 Hul Muanna (*years*) after her departure. Which was way more than the time needed for a simple round-trip through the time passages.

Her flying machine was emitting an unknown radar echo that made it possible to locate and recover her from inside the stormy zone of Dapinu. It was an unknown machine whose dark silhouette looked like nothing they knew. Even the material it was made from was unidentified. She was found unconscious in the cockpit. Upon awakening, she murmured: "*Zianna Mission*".

The Zianna Mission had been forgotten for a long time, the savants from ancient times concluded that the expedition had definitively disappeared. In the Life-Makers' crystal annals, one could read some chipped lines with difficulty: "*Zianna Mission, comprising 8passengers, here described...]* sent Hul Muanna (year) 456.830 to the center of Anriba with a [...] type machine, Mission with no report, no return [...] Mission lost in the Ga'anzír Shadow zone [...]"

Šuhia was an enigma. No one before her had ever returned from that far out in the Milky Way. Her return to Mulmuš sparked controversies and multiple conflicts for one simple reason: she was returning alone from her voyage into space-time, the rest of her crew had, according to her, died in a faraway unknown world. What's more, she returned using an unknown flying vehicle. The Mušidim kept it preciously in a Hul tunnel to study its origins and functions. Šuhia had to have piloted it, yet she was incapable of making it work in front of the savants.

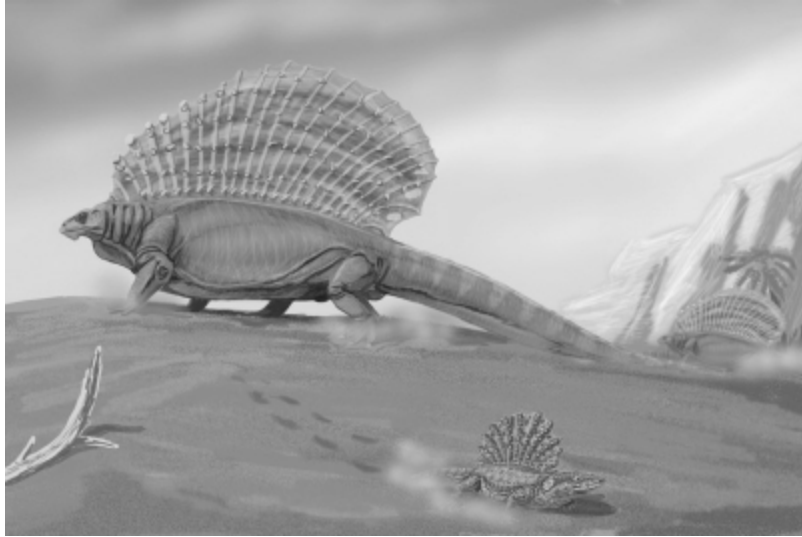
As soon as she returned to the Mother-Home, over 40.000 Muanna after her departure, Šuhia had to face the suspicions of some, while others considered her an interstellar heroine. This passenger of the stars didn't remember a thing apart from a few impressions that still subsided in her memory. The strange flying vehicle did not have a hibernation cabin in which the body could rest during this kind of long trip. The duration of her trip was estimated at 15 Hul Muanna (*years*), which usually implicates around 13 Muanna of hibernation. Where was she returning from? Did she get lost in the heart of Anriba (*our galaxy*)? Logically, nobody could come out of its Bùranna (*black hole*)! Had Šuhia actually piloted the vessel? Had she dreamt the whole time? So many unanswered questions... She underwent many examinations attempting to unravel the mystery. These offered no satisfying conclusions, apart from the lie detector test that scientifically proved that she was sincerely telling the truth about the little amount of information she could remember. What's more, she was returning from the center of the galaxy with knowledge and faculties that were both unknown and revolutionary. Each of her interventions in the different cosmogony colloquiums caused sensation. The scientific world took her in and offered her a spot of her choosing in the Dwelling of the Universe-, the most prestigious school where they invent and experiment with life in space.

Many of the people Šuhia knew before her mission were no longer alive, whereas those that still were could not recognize her because of the changed nature of her character. It didn't matter, all of that was far away now. The Mother-Home had also changed a lot since Šuhia's departure, especially on planet Hul, the third planet in the Mulmuš stellar system. The Mušidim turned the planet into an aquatic laboratory controlled by an omnipresent technology. At the time, scientists were all focusing on the planet, on which they experimented with the origins of life. All their

attention was on Hul, except for Šuhia, who's eyes were turned to Dubkù, the second Mother-Home world. This strange place fascinated her. She spent much time studying Dubkù and took many trips there.

Dubkù's exceptional atmosphere, suitable to life and its expansion, pushed Šuhia to solicit the Mother-Home authorities. She presented them with an audacious project worthy of Mušidim dynasty ambition. Her plan was to implant thousands of living species to create an exceptional breeding ground in Anriba (*our Galaxy*) - a perfect way to satisfy and demonstrate the creative power of the Makers of Life. Šuhia's project, nevertheless, did not get enough support, the Mulmuš miner's alliance was blocking it. Planet Dubkù possessed many exploitable sites for the extraction of metals and minerals, and this potential, on the other hand, attracted great interest. Actively supported by the royal family, the time traveler fought relentlessly against the lobbies. Two Muanna (years) later, after an incessant and agitated battle between government forums, she finally got the green light for her program. The NUMUN.<sup>[75]</sup> project began its implementation phase.

At the start of her plan, Šuhia dedicated herself to the project completely and multiplied her trips to Dubkù. The planet's sowing happened in stages. At the time, the planet's general climate was hot enough. It was tropical and humid. Giant Ifs and sequoias, a lot of very tall conifers reigned as masters in most of the planet's regions. The animal kingdom was mostly limited to little reptiles, birds, fish, amphibians, all inferior cousins of the Mušidim. Šuhia introduced new types of herbivore and mammalian reptiles as well as a small quantity of little carnivorous reptiles to balance out the food chain and clean the soil. The NUMUN project's sowing phase took several centuries to complete, after which Šuhia and the Mušidim left their creation, populations of little quadrupeds and amphibians, to follow its natural course of evolution.



5. The NUMUN project. Its first version most likely included mammalian reptiles of the Dimetrodon type. Image by Dmitry Bogdanov

Like many Life-Maker females, Šuhia had an innate ability: self-fertilization, or Triple Power (*parthenogenesis*). Generally, this ability to give life through sexual intercourse comes from mating with multiple males throughout a given period. Most female Mušidim had the ability to store the male semen and use it to bear children at any time of their choosing, long after the initial intercourse, and in some cases even, for life. Šuhia's case was not usual. Upon her return from infinite space, she did not have any relations with males, even though she had many opportunities to. She literally subjugated all the males once she reappeared in the Life-Maker's world. But she preferred to live a solitary life to focus all her energy on her project with the Dwelling of the Universe. Despite this lack of intercourse, shortly before the NUMUN project's approval, she gave birth to different females who, in turn, gave birth to more Mušidim females endowed with the same capacity to self-fertilize and master the powerful Níama (*vital force*). They were all pure Níġziġál<sup>[76]</sup> (*clones*) of themselves, and in two Hul Muanna (years), there were 2,400 of them. Thus, came about the reign of the Dark Matriarchs, erudites, experts in all kinds of sciences and savants in the domain of the Source of all things. First, this "invasion" amused savants, but worry quickly settled in, and the royal family passed a decree prohibiting self-fertilizing of Dark Matriarchs. Each of them possessed the physiognomy of their mother, Šuhia, as well as her faculties, however they share with her the same fault: none of them could provide any answer as to how the unknown flying vehicle functioned.

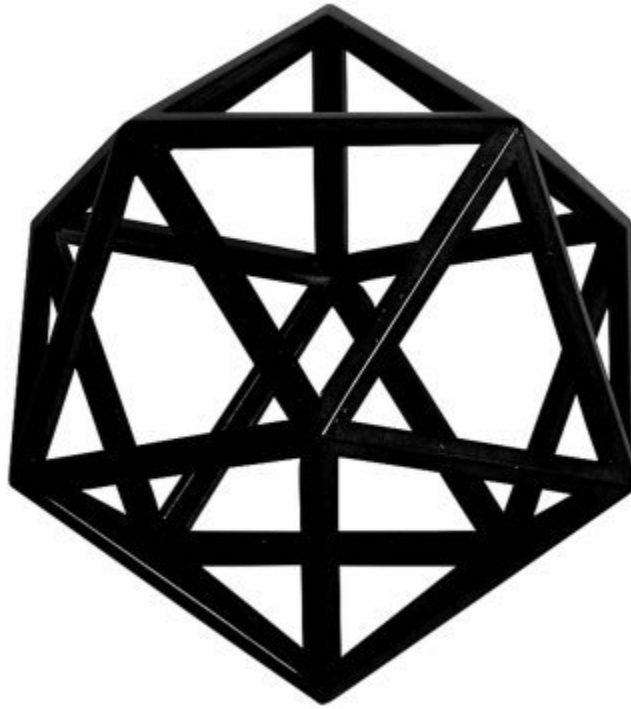


Their overwhelming presence was a real problem for Life-Maker society. The Dark Matriarchs were different than the rest of the population, due of their enigmatic knowledge and their superior, above-average physical size. Not knowing what to do with these prodigies, Mušidim authorities voted to exile the Dark Matriarchs to Dubkù. There, they could practice their talents in the School of the Source. Besides, the Mušidim were progressively detaching themselves from this concept to replace it with "the technological whole." In this context, the Matriarchs could exercise their abilities in the heart of the natural reserve.

Strangely, Šuhia appeared unaffected by this decision, and continued her work for the Dwelling of the Universe. Her functions as Senior Official of Life and Star Sciences granted her access to different royal Kaštu Kingdom depots. She studied her people's history using the ancient chronicles on the big crystal cones laboriously stacked up in the Jade Palace archives. While consulting them, she understood that the Mušidim lost track of the notion of time. Their thirst for creation, travels, and conquest cut them off from their traditions— to the point where they forgot the very origin of the galactic routes of their ancestors, who had ended up in the Mother-Home system, had been taking for eternity. Šuhia searched through the royal archives intensely to find these paths of light. She discovered an old Life-Maker tradition of creating vortexes in a way she would not have expected. Mušidim themselves had been facing the eternal Kingalàm from the start of their experiences. The royal ancestors found a way to escape from their persecutors by using the Shadow Force, an extreme solution that gave Šuhia shivers. When enemy presence compromised their travels through starry space, the Mušidim avoided danger by destroying a sun to create a new time fissure through which they could escape, becoming invisible to their adversaries by traveling faster than the speed of light. Destroying a sun created magnetic storms and energy beams due to the acceleration of cosmic particles generated by the shockwave. These galactic fissures produced new vortexes in which time longer existed. The use of Shadow Strength - a practice contrary to the foundations of life - transgressed fundamental Mušidim rules. Unfortunately, one of these destructions failed. It created a massive disturbance and uncontrollable chain reactions that caused an interstellar collapse at the heart of the Sipazianna (*Orion*) Nebula in a shadowy region called Ga'anzír. The Makers of Life regularly sounded the area to understand and analyze the

repercussions of the cosmic drama they had perpetrated. Research on the Anriba (*our Galaxy*) core gave unprecedented results: everything indicated that the disturbances created a countercurrent echo traveling away from the galactic arm, towards the center of the Milky Way... The Mušidim created a mission to find out the galactic center countercurrent's cause. But the traveling couple they sent ran into many complications: this mission was called ZID-[\[77\]](#). It was composed of King Éa'am and Queen Pištěš-[\[78\]](#).

After the deterioration of the archives following the ancient Shadow Agarin revolt, only oral transmission practiced by the Great Oracle priests remained. Here are the facts as they taught them. Éa'am and Pištěš, mythical Mušidim royalty, decided to travel through space and time to unravel the mystery behind the countercurrent coming from the center of the galaxy and also to untangle the Kingalàm enigma. The royals couple was not convinced that the Kingalàm was a real threat to the Makers of Life. They thought these enigmatic enemies appeared from other dimensions to alert them of something and that establishing contact and some form of dialogue could be profitable. The ministers and diplomats did not share this view, however, and vigorously opposed the royals' idea. A diplomatic battle spanning through the entire Mother-Home stellar system followed. At King Éa'am's request, savants created a quantic machine capable of going back in time without traveling through space to reach time tunnels. This machine, made of rock crystal from Sipazianna's (*Orion*) Ga'anzír zone, was shaped like an icosahedron. It generated a counter-rotative light field that aligned shapes on different levels of reality. It was an assembly of three, four-faced pyramids. The top and bottom pyramids turned in opposite directions while the center pyramid remained fixed. Indeed, the savants knew how to travel back in time by using very rapid rotation around an immobile body. When raising these three shape's vibratory frequency, an elemental transmutation is created, opening the doors to different dimensions.



The royal couple made it a point of honor to assume sole responsibility for the problems created by their royal family ancestors. They baptized their mission ZID (*faith*) and their quantic machine Zida (*source of faith*). They wished to leave planet Dubkù virtually and reach the future dimensions from a discrete center specially created to house the machine, far from the curiosity of the Life-Makers. Pištěš spent a lot of time on the plant-covered world of Dubkù and its dense universe studded with ponds. Well before Šuhia, sovereign Pištěš had a grandiose project for this planet, more ambitious even than on Hul, while respecting the nature of Dubkù's extraordinary ecosystem.

During their conquest of the Mother-Home, the Mušidim were unable to settle in Dubkù due to its unstable climate. In the past, terrible volcanic activity would expel quantities of gas and vapor from the planet's depths into the atmosphere. This rendered the continental plates unstable. They would overlap and break, causing entire regions to collapse. It was only much more later that Dubkù's climate finally stabilized, and the arid soil gave way to primitive plants, little vegetation, swamps and an ocean.

Before its departure, the royal couple picked the trusted person who would be in charge during their absence, whose duration in Mother-Home space-time was not easily assessable. Queen Pištěš assigned several Shadow Agarins—[\[79\]](#) Reverends to supreme positions to prevent any overthrow or coup d'etat. She could not have put her trust in better people: the Queen had given birth to them herself. She laid her eggs in the Onyx Palace incubation antechamber, next to the Jade Palace and its royal archives—[\[80\]](#). There, in silence and utmost secrecy, Pištěš gave birth to a royal lineage with supernatural powers using her Triple Power. Like Šuhia, much later, she only gave birth to females, copies of herself, Níǵziǵál (*clones*). It is said that she mastered vital energy, Níama – the one present in all of us and in the entire Universe – to perfection. Some slanderous accused Pištěš of having mated with unknown beings in order to produce this terrible lineage. Some claim she was endowed with uncontrollable Triple Power (*parthenogenesis*) due to frequent sexual relations with the king: the couple practiced an esoteric sexual discipline. Indeed, Éa'am and Pištěš mated secretly to elevate their consciousness. In their entourage, it was unanimously accepted that the royal couple had a perfect love for each other, without the slightest ounce of compromise. None could claim to know the truth. The second version was nevertheless the dominant popular belief. It therefore came as no surprise when Pištěš chose her Shadow Agarin to reign during her and her king's absence.



After a few successful tests, Éa'am and Pištěš entered the Zida quantic machine. The presence of two complimentary poles was necessary for these kinds of trips, which is why crews were made up of couples. The royals trained for a long time before being able to synchronize and naturally pilot the vessel using only their minds. This kind of space-time traveling is called "neuronal traveling." In these cases, the two individuals are both the beginning and the end—[\[81\]](#), cancelling out all notion of time because they, themselves, form time. The travelers pilot the ship through neuronal control. They form the right and left hemispheres of a super-intelligence that is connected to Zida's central crystal and the two other crystals belonging to the passengers. Inside the ship, reality is therefore perceived as

one person, which allows the vessel to be maneuvered through a single identical vision. The two pilots connect and are in sync with each other to break the time and space barrier. The couple's intimate union conditions their piloting performance, which is the reason why this kind of trip has to be made with a united couple. Duality and ego are the most dangerous obstacles when breaking through the time barrier. Physically, the passengers' cardiac and cerebral waves are synchronized. In the event they de-synchronize, one of the two can always take over. Crews are perfectly aware of how this type of technology works and know that there is no turning back: once they set off, they have to go all the way...



7. Éa'am and Pištěš on board the Zida quantic machine. © Frantz Lasvignes / Anton Parks.

Due to two important cuts on one side of the crystal that tells this story, the Chronicles offer no detail about this fundamental part of Mušidim history. Here are the last pieces of information still visible concerning the ZID mission and its devastating effects on the entire Life-Maker community:

“[...] Zida machine returned from the depths of the abyss and appeared on Dubkù, in

[...M] aster Éa'am [...] desperate [...] alone, without his companion. Our beloved Queen Pištěš was no longer in the machine when it returned. Filled with grief, mast[er...] to understand the disappearance

[...] our savants gathered to [...] calculations and [...] the wavelength, because the machine fractionates molecules and separates them into Alim and Alam waves [...] they also added [...] refracting effect during their arrival in the Ga'anzír zone [...] must not use the Zida machine [...] too dangerous for Mušidim. Still, master Éa'am wanted to resume research. He [...] to leave promptly, disregarding advis[e...] our savants implored him not to [...] nobody has ever seen our belov[ed] King ever again [...] Around 43 Hul Muanna (years) later [...] returned from the barrier [...] at the same location, on Dubkù, in the Temenlum-[\[82\]](#) region, inside the Zida machine,

unconscious. We extracted our Queen with difficulty, she [...] hard to explain to her that her husband returned alone 43 [...] that he synchronized the vessel with the galactic countercurrent frequency to find her faster [...she] showed a desire to leave again [...] we had to lock her up so that she [...] her Shadow daughters [...] to deliver her to [...] Queen Pištěš in turn took to the stars in an attempt to find her [...] same mistake, completely disregarding our savants' advise. [...] to leave once more [...] by the Great Oracle priests whose sanction did not [...] clever strategy to gain back power. Our royal-traveler's ancient supporters did not want any regime change during their absence [...] The Shadow Agarín revolted [...] fateful days. [...] did not stop laying eggs to create new Shadow priestesses ready to [...] The Shadow Agarín Reverends [...] stormed the whole Mother- Home. [...] bloody battles [...] Níama [...] and [...] until extinction [...] bum the bodies [...] new laws [...] That the Source forgive the Mušidim."

Šuhia spent Danna and Danna (*hours*) trying to unravel the royal couple mystery. Her character really changed from that moment on. Her comings and goings between the Kaštu archives, planet Dubkù and Dark daughters became increasingly frequent. She also learned that the Makers of Life created a mortar dome, covered in earth, to protect the site and the Zida machine. They all feared that at some point in time a catastrophe would destroy any hopes of the royal couple returning.

Šuhia closed herself off in a profound silence, leaving the School of Knowledge behind, until the day when, with her Níama power (*vital force*), she overpowered the savants working on the unknown ship. She seized the dark vessel and tore herself away from the Mother-Home, disappearing

forever without leaving any message behind... Her daughters, the Dark Matriarchs, were heard one after the other, in vain. The prodigious Šuhia was therefore convicted of treason and definitively banned from the Mother-Home.

Nobody understood the causes or outcomes of this story except perhaps for Barbélú who's difficult historical reconstitution work allowed her to have a better idea of this enigmatic episode of Life-Maker history. A heavy silence fell upon her when she unraveled part of the mystery. Some elements, however, were still missing for her to be able to definitively confirm the conclusions she made from her discoveries.



8. Éa'am and Pištěš traveling on board of the Zida quantic machine. © Frantz Lasvignes / Anton Parks.

One fine morning, Barbélú felt the need to review her research somewhere where she could be alone. Wearing her dark coat, she walked through the Jade Palace up to the collapsed walls behind the main garden. Even though many buildings had been restored since these events that have been glossed over by carefreeness and time, the shadows of Pištěš and Šuhia still lingered. Barbélú hastily walked along the trimmed hedges and rows of inclined trees. The path to the hill that had been traced long ago had recently been rehabilitated. A new day was starting as the sun rose over Kaštu's gigantic artificial dome. The perfectly well-maintained area left no visible scar from the ancient war against the Pištěš Agarín, but Barbélú

could imagine them and feel them in her fibers. Maybe she possessed the same powers they did. According to the doctrine the Mother-Home teaches all its children, this war was a mere anecdote. Now that Barbélú emerged from her forgetful sleep, she became tormented. What would she do? This world, founded on a history accepted and believed by all, was no longer the same in her eyes. If the Mother-Home authorities were to become conscious of this information, the entire Mulmuš system would crumble in its own foundations.

Plunged deep into her contradictory thoughts, Barbélú took the rocky path along the river to reach the Bas Temple. She glanced at her sisters with their rainbow-hairdos and walked toward the sacred altar at the back of the courtyard. This sacred place of contemplation was open to the public, and anybody could enter and exit the temple freely. She prayed to the Source in silence for a long time, asking for divine support that would dictate the just and appropriate behavior she should adopt in this situation, and she asked for relief from the anger in her heart toward the Mulmuš authorities. Her maternal ancestors had just bequeathed her with a terrible heritage she now had to live with. Soon, she would also have to transfer the results of her research on the Sipazianna (*Orion*) Ga'anzír Shadow to authorities and to the royal family. For the first time of her existence, she would find herself confronting the royal powers. Up until then, the orders she would receive always came down from male superiors serving the School of Sciences.”



## 5 - THE GA'ANZÍR SHADOW

*“[...Thus appeared] an unconscious abortion.  
Like a shadow, it formed in a vast aqueous substance.  
The shadow's anger was projected into part of the chaos.  
At the time, a (new) aqueous substance appeared and what had  
penetrated her dripped, appearing in the chaos.  
Just like for the woman who gives birth prematurely, all her surpluses  
are rejected, and this was the case for the [aqueous] substance from the  
shadow that was also expelled.  
The substance was therefore not removed from the chaos, but rather it  
was inside the chaos, in one of its regions.”*

**NH II, 5 - The Origin of the World, 99.9 - 99,22**

### HA

Ğirkù -Tìla Nuréa / Dili-ME-Ia “The Iti (*months*) passed with agitation and concern. Barbélú visited the Onyx Palace several times and inspected the incubation room that had long been abandoned by the royal family. That is where the Inkubara-<sup>[83]</sup> was, with its three large oval pits dug into the egg-laying room. The royal saints watched over them, patiently, day and night. Royal egg-laying and incubation used to be two public rituals that drew considerable crowds. Waiting lines stretched out in silence, endlessly, to witness the miracle of life. The births of royal lineages preceding the Shadow Agarin's arrival were joyful events. The Shadow Agarin were born right next door, in a secret antechamber closed off by dense metal Mara separations. That is why the egg-laying took place in the most discrete of conditions. One of Barbélú's sisters looked after the sacred room, and people visited it like they would a museum.

For several Limamu (*millenniums*) now, the Mušidim had been using Uzumúas (*artificial matrixes*) more and more frequently when conceiving their descendants. Each ruler procreated in a natural way, but in another location, a royal palace near the High Temple. From that moment, the rituals became private and were far removed from people and festivities. The revolt of Pištěš' Agarin totally changed the morals of the Makers of

Life. After the war, a law was passed requiring mothers to naturally give birth only once in their lives. Each birth was strictly controlled and the Great Oracle priests examined every child minutely. They redoubled their attention when it was a female. Moreover, self-fertilization was totally banished and severely condemned.

About the fate of the Dark Matriarchs, all-natural procreation was proscribed and they were exiled to the second Mother House planet. The first lineage of Šuhia's Matriarchs was unable to bear and perpetuate her dynasty. They were struck with an anathema, as soon as they were born, because all of them carried the heavy past of the Reverend Agarín. Their similarities were a real disadvantage. What's more, their mother Šuhia's betrayal did not make the situation any better. Nevertheless, their constant goodwill in the Life-Maker family and their great intellectual capacities were a big contribution to the Mother-Home throughout the Limamu (*millenniums*), from a scientific point of view. The royal family ended up granting them the right to clone using the Uzumúa (*matrixes*), however every birth was subjected to rigorous inspection.

Whereas the first lineage of Matriarchs lived on Dubkù, the second mingled with Mulmuš's population, just like Barbélú, the worthy descendant of the NUMUN program guardians. Unlike the ancient Mušidim, Barbélú and her sisters were born in an Uzumúa matrix. None of them experienced the joy of hatching out of an egg or of a mother's or father's love. None experienced the joy of growing up like the ancient Mušidim, held by affectionate maternal arms. The Dark Matriarchs lived in their predecessors' shadows, incapable of giving life, despite this power have been buried in each of them.

Barbélú looked at the three pits and the fountain in the middle of the egg-laying room many times. These contemplative moments had a rare intensity for her. She was nostalgic about the blessed era when females were allowed to fulfill themselves and fully express their maternal nature through procreation. She would never bear children. The Matriarchs came to terms with their harsh situation. The fear of being once again subjected to the Shadow Mothers' wrath had surpassed the power of natural laws.



The sacred archives erudite hesitated for a long time before going to the High Temple, but she had to face her elders, the Dark Matriarchs, and their stares and words. Once she was out of the Uzumúa matrix, a machine selected her to work in between four walls in the name of science. The machine told her name, coldly: BAR-BÉ-LÚ, ‘*the Spirit who communicated with the male*’. Why had this damned machine reduced her to a mere spirit from the very start? She would never know. Curiously, BAR also means “*stranger*”. It's true that Barbélú considered herself to be somewhat of a stranger in the Jade Palace, her only friends being her calculation machines, her crystal cones and her male colleagues, unique individuals with whom she communicated a little. Nonetheless, she maintained good relations with one of them, her assistant Mantara.

She spent her days alone, never seeking the slightest bit of exterior contact. Her social life was nothing more than a stroll in the city to find food, or a swim in the western lake. She never hung out, she preferred to head straight to her destination, being distant and discreet. She sometimes went to Hul, the closest visible planet in the system, to gather rocks and sediments that she then brought back to analyze. She used the spaceship for stratigraphic experiments and rock collection from different planets, an old type 5 Zumá flying machine. It was a bit rudimentary but efficient enough to make a traditional roundtrip from Kaštu to Hul in only I Ud (*day*). Barbélú taught herself how to navigate the old carcass from Reverend Agarín times. The ship's technology was based on electromagnetism. The ship produced an intense magnetic field that let it slip into dimensions where the speed of light changes. This process allowed pilots to reach extraordinary speeds when traveling in the Life-Maker stellar system, without having to use time tunnels.

Solitary Barbélú did not maintain relations, she did with her Jade Palace royal archive colleagues but this was mainly for professional reasons. She was the only Dark Matriarch working in this part of the capital. Everybody had long forgotten her origin. All the other Matriarchs on Kaštu served in religious temples or royalty- Barbélú did not socialize with them. The astrophysicist-archivist was a hard worker. She was the incarnation of courage and discretion.

One night, after procrastinating, as the sun had just set and one could see the stars shine through the transparent dome, Barbélú rushed towards the royal city heights in a thrust of courage. She was no longer

aiming for the temple, she was aiming for the royal palace! How would she approach them? Would she have the audacity to expose her discoveries and to say, “I know everything, your mystery is no longer a secret”? She had a priestess rainbow headdress, that one usually worn by the priestesses who serve the royal family.

On the way, she heard the far away clatter of dishes and cutlery. Some were dining at this hour. Others were resting or praying. The city's pure lineages swam in the colorful swamps and rivers. Walking through the garden, she appreciated the marvelous smells from the flowers along the irrigation canals. The Makers of Life used Kaštu's frozen underground water and redistributed it on the surface. A slight drizzle softly caressed Barbélú's face. In the evenings, the earth and vegetation were humidified using a water spray that went on through the night. During the day the weather was always nice under the planet's which caught and disseminated the sun's rays.

Every day, a considerable crowd would gather around the High Temple and the massive blocs of its red Jaspe Palace where the royal family now resided. Every night, the Great Oracle priests would bless the crowds gathered in the courtyard filled with little pyramids. The crowd was so dense that some were inevitably pushed into the shadows of the big gates surrounding the royal palace. Priests were lighting up silver lanterns when Barbélú passed through the joyful crowd. She walked through the entrance when a male wearing a black toga walked towards her. With one look he understood that she was a Matriarch at work. With a sign of his hand he invited her to enter the palace asking her to rapidly change her clothes. She entered the great hall, weak and trembling, yet decided. The sound of sandals resonated throughout the room and the curtains undulated from the wind generated by the priestess's swishing dresses in a harmony that almost seemed calculated. A lot of people was running around, serving the royal family, with discretion and efficiency. Smoking dishes filled with food and thin cutlery circulated in an endless ballet. A group of musicians was delicately tuning stringed instruments, some of which had enormous sound-boxes. The evening banquet ritual was the royal family's only meal of the day. A choreography of dishes and musical acts succeeded each other in an uninterrupted flow so as to avoid any silence.

A shadow appeared behind one of the curtains and caught the savant's attention with a discrete whisper. Barbélú turned her head and saw

an arm with a shiny, heavy bracelet waving at her. "Come, follow me" said the little voice. Barbélú was surprised to obey the unknown voice so spontaneously. She walked towards the end of the great hall, pulled up the heavy curtain and discovered a silhouette running down a descending hallway. Barbélú hesitantly followed her. Flaming stones on the ground vaguely lit the passageway. At the end of her enigmatic walk down the endless tunnel, the young erudite walked past another opaque curtain into a large, dimly-lit room in which the smell of freshly-burned incense floated.

"Enter and take off your shoes, young girl."

Barbélú removed her sandals and felt the icy floor underneath her suddenly chilled feet. She looked around while bent over, uneasy. No outdoor light penetrated the room. Four Matriarchs were lying down on a pile of pillows in the darkness, lit up by a few vacillating flames. They all wore the same clothes and jewelry, a green dress heavily decorated with embroideries, sparkling fabric with heavy bracelets and snakes around their pectorals. Their rainbow headdress matched their multicolor-jewel-covered leather sandals. Twin sisters for eternity, they had Barbélú's face, but judging from their outfits, these Matriarchs were from the first lineage, Šuhia's extraction. Unlike Barbélú, these had known the joy of a natural birth because none of them came from an Uzumúa matrix. One of them invited her to sit with an austere look and began to speak, coldly: "Your masquerade is touching. Disturbing our rulers and their families in the middle of dinner, for what, exactly?"

Another instantly followed:

"I think this is about hidden secrets and a kind of scheme our King and Queen must be plotting..."

The third spoke immediately:

"That would make all of us, your older sisters, accomplices..."

"Or wait - it's about some kind of space-time problem," added the fourth. "Whatever we do, we mustn't cross through the valley of stooorms! Have you forgotten that we are all connected through Níama power? That's why we are quite aware of your plans."

They turned suddenly and stared at Barbélú in disdain. A silence made the mood even more uncomfortable. The young scientist became pale and attempted to speak.

"I..."

"Yes?" asked one of the Matriarchs.

“I... I don't think you understand. I was asked to do this work several *Iti (months)* ago. I am here to announce the results of my research.”

“Well, tell us then! We are qualified to tell you if it's worth bothering our rulers.”

“Very well,” continued Barbélú, totally stupefied. “The long rule of the Shadow Agarin caused anger among the Great Oracle priests because the wait for sovereign Éa'am and Pištěš's return became unbearable for the Mother-Home population. Upon studying the Jade Palace archives, I noticed that the political disruptions that took place during their absence caused an energy to reverberate through our entire Solar System. Their anger is just as quantifiable as energy.”

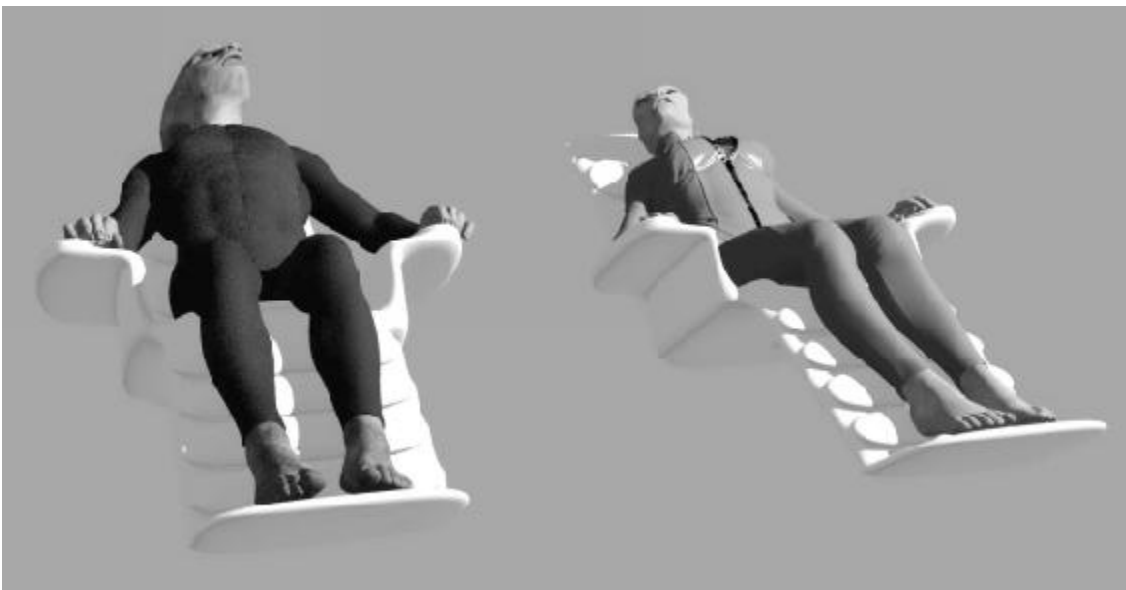
“We don't quite understand what the point of this...”, said an exceeded Matriarch.

“Please, let me finish,” said Barbélú. “Every event, whether it be happy or tragic, echoes in each of our worlds. Very concretely, our thought-shapes and our actions affect time-flux by modifying the course of time. Éa'am and Pištěš's Zia machine disappeared at the beginning of their trip but it was still present in another space-time, like an energetic double. We have known about this effect for a long time now and it acts like an echo in unfolded time. Any object, big or small, like our planets, do the same thing. We know that our minds and the Níama force (vital force) can change this phenomenon and deflect it. The mass generated by thoughts and political conflicts during the rulers' absence were gravely reverberated onto them by causing an anchorage problem during their trip. It was a dramatic obstacle that prevented them from synchronizing onto our reality and our time. They would never have been able to return sooner because of this effect that no one took into consideration. I pinpointed the event's geological location on Hul. Analyses of sediments and rocks from this precise period are very clear and show an abnormal quantity of solar rays for about 2,500 Hul Muanna (*years*), independently of the common solar cycle that is approximately 13 Hul Muanna. 2,500 Muanna corresponds precisely to the amount of time that unfolded between the royal couple's departure and the queen's solitary return, followed by the Shadow Agarin's revolt. On the basis of this principal of resonance, I verified the solar periods that were recorded since we first started recording them 230,650 Hul Muanna ago. I traced back our entire history using the resonance of the Mother-Home planets and of the solar cycles. Everything confirms the existence of an

interaction between our thoughts and certain solar cycles. The same goes for our Solar System's entire global resonance.”

“You mean that we have sacrificed our rulers by not knowing about this mechanism?” asked one of the Matriarchs.

“The Zida machine probably had a very hard time trying to recover its original Dubkù anchorage point. Neuronal traveling isn't reliable in this particular case, especially if exterior events interfere with it. The Zida machine should have never been kept in a simple room to begin with. It should have been kept in a dense-metal hangar, sheltered from all exterior influences, such as electromagnetic fields. This elementary precaution would probably not have been enough, from my point of view. Éa’am and Pištěš were probably exhausted and ultimately they desynchronized, which is why they did not return at the same time. When their link broke, it also broke their mutual perception. Éa’am should have waited for this queen who, sooner or later, would have returned, which is what in fact happened. Letting him leave again was pure madness! Queen Pištěš made the same mistake. Did they perish in the tunnels of time? Only the Source knows where they are. The mortar dome, covered in earth, is today merely a band aid that patches up our collective responsibility.”



9. Éa’am and Pištěš, exhausted and desynchronized, inside the Zida quantic machine.  
© Frantz Lasvignes / Anton Parks

A shiver went down Barbélú's spine when she realized what she had just said. She looked at her sisters. They were weeping. She was totally

submerged by this unexpected emotion and tears began flowing from her eyes as well.

"I'm sorry for shocking you so much," she said with difficulty.

"Don't be," answered a Matriarch, drying her eyes. "Thank you. Our heart is heavy, very heavy. None of this should have happened."

"We understand the reasons behind the drama better now," said another sister. "The Agarin were not responsible for this situation, at least not directly. We know that, during Éa'am and Pištěš's absence, the Great Oracle priests met many times to meditate, plot and use magic against the Agarin. That's how the infernal spiral began. Knowing that we are all responsible for this tragic outcome is deeply moving."

"That's not all," continued Barbélú, "I compared our sun's normal 13 Hul Muanna cycle with Dapinu's, the most massive Mother-Home planet; I found that Dapinu's revolution is almost identical to our star's. Dapinu's angle and positioning play a considerable part and determine solar the sunspot cycles.<sup>[84]</sup> In fact, Dapinu and the Ga'anzír Shadow's resonance are exactly the same. Unfortunately, we are in the same galactic arm as Sipazianna (*Orion*) and its Ga'anzír Shadow, where the first Life-Maker lineage did its first stellar abortion. The light paths generated by this first fissure followed the plasmatic flux of one of the galactic arms coming from Anriba's (*our Galaxy*) center. The new time vortexes created in Sipazianna flowed down the natural current of the galactic arm on its molecular clouds, crossed the Mulmuš stellar system, and ended up at the edge of the Milky Way. This indicated that our whole solar system is linked to Ga'anzír 's shadowy region. I think that our famed ancestors from Éa'am and Pištěš time discovered this, and that this is the reason why the Zida mission was programmed."

"What you are revealing to us today is unbelievable, my dear. You have to meet our rulers immediately!"

One of the Matriarchs signaled toward the back of the room. A priestess bowed in compliance and exited the room with haste.

"However, you are going to have to get used to not thinking of anything!" It will be very uncomfortable at first but you'll get used to it," said another Matriarch.

"Not thinking of anything?" Barbélú asked, surprised.

"Yes. It's what we brought up when you arrived. You got so used to living a solitary life devoid of any relation with your sisters that you forgot



about this detail. We other Matriarchs can hear everything and have to make sure we hide our thoughts from one another.”

“I now understand why I hear voices when I run into other Matriarchs. I thought I was the only one who had this ability...”

“It's ours. We have always been aware of it. You however were torn away from your sisters the moment you came out of the Uzumúa matrix, and you have not been educated. Your destiny was written from the moment you came into this world.”

“Have you never offered your body to a male?” asked another Matriarch. “Apparently not, even though our shared beauty and the awareness you have with all of us can be formidable tools of seduction.”

“I don't appreciate the ambiguity in relationships and its sudden uncontrollable gusts of desire.”

“You like control, don't you?”

“I like my freedom and having control over my life. I probably haven't found the right person to share it with.”

“Know that we have followed your controversial work very closely, including your theory on the nature of the signature hidden behind Anriba's (*our Galaxy*) central Bùranna (*black hole*). According to you, Anriba stems from this Bùranna, which scientists, including you, call the Region of Meka Light. This Central Region is the fruit of artificial manipulations, is that it?”

“Yes, the signature is too weak to be an ordinary gravitational collapse like in the other Milky Ways. There is an absence of energy emissions in that area. It's as if our central Bùranna were closed off and deprived of its own natural source. I discovered similar signatures in Sipazianna (Orion), particularly in the Ga'anzír Shadow region. We know that these are the distinct fissures our ancestors created to escape from the Kingalàm. Our Meka Light Region is like a door we wanted to lock from the outside in order to prevent any information concerning us from being transmitted.

“According to you, the Meka-<sup>[85]</sup> Bùranna (*black hole*) is a fissure that our ancestors created?”

“It's a possibility. But this transcends our conception of the Universe. This implies that our ancestors came from another Universe than ours, and that their actions – which are incomprehensible to us— actually mask a desire to deprive us of our history.”

“This is all absolutely dizzying! Nonetheless, you should avoid mentioning any of this to those we are about to introduce you to. Now that

we have unveiled ourselves to you and that our community has great respect for you, independently of the one the savants already have for you, you have to face the royal family. Have you ever met them?"

"No, never, I am only 153 Muanna (*years*) old."

"Indeed, you are very young," said a Matriarch, very surprised.

"What does it matter?" asked Barbélú.

"It's important to have experience. With practice, we can see our past decisions and initiatives under a different light. You are much too young to leave..."

"Leave? Leave where?"

"Leave your four walls to follow your true destiny."

Barbélú's heart began to race. No destiny other than the one dictated by that vulgar birthing machine could change anything! How could this solitary destiny evolve toward another one while fate had chosen her to laboriously and exhaustingly serve her people?

"But to do so," another Matriarch continued, "you will have to find a companion, without whom nothing will be possible."

"Companion?" she exclaimed, naively.

"Yes, you know just as well as we do that all interstellar trips are preferably made in neuronal mode to break the space-time barrier more easily, like you have so brilliantly reminded us earlier."

Totally disconcerted, Barbélú did not know what to answer. Her mind was submerged by a whirlpool of thoughts. Would she be able to leave her labor behind to travel through space? At that moment, a voice behind her announced that everything was ready.

"Very well. They are waiting for us. Be up to the task. Your destiny will only shine brighter." "On the other hand," said another Matriarch, "since you have never met the royal family, we highly recommend that you be very careful with the words you use, as well as with the way you look at our rulers. The Queen is very atypical, our grand-mother is even more. She is the one you must make a good impression on."

"We also suggest concealing your young age," continued another sister, "We sovereigns mustn't get suspicious. Stand up straight, hold your head high, and don't hunch your back. You are a Matriarch! No need to hide it any longer. By the Source, what are these stupid clothes? Your body now has the shape of an adult, you must abandon these ample sheets that hide your beauty and your useless innocence."

With these words, a Matriarch gave an order with a flick of her hand. In an instant, two priestesses came with clothes. The sisters helped her try on different items and they decided upon the traditional Matriarch outfit, a white sheath that hugs the body and thighs. She was then given the famous metallic rainbow headdress. Barbélú felt totally squeezed in these clothes she was trying on for the very first time in her life. They quickly applied make-up to her face. Her eyeliner and blue shade intensified her deep gaze. She had never used make-up that way before. She was fitted with sandals covered in multicolor diamonds. Once the rapid and meticulous preparation was complete, she was given a heavy mirror into which she could appreciate her beauty. Barbélú did not recognize herself but she pretended to enjoy it. She concentrated to free her mind of all thought. She has to face a new day, a day of thunder. This night would come to be a brutal junction in a destiny that until then seemed to be written.



The erudite and the four Matriarchs left the room and went back up the dark hallway. In normal circumstances she would have continued her conversation the whole way, but the unusual situation totally inhibited her. She felt like a princess thrown at the mercy of the nobles. Her head spun... until one of the Matriarchs snapped: "By the Source, don't think about anything! I can hear it all!" One after the other, the great Nin (*priestesses*) criticized her weaknesses and faults while offering advice. Barbélú became aware that she would have to "insist on the resonances linked between planet Dapinu and the Ga'anzír Shadow," but she wasn't even listening to them anymore. She focused on the tunnel and understood at that moment that it linked the Royal Palace and the basements of the High Temple.

The group walked through the heavy curtain separating the hallway from the grand concourse, and walked toward the banquet room from which they could hear lovely music and applause. From one side they could hear voices from the kitchens. Priestesses sorted vegetables, fruits and dried fish from baskets. All this activity created a joyful mood, with the delicate perfumes of the dishes being prepared. They cultivated the fruits and vegetables on the spot in greenhouses and the fish came from the rivers of

Hul. Some ingredients sometimes came from very far away, outside of the Mother-Home. In exchange for the knowledge transferred by the Makers of Life, some faraway lands paid in heavy cargos of different foods, using time tunnels. Before these cargos were sent from these faraway places, each one had to be cryoconserved. a process requiring very low temperatures. When the cargos arrived, the food was sorted and split between Hul and Kaštu's hangars. Certain exotic dishes ended up here, in the royal kitchens.

A drumroll echoed throughout the palace while the treble trills of sistres dominated the muffled beats of percussion. The room where the banquet was being held was hot and moist. Upon entering this place, Barbélú concentrated on freeing her mind from all thought. She was struck by the riches and objects around her, and dizzyed by the party's agitation; which all of those present were probably used to. When the group arrived, the noise diminished rapidly. The room became silent, filled with fumes from the very hot dishes. All eyes were on the little group respectfully walking towards the royal couple. The royal house rules were a precise protocol that had to be followed by all. Each guest had a position on the hierarchy scale. Behind the huge table was a stone statue, lit from the bottom and surrounded by bronze candelabras, on which the word "Pištěš" was clearly inscribed. Intrigued, the Jade Palace savant's gaze was draw towards someone who was lying down and enjoying the cool breeze from a fat priest who was fanning her with a huge fan made with exotic feathers.

Barbélú caught the queen's cold stare and it sent shivers down her spine. She looked like her. She looked like all the other Dark Matriarchs. At the same time, a shiny cup with perfumed water was carried over to her so that she could wash her hands. A natural queen-like authority emanated from her movements. Kùsig (*gold*) powder shun on her face and shoulders. She wore a tight black dress tied underneath her breasts. A gold diadem squeezed her forehead, with gold threads that trapped her dark wig. Barbélú was still destabilized by all this beauty and riches.

Queen Nuhád got up from the table and sat on a shiny metal throne. Three young children, two females and one male, dashed through the room to reach their mother. These were the rejects of the royal couple. They were born naturally without any artificial help. Seeing these kinds of children was a rare thing. They would only leave their home on rare occasions before they reached adulthood. The boy seemed to have difficulty moving. He obviously had a genetic malformation, a physical flaw, maybe even a

psychic one too because he would not speak. The queen asked them to calm down and to stay near the foot of the throne. With a sign of her head, she invited the Matriarchs to expose the facts.

One of the Matriarchs introduced Barbélú by mentioning the mission that she was entrusted with several Iti (*months*) earlier. Queen Nuhád consented to hear the Jade Palace erudite's results. Barbélú swallowed, took a few breaths, overcame her emotions and stood up proudly on the tips of her feet. Her voice's melodious tone and the authenticity she gave off brought undeniable legitimacy to her words. With conviction, she exposed the contents of her troubling discoveries, repeating what she had just revealed to the Matriarchs, word for word.

After her powerful speech, Barbélú was drained of all her energy. The emotions that had gotten hold of her made her lose control of her thoughts. Queen Nuhád immediately saw this and her sentence fell like a cleaver: "These words sound premature and without foundation.". The crowd that had been holding its breath let out a sigh of relief: their world was not going to crumble into chaos! In the end they saw the long monologue as just another sensational hypothesis explaining the presence of the Ga'anzír Shadow and the disappearance of the ancient Mother-Home royals. The Queen's sentence was met with frenetic applause, plunging Barbélú into dismay. Would she ever recover from this terrible humiliation? The unusual and loud agitation woke the King. Asleep during the whole speech, he wondered what all the commotion was about. Right when the Matriarchs were about to intervene, a voice was heard from the end of the room: "Stop! Stop this embarrassment immediately! The presentation is exemplary, seizing. Let me see the archivist. I want to see her at once...". Two Great Oracle priests brought forth an old priestess stretched out on a wooden litter. "Let me examine her, let me see her, that's an order!" she continued, her voice trembling. Telepathically, one of the Matriarchs spoke to Barbélú: "Its' Mámta, the Mother-Queen, be on guard. She is the most ancient one of us all.". Queen Nuhád's gestures gave away the interior tension she could hardly contain. She shook her head sharply: "Mother please, don't ruin this evening. Don't make a spectacle out of yourself."

"Let your mother speak, the situation is alarming. Let your mother be the judge of the excellence of her own decision."

The royal being stood next to Barbélú who was frozen with surprise. A dark veil covered the Mother-Queen from head to toe. The priests lifted

the veil, Barbélú couldn't help but jump: emaciated by the passage of countless cycles, the body lying in the litter was no more than a carcass. Barbélú wondered how this person who was mummified by time could still move and speak. The Mother-Queen looked at her attentively as if to scan every inch of her soul. Then she inspected her slowly from head to toe. The rest of persons in the room remained respectfully silent and waited for the final sentence.

“Do not be alarmed, my daughter,” said Mámta, “I have stopped going into the stone bed to change my carnal envelope very long ago. I've had this body well before Šuhia's time. I made a sermon and I stuck to it. The Source will reward me, she owes it to me! Give me your hand, have no fear. I must examine your subtle reflection.”

Despite the Mušidim's natural longevity, every Life-Maker sooner or later had to regenerate his body or change it in the giant stone sarcophagus. The Mother-Queen was therefore an unbearable Mušidim anomaly! Fascinated by this uncommon character, Barbélú forgot about the crowd around her. Like a somnambulist, she held out her trembling hand. Her skin got shivers when the Mother-Queen touched it with her frozen fingers. She attentively inspected it with her little almost transparent blue eyes.

“Now let me see her feet! Present me with her feet!” she demanded impatiently. “What is your name by the way?”

The two carriers lowered the layer, as Barbélú revealed her identity, while delicately raising one foot so that the queen could inspect it. Barely hiding her irritation, Queen Nuhád became agitated. She ended up moving forward, with a sigh: “So what!” she yelled, exasperated. “Her hands and feet are identical to yours. We all look the same. Mother you are making a fool of yourself!”

“Oh no, my daughter, certainly not... And now your eyes, my child, how me your pretty eyes.”

“You're blind, mother! You won't see a thing,” Nuhád went on, losing her self-control.

“Don't listen to her, my child,” the Mother-Queen said to Barbélú.

Mámta the Great Matriarch laid her sparkling eyes on the Jade Palace savant all while holding her vulnerable hand firmly. A lively flame lit up in her used eyes. She inspected her at length, scanning more than just her appearance. Time halted. An abundance of tears flowed down her cheeks. Plunged into total incomprehension, the citizens in the room began

to murmur. No one had ever seen such an intense show of emotion from the old Queen. Barbélú had a lump in her throat and felt a troubling sensation when, in her head, she heard, “By the Source, I am finally rewarded. You are finally here.” Her daughter, Queen Nuhád, who was witnessing everything and realized what was happening, began yelling in the room: “By the Source, so be it! We will send a new expedition to examine the Ga’anzír Shadow and YOU, you nosy little Jade Palace sneak, you will take part of it!”

The audience, profoundly shocked by this behavior, loudly expressed its disapproval. Some voices could be heard insulting the Queen. The Mother-Queen painfully rose from her bed to speak. Despite her slow and ill-assured gestures, she refused any kind of help. She commanded respect. Calm returned. Mámta then spoke: “No! Barbélú shall not leave, under no pretense should she leave our world. If you let her leave, we will all die!”

Panic struck the room. People began getting up from their tables. It was complete disorder. It was as if the palace was trembling. Faced with the crowd's distress and animosity, Barbélú felt more alone than ever.

“My mother has a lot of imagination,” screamed Nuhád with her arms in the air, “Don't listen to her, she has lost her mind.”

“I thought that the education I provided you with would grant you a power of judgment worthy of the greatest queens of Mulmuš,” said Mámta.

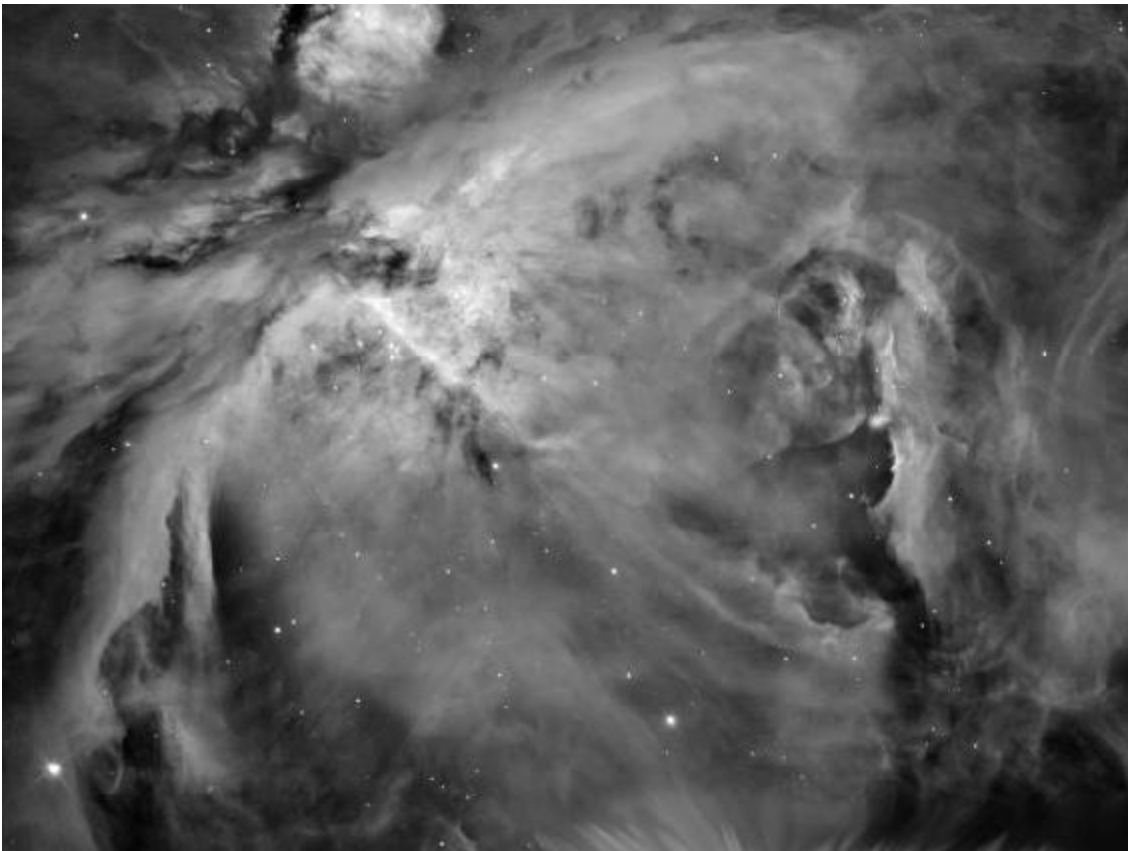
Some guests tipped over their chairs and ran into tables, which made Barbélú more anxious than she knew what these revelations meant. Queen Nuhád felt betrayed. Her eyes revealed her overflowing anger. She took advantage of the commotion to peruse the Mulmuš Crown Dark Matriarchs, one after the other. None of them flinched. The queen raised her voice at them for all to hear: “This is what you wanted isn't it?”

“Yes, that's correct,” answered one of the priestesses - probably the Superior Matriarch. “We would like to resume our research on the double flux stream that links us to the Ga’anzír Shadow and to the galactic center. This discovery have been made thanks to this young expert. If her hypothesis is correct then there is a fissure and we must examine it with extreme attention. We are not against the mission that your Highness has just commanded under the impulse of anger, however we will oppose sending off Barbélú if the Mother-Queen does not want her to go. Her judgement is flawless despite her old age.

The murmur of a thousand Matriarchs created a torrent in the erudite's head. One sentence echoed in her conscience: "She came to claim her heritage... She came to claim her heritage... She came to claim her heritage..." That's when Nuhád realized what was happening and shouted out in anger: "My decision is final! The young erudite from the Jade Palace will lead this project, that is an order. It is the will of the Jaspe Palace!"

"I oppose this order," continued the Mother-Queen. "I demand that the young Barbélú be immediately imprisoned for high treason. The guards are to take her to her cell at once!"

Thus was the royal decision. The voice of Mámta, the Mother-Queen, is far higher in rank than her own daughter. Before she could even react, Barbélú was grabbed by two priests who tied her wrists and pulled to the back of the room. The young erudite looked desperately at the Matriarchs in the hopes of finding some form of support, but got nothing! A cold silence filled the room. Surrounded by the two guards, petrified and despaired, she exited the room and walked through a dark endless hallway in which they could only hear the echo of their own footsteps."





10. Part of the Ga'anzir Shadow region, in Sipazianna (Orion), where the first strain of Mušidim performed its stellar abortion / © NASA.

## 6 - THE DREAM OF ETERNAL RETURN

*“[She is] the perfect power that is the image of the invisible virgin Spirit, who is (itself) perfect. She is the [first] power, the perfect glory of aeons: Barbélô, glory of manifestation...*

*She is the Matrix of everything because she exists in all things. Mother-Father, Primordial Man, Holy Spirit, three times a male, with three powers, and three androgynous names: the eternal Aeon between the invisible and the first to have risen.”*

**NH II, 1- The Book of Jean, 4, 34- 5,10**

**Ĝirkù -Tìla Nuréa/ Dili-ME-As** “Thrown in the Jaspe

Palace dungeon, Holy Barbélú tried to understand the reasons for this abrupt decision, in vain. What had she done? Curled up between four walls, she could hear many muffled screams coming from outside. There were no windows allowing her to see what was going on. What was happening? She sobbed at length, trying to find a logical reason for her dramatic situation.

Both stale and wet, the glacial cell was bathed in darkness. This last fact was secondary to the young erudite, as her natural infrared vision allowed her to see in complete obscurity. But there was nothing to see: no furniture, no aeration, no openings, except for the door. None could resist for very long in this place without losing their mind or the notion of time passing. Sometimes, she was slipped some food or water, but she barely ever touched it. She attempted to communicate with her jailers on several occasions, but it was unsuccessful. She never got any answer. After an inestimable amount of time, she heard a thud, like a heart beating in slow motion, but she could not determine where it was coming from. A terrible anxiety seized Barbélú, to the point where she imagined herself as the object of a torture device intended to affect her mental balance. Desperate, she attempted to find a sharp object to slit her wrists with. The quasi immortality of Life Makers was no match for bloodshed. But nothing in this place would allow her to commit suicide and shorten the torture. From the depths of her despair, she had a revelation. Why die? Would she go without a fight? The idea of surrender suddenly became unbearable to her. Was she not a Matriarch, a worthy descendant of the Šuhia lineage; one of those priestesses who couldn't be broken?

For how long had she been languishing in this hole? It didn't matter. She resumed the course of her thoughts. Which legacy was this, and who were the Matriarchs talking about in the festival hall? Was she concerned? She brushed away that thought. She was bom in an Uzmúá matrix and this excluded any filiation, any kinship. Her numerous thoughts lead her into dead-ends that plunged her back into depression. She collapsed once again. In her torpor, she thought she could make out a voice behind the walls. The tiny door opened and she was asked to come out. Plagued by profound physical and mental exhaustion, Barbélú painfully dragged herself through the narrow conduit. Finally, she rose with difficulty, coming face to face with her jailer who announced simply: "The Jade Palace erudite may now return to her quarters and recover a normal life."

Incredulous, she wondered if someone was toying with her once again. This was all devoid of logic. She questioned the guardian, who answered in a laconic tone, "That's all over.". She knew nothing more.

It was dark when she left the royal palace. The streets, usually quite empty at night, were completely deserted. The city exhaled a deep discomfort. A heavy and austere atmosphere crept into the narrow streets. A slow and regular gong, with a macabre range, sounded in the distance; it was. without a doubt, the deep sound she had been hearing from her cell. She made the connection with the regular thud sound that reached her, deep inside her dungeon. What was happening that would make the numerous devotees who stayed up late around the palace, or even all night, to desert the place? Her anxiety grew and her heart was beating fast. She walked faster. Despite her extreme fatigue, before returning to her quarters, Holy Barbélú wanted to inspect the archives. With a clap of her hands, she lit the large blue quartzes to light the room: everything seemed intact. She checked all her works in progress, nothing was missing. The place's organization was the same as she had left it this tragic night. Relieved, she painfully returned to her quarters and tumbled heavily onto her bed.

The next morning, the glare of a garland of quartz suspended to her diaphanous curtains, lightly rustled by the wind, woke her from her sleep. The Life Makers created a light artificial breeze over Kaštu that was triggered at specific times, depending on regions and Danna (*hours*). Stretched out on her stomach, her sense of smell was titillated, causing her to lift her head toward the window to seize the smell of flowers carried by the wind. More than ever, after her incredible torment, she understood that

happiness was to be found in these tenuous sensations. From this spot, she often observed stars through the layer of the artificial atmosphere. It was here, in this room, that the erudite understood the resonance effect between the planet Dapinu and the Ga'anzír Shadow.

She heard a door slamming below. Hurried footsteps came up the wooden stairs. The door flung open and her colleague, Mantara emerged, "Get up! You're still in bed?"

"What Ud (*day*) is it?" Barbélú asked weakly.

"What, you were asleep this whole time? Four Ud of Hul sleeping, while the entire Headquarters is in mourning?"

Barbélú jumped to her feet.

"In mourning? Four Ud?"

"It's true," Mantara continued, shocked, "You work too much! I'm talking about the Mother-Queen's funeral. She passed away five Ud ago and we've been in mourning ever since. The official funeral ceremony starts this morning."

Barbélú stared at her assistant with a desperate look. The news upset her greatly, but she couldn't tell anybody why. She wondered if her own revelations were the reason for her death, and felt responsible. "I killed her!" she thought to herself.

"By the Source, how did she die?" asked the young erudite, her voice full of sadness.

"Well! You seem deeply saddened for someone who's never met her! Apparently Mámta died in her bed. Nothing is getting out. The royal residence is subject to silence. The notables and administrators are being held inside the palace until further notice. They are only allowed to leave to pay their respects to the Mother-Queen. Nonetheless, there is a rumor circulating that Mámta's last thoughts were of her daughter, Pištěš."

"Pištěš? No, you mean Queen Nuhád?"

"Barbélú, have the sacred cones disconnected you from reality this much? Mother-Queen Mámta was the Pištěš's mother. Don't you know? She swore to await her return before fading. Can you imagine, all that time, waiting in silence, without passing through the transition bed? All for the sole purpose that her daughter could recognize her scent upon her return.

Barbélú abruptly clasped her hand to her mouth. A diffuse fog instantly filled her eyes before transforming into an irrepressible flood of tears. An uncontrollable reaction assailed her, making it hard to breath.

Mantara stared at her, desperately trying to find meaning in his superior's unexpected reaction. Immeasurable pain convulsed in the illustrious erudite's face. She wondered: what could possibly be the visceral origin for such suffering? Suddenly, Barbélú rushed to the back of her room, grabbed a container and regurgitated the small amount was left in her stomach. "By our archives, what is the matter with you? Can I do something?" he asked desperately. With a wave of her hand, she made a sign for him to go. She wanted tranquility. Mantara was used to his superior's irrevocable decisions. He withdrew discretely without insisting, leaving her alone with her grief.

She tortured her soul trying to find reasons for her unlikely adventure, but no potentially enlightening path presented itself to her. Despite her nausea, when the tears stopped, Barbélú decided to participate in the royal funeral that had been taking place since morning.

Coming from all horizons of the Mother-Home, an endless ballet of aerial spaceship carrying cohorts of nobles who had come to pay their ultimate respects to the Mother-Queen, who had been the object of true veneration for several cycles. The funeral, which was expected right after the last private visits, promised to be more imposing than ever.

The sun went down behind the imposing planet Muldar. It had barely disappeared when Mantara whistled under Barbélú's window. It was decided that he would escort her to the pyramid where the royal body lay. The custom of the Life Makers commanded that the body of the high ranking departed should rest in the sacred stone bed without delay, right after death, to commence the Ba (*soul*) rite of passage. Four officiating Matriarchs, cloaked in luminous tunics and covered with sacred oils performed the highly codified and meticulous ritual. Its perfection determined the harmonious level of the Ba's transition. High Mušidim nobility could pay tribute to the remains, but none of its members were to enter the pyramid's high chamber without cleaning themselves of their profane dross. A group of Dark Matriarchs was in charge of purifying selected visitors.

At the same time, a virgin Matriarch was positioned on the lower level, in the incubation chamber. The virgin, sprayed with fumigations by the ruling Queen, had the divine task of capturing the departed's soul: the Ba could be reincarnated in the egg that she carried inside her.

When Barbélú went down the apartment stairs, Mantara was stunned by her dramatic transformation. A glimmer of determination lit up her face and her attitude did not give away the desperation that overwhelmed her just a few Danna (*hours*) earlier. However, this did not relieve his worries about her; he had never seen her so vulnerable. They exchanged nods and started on their way. Barbélú walked in silence, Mantara took care not to disrupt this strange muteness. They did not exchange any words for the entirety of their trip through the small streets until a document, crumpled by the pedestrians's steps, caught their attention. Intrigued by this unusual propaganda in the streets of the royal city, she picked it up to find out more. The paper announced the launch of a future mission to the stars, in accordance with the Mother-Queen's last wishes. Volunteers were needed. The only requirement: knowing how to pilot a small shuttle. "Yes", said Mantara, who was apparently aware of this, "In a moment of confusion, right before leaving us, Mother-Queen Mámta announced the launch of a new expedition directed toward the galactic center. It's madness. You'd have to be mad to go there. The search for her daughter made her loses her mind. Let her go and join her in the heart of Anriba (*our Galaxy*), without involving her people! Pardon me, I shouldn 't talk about our benevolent Mámta this way..." Barbélú shook her head in acquiescence. She continued, "Yes, you'd have to be mad... but I doubt that it was really she who ordered this trip.". Mantara did not understand this allusion, but did not insist.

After thirty Udàr (*minutes*), they found themselves next to the holy building, of which one of the sides bordered the holy lake and its immense terrace, replete with exotic trees. The crowd and the tightly packed bodies radiated intense heat. Several processions made up of Mušidim males and females circled around the pyramid with difficulty in a slow-motion ballet. Sacred chants filled with the devotion of an orphan people created a powerful egregore of love that the monument amplified from all sides. Barbélú let herself be carried away by this captivating spectacle of rare intensity. She was conscious that this moment would surely have repercussions on all of the Mother-Home's planets by resonance effect...



11. Mantara, Barbélú's assistant © Frantz Lasvignes / Anton Parks.

Matriarchs like Barbélú benefited from quick access to pyramidal edifices when a filtering barrier kept the “profane” out. The erudite, accompanied by her protege, forged a path through the crowd. They reached the entrance without too much difficulty. Two armed priests, who were standing guard on either side of the large door, let them inside. Long hallways succeeded each other, as well as vast galleries where several nobles, there to pay one last tribute, were circulating in the building. The silence and restraint that prevailed inside strongly contrasted with the outside atmosphere. Barbélú lead Mantara through the maze she knew by heart, since she had studied it when getting her degree in transcendental architecture. Immobile guards stood at 6 Gi-<sup>[86]</sup> (18 meter) intervals. The closer they

got to the two holy chambers, the more serene the atmosphere became. The sublime chants of the Matriarchs melded with the edifice’s reverberations. The gums and resins with divine virtues spread their purifying scents through the air, and the sacred melodies seemed to provide a rhythm for the procession of nobles who had come to participate in the Miracle of Life. The dances and chants supported the Mother-Queen's Ba

(soul) in accompanying her through her final voyage, while a game of mirrors pointed towards one of the pyramid's conduits, itself pointed towards the sky, participated in the Ba's transhumance. *The Ritual of the Doors of Light* allowed a Ba to be dispatched in a determined direction. Up there, it would reach an inconceivable speed and achieve its ascension towards its spiritual essence. Upon its return, the reception of the regenerated Ba takes place through the opposite conduit, guided by the *Ritual of the Horizon Light*, which supports the reincarnation of the Ba for a determined deceased individual. In the incubation chamber, located under the one with the stone sarcophagus—[\[87\]](#), the priestess receives it to 'inseminate' the egg that she carries inside her.

Mantara felt uncomfortable. It was extremely rare to witness the death of a Life Maker, and even rarer for it to be a royal family member. After passing through several guarded doors, the two Jade Palace researchers accessed the holy room. Elegantly beating long multicolor wings attached to their arms, the four Matriarchs with supple bodies were officiating in the darkness while rhythmically chanting the magic ritual. Their heavy bracelets jingled rhythmically depending on the movement of their arms and the undulations of their hips. Barbélú approached the stone bed, trembling, her heart beating, her eyes upon the royal remains like an initiate coming before her judgment. Her anchor point had shifted ever since her visit to the Royal Palace. Not yet fixed, it was provoking fluctuations in the way she perceived reality, and contrasting feelings clashed inside of her, bringing on a curious and uneasy feeling.

Mámta was dressed in an ample green toga, and heavy emerald necklaces rested on her chest. A matching royal tiara, adorned with the same type of stone, circled her head and a dark veil entirely covered the old ruler's body. Her neutral and cold look accentuated the lack of expression in her face. Clearly, her Ba had already abandoned its temporary home. Prompted by an irrepressible force, Barbélú brought her face close to that of the deceased to take in the scent exhaled by the remains and douse herself in it. She could not hold back the flow of tears, and an uncomfortable silence replaced the chant of the venerable Matriarchs who no longer knew which attitude to take on. Far off, they could, hear the future mother whine. Undecided, they awaited their superior's reaction, frozen in a corner of the room, dissimulated by the shadow of the only light source coming from a



large candelabra. She had to scrupulously watch over the ritual and make sure it functioned properly. Her face flared up, but instead of reprimanding the imprudent one, she commanded that they continue their rite with an energetic nod.

Mantara could not believe it. How was he supposed to qualify his superior's condemnable attitude who was disturbing the ritual's order? His judgment evolved instantly to make way for a profound feeling of compassion when he saw Barbélú's face, ravaged by sorrow. With a firm eye, the superior Matriarch signaled to them to leave and make way for the others.

At the exit of the sarcophagus room, a group of Matriarchs were reciting long, protective magic spells to counter the negative forces that could prevent the deceased Ba of traveling. Barbélú recognized the smell of one of the four Matriarchs who had talked to her a few Ud (*days*) earlier. The priestess lowered her eyes when she saw her and spoke to her by Kinsağ (telepathy):

“What are you doing here? You aren't safe.”

Barbélú answered using the same method:

“You left me in a cell like a vulgar thief and are lecturing me? You are not worthy of the Matriarchs!”

“I hear chatting, I hear whiiiiistling in my ears,” a familiar voice chimed in from the incubation chamber. “I hear your revolting conspiracies. Let her come in immediately!”

“I cannot talk to you,” continued the Matriarch.

Barbélú challenged her with a stare while passing through the large opening to the holy room. Crouched in front of her, Queen Nuhád was wriggling her hips in the Inkubara (*incubation niche*), the egg pit. The sovereign welcomed her and wryly said:

“From the Source, blessed be she! You are safe, my dearest.”

Nuhád was shaking her backside while crawling on all fours in the pit.

“You, here, my queen?”

A priest standing in a corner of the room wanted to intervene, arguing that, “one does not bother a sovereign giving birth” Nuhád dryly cut him off, saying that Barbélú was a prestigious guest. Meanwhile, she ordered Mantara to stay outside. He obeyed but couldn't help following the conversation from a far. Answering Barbélú's tangible astonishment, the queen thought it would be wise to clarify things: “I am the only one that can

receive and regenerate a royal essence. The only one to receive a pure Ba, free from reproaches! I was very worried about you, my dearest. Ironically, my mother's death freed you from her decision. I am relieved. All prisoners were released when her death was announced, it is the custom! I imprisoned all of them again, except you of course.

"My sincere condolences for your mother, Queen Nuhad," Barbélú responded.

"As you have seen, she unfortunately was no longer lucid. By my holy crown, we are all liberated from that heavy burden. So, tell me, have you thought about my offer?"

"Your offer, my queen?"

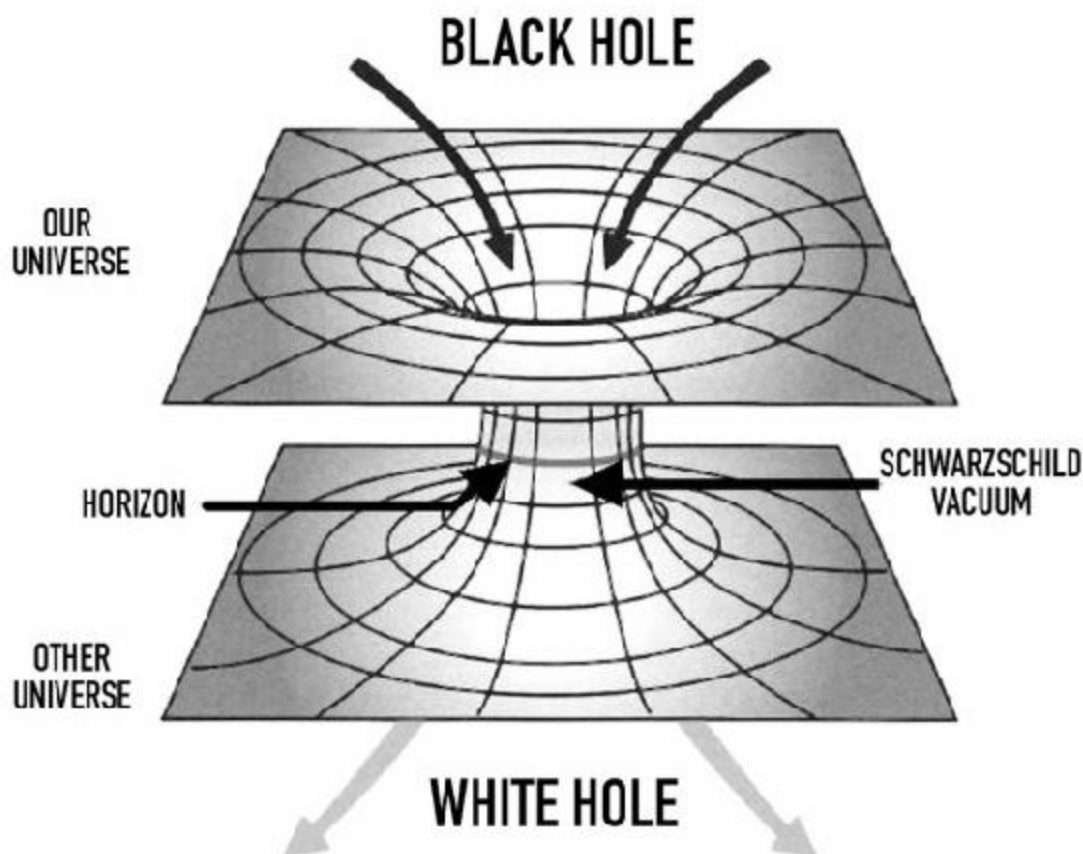
"Don't play the fool with me," whistled Nuhad. "Yes, my offer! My prestigious offer to see you lead our next expedition to the stars to find the answers to all of our existential questions."

The queen suddenly adopted a very animal-like behavior, her tail whipped the sides of the Inkubara (*egg pit*), as if to show her anger. She paced back and forth several times in the niche.

"I do not have an opinion on the subject, my queen. All I did was expose my research that I was asked to conduct for the Mother-Home's Crown."

Queen Nuhád frowned and began to whimper while holding her stomach. Barbélú wondered if she was faking it. The Queen must have caught this, since her tone became even drier, "Little simpleton, don't you want to save your own kind and become an intergalactic heroine? The Mušidim will speak of you for millions of Muanna (*years*). Aren't you ready to contemplate the light of the innumerable stars of Anriba (*our Galaxy*)? Don't you want to witness the end of a massive star's life, at the very instant where its heart collapses on itself in a fraction of an Udtar-[\[88\]](#) (*second*) and to watch in awe as it begins to pulsate in the firmament like a galactic beacon? With the knowledge you have, the age of Anriba will be at your fingertips. You will face the Ga'anzír Shadow. Your exceptional mastery wave theory will allow you to solve the problem concerning the instability of the vortexes crossing Mulmuš and Sipazianna (*Orion*) to its galactic core and its Region of Meka's Light. This fantastic voyage will transform you. Furthermore, you can verify your thesis on the nature of the central Bùranna (*black hole*). Your audacious theory could find a happy outlet in the stars rather than this place where you've alienated yourself

from the whole scientific community. All you'll need to do then is send us your observations and theories from your distant stars. Then, my dear, when you return, I will perhaps no longer be here to bully you. Doesn't that sound wonderful?"



12. Barbélú's thesis assumes that our Galaxy's central black hole possesses a resonance similar to certain regions of the Orion Nebula where ancient Mušidim exploded suns. These explosions created black holes, in which ancient Life Makers dissimulated themselves. According to Barbélú's theory, our Galaxy's central black hole is possibly not "natural" © 2006 image by astrophysicist Jean-Pierre Luminet

"I did not have time to think about the offer because I was imprisoned like a vulgar delinquent."

"Certainly, I understand. Your words resonate pleasantly in my ears. Make your decision quickly. The training and try outs will begin in a few Ud (*days*). Leave me now, my dear. I must lay this egg..."

At that moment, the queen shouted insults that none would dare to utter in such a place. The Matriarchs resumed the magic spells together

again which seemed to punctuate the inexhaustible rosary of slurs spouting from the queen's mouth. Barbélú curtsied and turned on her heels. Upon her exiting the incubation chamber, she firmly grabbed Mantara's hand and led him quickly outside, at times running into Mother-Home aristocrats. When she felt they were far enough, she exclaimed: "Let's get out of this place as fast as we can, they're all insane."



Outside, finally! It was still nighttime. The air gave them an extraordinary feeling of appeasement, although the atmosphere was still as suffocating. Barbélú no longer knew if she should laugh or cry. Mantara reacted without thinking: he burst out laughing. His communicative hilarity brought a lot of relief to the young erudite confined to her solitude for so long, with the sole objective of reconstituting an elusive past.

As they started walking again, three Dark Matriarchs appeared in the middle of the tumultuous crowd. Barbélú recognized them thanks to the almighty expression carved into their eyes. The trio exhaled calm and self-possession. They called her with the help of Kinsağ

(*telepathy*), their tone a mix of respect and vigilance:

"We must speak with you, if you would grant us this privilege."

Barbélú cast a circular look, wondering if it would not be preferable for her life to speak here, in front of everyone.

"We can stay here if you prefer," said one of her interlocutors.

"No, let us go to a calmer place," Barbélú answered with her mind.

"However, you understand that your protege' cannot follow us."

The ambient noise, combined with the chanting and percussion, prevented any discussion. Barbélú approached Mantara, who whispered a few words in her ear.

The Matriarchs moved away, leaving Mantara in the middle of the crowd. Two of the priestesses pushed back the crowd with a gesture to create space around the group. As soon as the necessary amount of room was obtained, a burst of light carried the Matriarchs to a vessel that was stationed over the pyramid.

The interior decoration of the apparatus fit together in fluid and elegant shapes, revealing the exterior. Was this a projection of the outside

environment or were the walls actually translucent? Barbélú could not tell. Calm and silence reigned, to the point where the only sound was the rustling of the dresses and the touch of footsteps on the ground. The group passed through energy walls studded with green crystals. A pellucid door opened silently from the top, revealing an extremely luminous hallway that lead them to the end of their journey in a room with grey-green pylons embellished with curved seats. Barbélú concentrated on eliminating any thoughts, as had been suggested to her. A silhouette revealed the presence of a Matriarch who was silently standing in the darkness. Her voice echoed through the room: "Nobody can hear us here. Do you know who I am?"

"You must be the Head Matriarch," the erudite responded.

"Exactly. I am the eldest, after our late Mother-Queen. And so, I was familiar with our Sovereign, Pištěš. Come closer."

While Barbélú slowly moved forward, the matriarch continued: "With Mámta's revelations, you must know that we are certain that your Ba (*soul*) is that of our Sovereign Pištěš. You can guess how emotional it makes us to have found you after such a long absence."

"How can you be so sure of such a thing," asked Barbélú, stunned, though this idea had already crossed her mind. "What you are claiming has terrible consequences."

The head Matriarch did not answer her, she breathed the erudite's skin insistently and cast a quick glance at her three reflections; her eyes, her hands, and her feet. Only after this did she invite them all to sit down.

"Queen Mother Mámta was never wrong," continued the great Matriarch. "She knew how to see through and beyond appearances. Her abilities are known by all. I confirm her conclusions. You and I were friends before your disappearance. I am Nintùr, the one in charge of births."

"Sorry, Nintùr, I do not recognize you. I am not aware of all your customs and traditions. The Mother-Queen's story is also unknown to me. None of the archives mention it."

"Yes, they did once. They are all destroyed or indecipherable now. You are a little young to know our customs, especially since you've never been around us. You prefer to spend your time hiding your filiation. Mámta waited for her daughter for an eternity; her whole life was founded on the hope of seeing her again."

"If I understand your reasoning, as soon as she found her, she threw her in a dungeon like a vulgar thief?"

“You are not aware that Mámta was saving your life in opportunely taking that decision. Her daughter, our sovereign, instantly understood that your presence posed a serious threat to her throne. Her greatest desire is to keep you far away from the Mother-Home. Putting you in charge of this new expedition is a wonderful opportunity for her. Seeing as Mámta was opposed to it, our queen naturally became a danger to you. The Mother-Queen understood this right away and preferred to place you under her control to preserve your life. There were great tensions between Mámta and her daughter after your incarceration. Queen Nuhádisolated all the guests at the event and confined them to the Palace without exception. All of them are still there.

“Are they prisoners?” asked Barbélú.

“In a way.”

“The rest of the story is, unfortunately, the great unknown...” continued another Matriarch. “We heard news of the Mother-Queen's demise a few Danna (*hours*) after your confinement.”

“Was her death natural or do you suspect foul play?” asked the Jade Palace erudite.

“We don't know; we couldn't perform the autopsy. Only the Great Oracle priests can touch members of the royal family. Care given to our Mother Matriarch was performed behind Mara panels whose composition prevents any mental incursion. The priests take many precautions ever since the war against the Shadow Agarin...”

Barbélú immediately furrowed her brow, one detail had awakened her suspicion.

“Nintùr, how could you have known Pištěš when all the Agarin surrendered during the battle against the Great Oracle priests?”

“Life's cycle sees unexpected configurations emerge from chaos”, she answered. “You must know our secret. Survivors like myself survived the disaster. Our main objective was to destroy the archives or to deteriorate them to make them unintelligible. Then, we had to live in hiding for a long time, with the exception of our Mother-Queen, Mámta, who remained at the hands of the Great Oracle priests. Under their ordinance, she composed the royal family in order to continue the sovereign lineage. Šuhia was one of the survivors. The rare miracles that decided not to hide in the Hul and Kaštu undergrounds paid the price with forced labor or participated in aero spatial experiments against their will. This is how Šuhia came to be sent off

to the stars. When she returned from her trip on her own, Limamu (*millennia*) after her departure, for reasons unknown, she could not remember anything. Our collective memory also fails us due to our regular and voluntary damage perpetrated on crystals stored in the Jade Palace. We quickly contacted her in secret to reveal her origins in the hopes of helping her regain her memories. Unfortunately, Šuhia could never tell us what she had been through during her travels across space and time. Her journey remained a total mystery to us all. We believe in her sincerity since her daughters and descendants are not inheriting this information. We know that she also destroyed archives, which deepens the mystery and arouses doubts. Perhaps they contained compromising details about her or what she had discovered? Anyway, with her help, we learnt the way to recover our freedom. When Šuhia spontaneously gave birth to the future Matriarchs, Mother-Queen Mámta secretly suggested that she mix us with her children. That's how the Shadow Agarín were able to come out of hiding and finally live out in the open. Nobody noticed the difference since we are all alike, all created in the image of our original queen Šuhia."

"And the royal family?" asked Barbélú. "Does it descend from Mother-Queen Mámta?"

"Yes. Mámta gave birth naturally to the future sovereigns who mixed and reincarnated amongst themselves, creating genetic impoverishment doubled with karmic problems. A grave degeneration corrupted the royal family for several generations, as you will have noticed the other night, with one of Nuhaď's children. She is deficient herself and sometimes loses all notion of judgment, taking refuge in insults."

"Until now, I thought her insults helped her to stimulate fear, like an instrument to fulfill her wishes," Barbélú answered naively.

"You allow her too much credibility."

"I'm thinking of another enigma that has haunted me for a long time," Barbélú continued. "If some of you are Agarín and you have seen, one after the other, the returns of Éa'am and Pištěš, what did they tell you before their next departure?"

"Nothing, almost nothing. That is the problem. They had only one desire: to leave again. You alone know the truth. She is somewhere inside of you and you do not yet possess the key to open your memory."

"What must I do now?" Barbélú asked once more.

“The choice is yours,” answered the Grand Matriarch. “If you take back your throne, we guarantee our constant protection. We are all ready to support you. If you leave again to the stars, you will take the risk of extending the temporal problem, which we are all confined to because of the Ga’anzír Shadow and Pištěš and Šuhia's voyages. You might be reduced to living in eternal exile...

“If I am really Pištěš and I decide to stay with you, then I will never know what happened to Éa’am.”

“Yes, this is the dilemma and the reason why we cannot advise you. You must also not lose sight of the fact that if you are here, with us, something somber happened; either you had a deadly accident during your last trip, or you were killed...”

“Or maybe I am simply not Pištěš? That option would bring more credibility to your version...”

The night was long. After her meeting with the Matriarchs, Barbélú spent the rest of her time strolling around the Main Square where the royal body, delivered from the ritual, was being consumed by an enormous fire in front of the distressed crowd. In the morning, the return to the Jaspe Palace was difficult. Upon her arrival, she prayed for a long while, asking the Source for assistance. The Source was the only one thing that was helping her to keep hope in this strange world in which she felt like a stranger. She went over recent events. In her heart, she knew very well that if she chose to stay here, she would never again enjoy the freedom she had known before coming out of anonymity. She might become the new sovereign, perhaps at the price of an unprecedented revolution that would lead to countless victims. Another alternative: she could forget this whole story and go back to leading a normal life as a studious recluse. In this case, she ran the risk of living with infinite torture from Queen Nuhád, who would certainly never leave her in peace. In any case, her life was in grave danger. Last alternative: to leave this place as fast as possible to live the adventure of the stars, and go searching for King Éa’am for whom her thoughts grew progressively obsessive.





## 7 - TOWARDS THE BORDER OF CONVERGENCE

*“Some of them (the Simonians) placed an ageless Eon at the base of their system in a virginal Spirit called Barbelo: because, they said, in this spirit lie an untold father. [...] Seeing that all the others had partners except for her, she searched for someone with whom she could unite; since she could not find anyone, she tried harder and searched further, towards the inferior regions in the hopes of finding a mate; unsuccessful, she leaped, but she found herself burdened with disgust because she had soared without the Father's approval...”*

**Irenaeus, Against the Heresies, excerpt I,2**

*“After that happened, Pistis (Foi) arrived and appeared over the matter of chaos that was rejected like an abortion for not having a spirit. This chaos is indeed a murky and unfathomable, watery substance. And when Pistis (Foi) realized what she had (previously) created through her negligence, she became troubled and the turmoil proved formidable.*

*But he escaped to stray in the chaos. She, on the other hand, turned to him, and blew on his face in the abyss above heavens...*

*An Archon appeared from the murky substance looking like an androgynous Lion, beholding great power yet unaware of its origins.”*

**NH II, 5 - The Origin of the World, 99,23 - 99,32 / 100,5 - 100,10**

*“[Pistis Sophia] left her own position in the 13th region of the Eons and descended from the 12 Eons.*

*The Eon bailiffs noticed and raged against her because she had considered greatness...*

*She penetrated the chaos and approached the power of the lion-faced light to devour it...*

*All of the defenders of matter surrounded her...*

*They threw her into the chaos, half of which is flame, and half of which is darkness.”*

**Except from the Codex of London - Pistis Sophia X**

## Ĝirkù -Tìla Nuréa / Dili-ME-Imin

“What was but a vague rumor coming from the Royal Palace walls very quickly turned into information that everybody talked about and commented on: a Jade Palace's eminent scholar had probably figured out why the vortex going through the Mother-Home Mulmuš and Sipazianna (*Orion*) towards the galactic core was unstable. The exceptional interest of this new theory fully justified sending a mission to verify its validity and the sovereign Nuhád had just confirmed the project's initiation. This operation directed towards the center of Anriba (*our Galaxy*), was composed of the eight members habitually chosen for this type of voyage, in the form of four couples. The name of the mission was PIŠTĚŠ-[89]. Nuhád gave it that name in honor of the ancient queen that disappeared while attempting to solve this very same mystery, Limamus (*millenniums*) earlier. Some of the public opinion, galvanized by this announcement, emitted reservations about the success of such a mission they deemed suicidal. The Royal Palace did not hesitate to embellish the affair in its statements by insisting on the fact that that the technology that would be used was in no way comparable to the kind used in the last mission. During Pištěš's time, the Makers of Life used Zida, a quantic machine that stayed put but that was able to travel through the strata of time and their multiple worlds. Pištěš and Éa'am had to gather radiant information from the surface of Dubkù that could prove the Shadow of Ga'anzír's effects of resonance on the Mother-Home and its sun. They were most likely also hoping to secretly meet the Kingalàm to try to speak with them in the future... This time, the mission and the technology used were indeed different: they were sending a ship into space through the time tunnels. The members of the PIŠTĚŠ mission would attempt to travel up the plasmatic flux along the galactic arm to find the cause behind the time vortexes's instability created by their ancestors. Each couple in the crew would be capable of traveling through time and even spread life – by giving birth to a new colony – in the event that they wouldn't find their way back to Mulmuš, the Mother-Home.

Barbélú could no longer concentrate on the great library's rock crystal archives. Ever since its discovery was made public, a curious crowd camped on the Jade Palaces majestic front steps in the hopes of making eye-contact with their new heroine. Rumors about her participation in the adventure circulated. She became overwhelmed with stress. The queen

hadn't even had the courtesy to wait for Barbélú's confirmation to officially announce her participation. She no longer had the choice! Barbélú therefore began the procedures at the Jaspe Royal Palace to take part in this dangerous mission. This was the only way for her to flee from her nightmare and give meaning to her life. At the same time, she would break the corrosive monotony of her endless nightly studies... The same day her candidacy for the selections was announced, guests forced to stay in the Jasper Palace have been released, according to a confession made by one of the Matriarchs who came to see Barbélú one last time in secret. The Matriarch try to convince her to reconsider her decision to leave and instead reconquer her throne, in vain!

Her mind was made up and could not be changed, despite the disapproval of the Council of the Dark Matriarchs. From now on, her rare connections with her sisters were distant ones. The sooner she would be in the training camp, the sooner she would leave her cherished Jade Palace and the now constant nervousness. She had to participate with a companion, this was the final selection stage and, in her case, the most complicated. Barbélú never maintained lasting relationships with partners. Her wisdom and responsibilities have always been good excuses to avoid any superfluous attachment. She also had an ability that was specific to the Matriarchs of Mulmuš: Triple Power or self-fertilization. A machine had brought her into this world but the absence of relations with her sisters meant that she could avoid any awkward question about this embarrassing topic. Barbélú also did her best to dissimulate her lineage and innate abilities because her assistants at the Academy would have rejected her: Triple Power was seen by many as a way to weaken the links between males and females. The Matriarchal lineage also had the reputation of not knowing anything about emotional ties and acts of love. To her own detriment, Barbélú experimented love once or twice in her youth and suffered greatly. Matriarchal power did not limit itself to this unique aspect, they also had the sexually transmitted power of Níama (*vital energy*). This power could drive anyone insane, so she wisely avoided any prolonged relationship with any male so as to not endow him with this potentially destructive power. Paradoxically, all of these singular aspects made them feared and respected, rendering the Matriarchal lineage of “disreputable”.

Barbélú however still had to find a male in order to gain access to the position she sought - and urgently. The only potential breeder was of

course Mantara, the only specimen who managed the archives with care and with whom she got along with. The only one who understood her, occasionally. Barbélú didn't have to bother to seduce him. Her natural charms were enough to drive male crazy. She didn't have to lure Mantara into her bed, either, the archeological artifact storeroom would be enough. For a whole laborious day however, the astrophysicist anxiously conceived different strategies to achieve her goal. The more she thought about it, the less a natural flow of events seemed possible. She was so exasperated after such a long day, so she gave in to physical desire and a feeling of absolute necessity: she swiftly pulled her “victim” into the dim room and captured his vulnerable gaze with her striking blue eyes. He was totally amazed and submitted. Barbélú was considerably superior in size than her “prey” and her body was supple like a palm undulating under the breeze. Hapless Mantara was completely subjugated, finding himself in a delicate position before his superior. She had just placed her leg over his shoulder. She wanted to “open her legs”, to show him her desire, but changed her mind thinking that he had already understood. Mantara was immobile, petrified with panic and Barbélú did not know what else she could do. She took the initiative of kissing him, intensely, with her open mouth. Her tongue turned and penetrated deep into her partner's throat, which caused him to suffocate and push her back to regain his breath. He stared at her, intrigued, trying to understand her troubling maneuver: “It seems to me like you have much to learn about the local love customs,” he told her.

“So teach me everything you know!”

This unexpected initiative did not discourage Mantara. On the contrary, this gesture allowed Barbélú to discover the desire for flesh, accompanied by the delight of his endless strokes. She had to learn quickly to create an immediate, deep link to avoid her lover from becoming suspicious. Rapidly, she was able arouse him so mercilessly that there was no going back. The young erudite had all the assets necessary to reach her goals and the predictable masculine nature did the rest. Barbélú's survival depended on her success in stimulating her partner and establishing an irreversible link. After only a few Danna, the pupil became the mistress. She was already thinking about the upcoming neuronal control and the connection that from now on had to unite them to successfully pass the space-time barrier.

Barbélú surprised herself, she did not expect to be so dauntless and efficient in such a situation, but the personality of a Triple Power was known for its capacity to very rapidly adapt to any circumstance in the name of survival<sup>[90]</sup>. Furthermore, the presence of a Matriarch in the expedition divined the best of auspices, for precisely this reason.

Following the fascination from the excitement and despite the fever and his partner's great imagination, Mantara began to question this inexplicable behavioral change. Was he ready to learn the dark and troubling exercise? Didn't he desire it, deep down? Assaulted by thoughts and contradictory feelings, he finally gave in to passion and definitively abandoned himself. It was during absolute orgasm, on the very verge of fainting, that she taught him how to synchronize their cardiac and cerebral waves. Their aligned perceptions became one. She then dragged him into places where the mind frees itself from the markers of linear time.

Following the love embraces, she became aware that she could no longer indefinitely delay the announcement of her project to her partner without conceiving that her approach was becoming superfluous. Through the transmission of her Níama power (*vital energy*), Mantara knew everything about her and now possessed a part of her power and knowledge. From now on, life at the heart of the Mother-Home seemed meaningless to him as well. Nothing justified deferring their departure any longer for the selection center managed by the priests of the Great Oracle. Barbélú had high hopes regarding her companion. He would help her in her quest. Together, they would uncover the last mysteries covering the disappearances of Pištěš, Éa'am, Šuhia... and all the others.

Multiple exhausting tests we carried out on them from inside the basement of an appendix of the royal palace. No Matriarch could participate in this kind of preparation, placed under sole control of the cleric. They underwent trials to evaluate, among other things, their IQ and their reflexes. Those in charge of the organization had to weed out candidates who showed signs of instability from an emotional perspective or who's social adequacy was too weak, and to identify possible psychiatric risks. No error was tolerated at that level and the slightest doubt led to a couple's withdrawal. Other assessments dealt with evaluating neural synchronization between partners. Their perception had to be in perfect harmony and their brain hemispheres had to be synchronized with accuracy. Their aptitudes were validated in very little time.

Queen Nuhád personally celebrated her “protege’s” ambitions and gave her blessings to the male who would support her in her mission. She received them in her palace. Barbélú took advantage of this occasion to ask her for a favor. She wished to stay a few Danna more on the sovereign planet so that she could select her substitute and her assistant. The queen granted her 10 Danna (*20 hours*), not one more, before the ship would take them to planet Hul, the location of their retreat where they would train intensively for close to a Muanna (*year*) before their leap into the unknown.

For a day, she auditioned Matriarchs in order to find the rare gem, her assistant. In the end, she chose a very young student at the School of Sciences who mastered the languages used in the colonies of the Makers of Life. Since she did not have enough time to find a second-in-command, she put her new recruit in charge of finding one.

She just needed one Danna to gather the belongings she would bring with her to the training camp. After dawdling around her apartment for a bit, she wandered nostalgically through the Jade Palace where she fell upon a mindful Mantara. They paused by the windows beside the cone crystals. Barbélú let her fingers glide along the archive's smooth surface, feeling the occasional cracks. She would have liked to remain in that moment. She knew she would probably never see this place again. Mantara reminded her of the time and the couple headed for the landing stage at the big square and promptly rushed into the spaceship under the Kaštu twilight. The small ovoid shuttle ripped away from the ground in a whirlwind of dust. A page was turning. The spacecraft's transparent walls revealed the indescribable spectacle of infinite space before them. The melancholic couple contemplated the serene and perpetual procession of the stars. Muldar, the High Star, the central point in the Makers of Life's solar system, filled the horizon. Obscurity covered its surface. In the blink of an eye, Muldar faded away, giving way to the planet Hul, like a lighthouse in the astral darkness. This planet's gravity was different than Kaštu's. It resembled Dubkù's, where every object weighed less. Smaller than Kaštu and Dubkù, its horizon seemed closer. The spaceship landed in a gloomy landscape, at the heart of a dusty desert that stretched out as far as the eye could see. Hardly had they arrived when they were led down into basements carved into the planet's crust. Glaring globes embedded in the rock illuminated the rough stone. The six other travelers who had been training for two Ud (*days*) greeted them with suspicion. Could this female, who had never left the

Mulmuš solar system, really be capable of successfully carrying out such a perilous mission? Barbélú knew that their first contact would be determinant. At a glance, she gauged the three couples. Simple, ordinary Mušidim. She did not find them to have any particular skill. Imperceptibly sticking out her chest, she raised her head high and her imposing Matriarchal posture swept away all doubt and defiance in an instant.



After quick introductions, Barbélú was informed of the main shuttle's name, which was kept from her before her departure. Queen Nuhád chose to baptize the main ship ÉA'AM, and its exploration shuttle ŠUHIA, which said a lot about the new space project called PIŠTÉŠ...

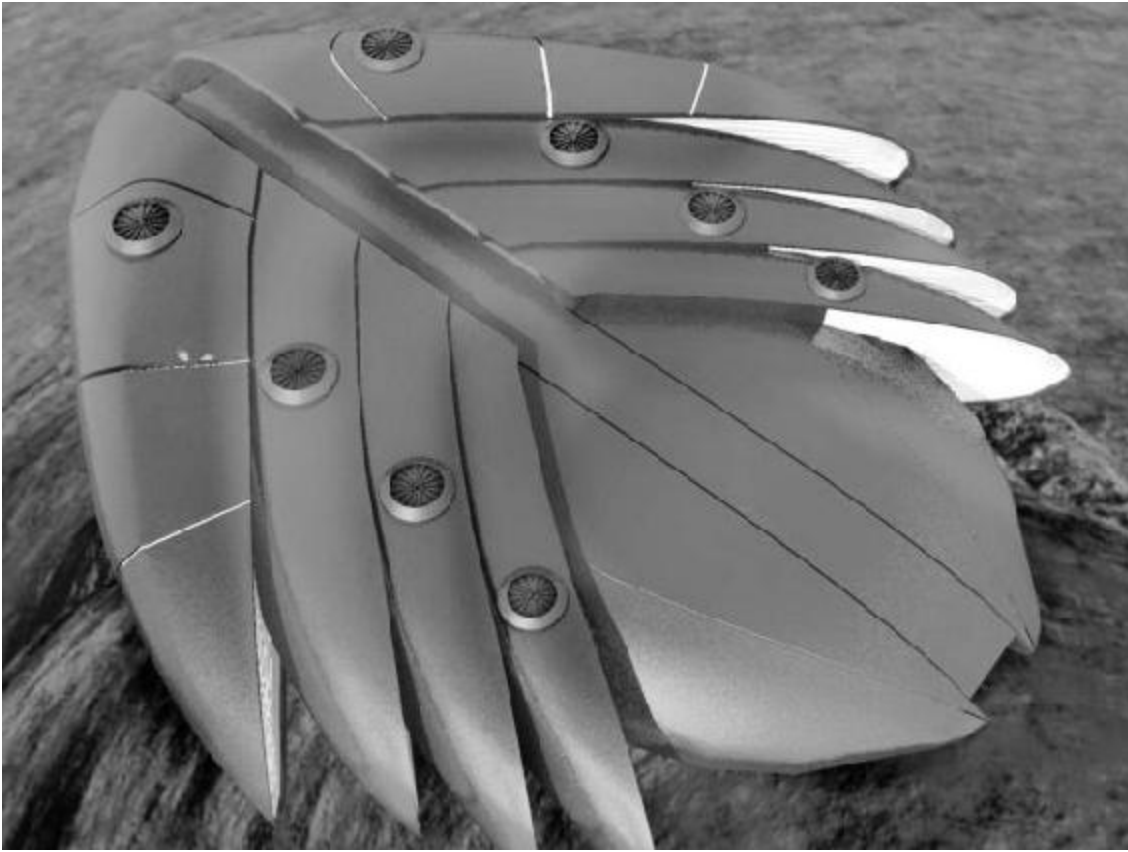
Barbélú and Mantara saw the impressive ÉA'AM when it was in its final stage of construction. Light from the projectors bounced off its dark envelope in the warehouse, where workers finished the assembly process. A team of technicians carried out the final inspections. The assembly of the cold thrust motors was complete. The crew could hear the first tests and the giant motors' gentle murmur, as it tried out all functions for the ultimate verifications before leaving the hanger.

The group of travelers had to complete a shocking training course that prepared them to face any unexpected situation that could arise on firm land or in empty space. Using and getting trained to the spacesuits took several Ud (*days*) of preparation. All protocols that could save their lives in the event of an emergency or crash landing was repeated until every gesture became automatic.

Part of their training focused on piloting the machines. Flight simulators on giant screens put them in every possible flight condition: the ÉA'AM spaceship take-off, and the ŠUHIA docking and entering the atmosphere using the exploration shuttle. The flight would be taken in artificial gravity conditions with periods of stasis for long-distance travel. Every flight phase was repeated in every possible condition until the pilots no longer showed the slightest sign of hesitation. The fundamentally reorganized training programs focused on anticipation problems that the mission could encounter. The pilots practiced survival exercises to be able to face any abnormal situation. The failures of the previous expeditions



were fresh in the memories of the Makers of Life and there was still deep trauma.



13. The ÉA'AM spaceship practicing take-off. Like ŠUHIA (see below), its shape resembles that of a marine arthropod, whose existence on Earth dates back to 500 million years. The Mušidim turned to nature for inspiration when confectioning their spacecraft. © Frantz Lasvignes / Anton Parks

After flight simulations, the real flight maneuvers proved to be particularly difficult. Each duo in the expedition piloted rudimentary shuttles so that they could endure the different levels of gravitational pull and their load factors, in case their planetary exploration shuttle lost its electromagnetic capability or if they encountered faults, failures, fires, or even depressurization. A shaceip flying in a basic mode without any artificial gravitational effect is a very difficult shuttle to steer, and can at any moment fall like a rock. In such a case, the pressure endured would rapidly increase almost six-fold. In such conditions, the weight of an average eight-kilogram (8 lb) Mušidim head would rapidly increase to forty-eight kilograms (105 lb) or more. When experiencing this kind of phenomenal pressure, the blood flows towards the body's extremities. The

brain lacks oxygen and the pilot experiences symptoms such as blurred vision or loss of consciousness, which could be fatal when controlling manually a spaceship or during a crash-landing. To alleviate the symptoms, an abdominal respiration technique is used, while also using the chest muscles to cool the rib cage. In order to get blood flowing back to the brain, the pilots learned to contract their lower body muscles such as their legs and bottoms.

Using simulators, the crew learned to position their spacecraft to enter the atmosphere from an oblique angle, in order to limit the enormous constraints and effects that the ship and its occupants would be subjected to. The PIŠTÉŠ mission pilots also had to become familiar with manual electromagnetic braking that would allow them to avoid landing in undesirable places.

The pilots had no respite. As soon as a phase was complete, they would carry on with the next. Once they became familiar with their exploration and life shuttle, they were made to carry out a drill simulating the worst of catastrophes leaving the crew all on its own: a Kingalàm attack in which they would be forced to abandon the mothership. They had to learn to hastily exit the principal ÉA'AM shuttle and undock the ŠUHIA shuttle in an emergency setting and reaching a time tunnel while piloting manually.

The program was followed by intense training on how to survive after an emergency landing in hostile territory. The group travelled to Dubkù, the stellar system's second planet, where wild life flourished, proof of the brilliant success of Šuhia's NUMUN program. Many reptiles of all kinds and sizes leapt around here and there. Some were impressive in stature; however, they were all inoffensive.

The pilots had to psychologically prepare for facing a difficult situation if they ever had to crash-land in the arduous conditions of a swampy and wooded terrain. They were trained to construct different shelters depending on the number of survivors using rescue kits, finding good land to camp on, starting a fire, using materials found on site... This amused the crew and they considered these exercises to be a kind of recreational activity following the complex technological training they had just undergone. They entertained themselves, except Barbélú, who took the survival sessions very seriously.



Their preparation was not over. Next, they had to work on the crew's cohesiveness to avoid any impulsive, anxious or irritable behavior, etc. In space, isolation and distance from the Mother-Home can cause stress or even depression. In this claustrophobia-inducing situation, the crew will be left on its own. During such a mission, the crew's cohesiveness was of major importance. As captain, Barbélú had to remain vigilant to detect any emotional disturbances or conflicts that could arise. She had to learn to discretely monitor the crew to identify the slightest detail that could lead to a conflict. She got to know each member of her team. Barbélú would be the sole psychological support available, in a place where no outside help could reach them. She was introduced with knowledge in psychology and psychiatry. The mission's cohesiveness rested entirely on her shoulders. She glowed with grace, every one of her movements was measured and delicate. Her supple silhouette and impressive size subjugated the other crew members. After such shared hardship, trust began to unite the group. Her natural authority asserted indisputable respect and facilitated the execution of her orders with the utmost consideration.

Every couple practiced neuronal junctions and conscience synchronizations at length. To increase their chances of survival during a manually piloted emergency landing, they had to be able to rapidly connect

with their partner to synchronize their cerebral waves. Anxiety disorders can also be cured thanks to a good neuronal junction. The ultimate objective was to connect all together through the mother couple, Barbélú / Mantara, the group's true core.

The before-last training session took place in the giant Muldar's atmosphere, to repeat the survival exercises in conditions that were as close to reality as possible. Some maneuvers consisted in going back out into space to repair potential external damages caused to ÉA'AM's exterior. The crew members had to be able to handle weightlessness and be sure of the impermeability of their spacesuits to protect themselves against radiation from space. In zero gravity, the inner ear has difficulty functioning and this can often cause disorientation, loss of balance, nausea or vomiting. Their exercises in Muldar's orbit allowed the four couples to test their physical reaction into space. Barbélú already had all the required capabilities, her Matriarchal genes and ability to move under water made it possible for her to move around under high pressure with ease. Moreover, her silhouette gradually transformed as her muscles intensified with the intensity of the training exercises.

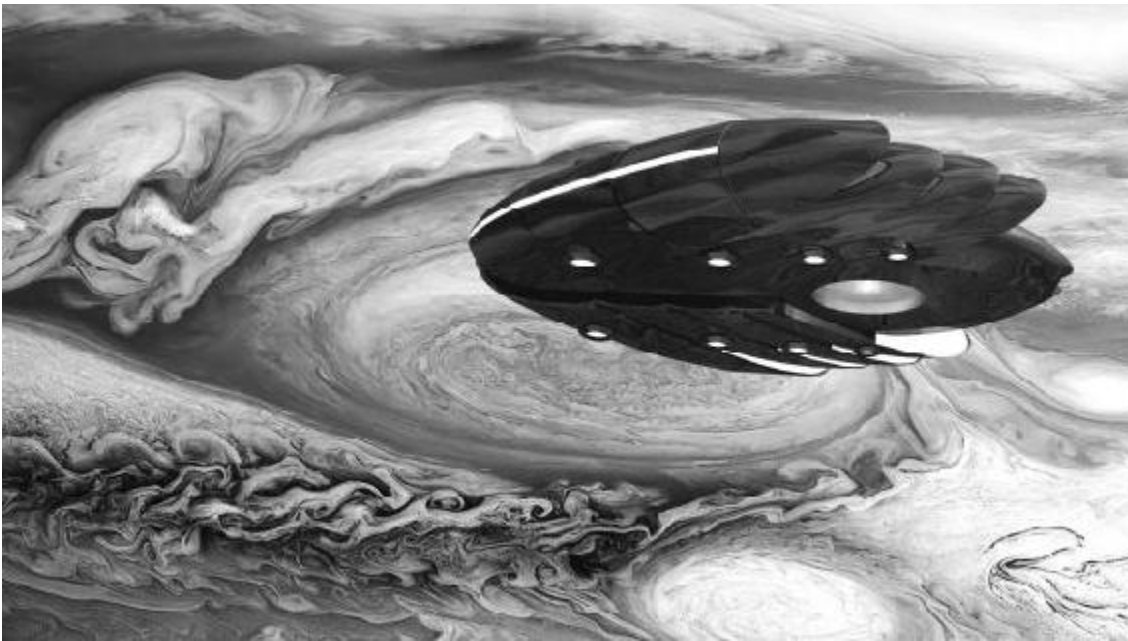
However, a problem arose after 5 Ud (*days*) of training in the spacial void: one of the males began to experience discomfort. Barbélú rescued him from space. He was unconscious. The subsequent tests brought to light an inner ear anomaly that until then the specialists hadn't noticed. His mission, and therefore his partner's, ended there. A new couple had to be found immediately to rapidly pass the different training stages to make-up for lost time and stick to the planning as closely as possible.

The last part of their training was geological. They had to identify rocks and minerals from alien soil. They were sent to gather rocks on Dubkù and the virgin zones of Hul. They had to observe the terrain and gather samples to be analyzed. One can learn a lot about a planet's history by studying its soil, such as the presence of underground water or important information that could help them if they were ever to crash-land in a desert.

The members of the PIŠTĚŠ mission had to repeat certain training procedures in order to know everything by heart until it all became automatic. After one Hul year, the team was ready. There were many scientific debates before the departure. The Makers of Life finally unanimously concluded that the space travelers should not enter the Meka Light Region, Anriba's (*la Galaxy*) central Bùranna (*black hole*). It would

take twenty Hul years to travel to their destination and return. Many Mušidim intellectuals questioned the possibility of the time travelers actually returning. Like many missions before this one, they feared the travelers would get lost in the cosmic abyss more than they feared an extension of the mission's duration.

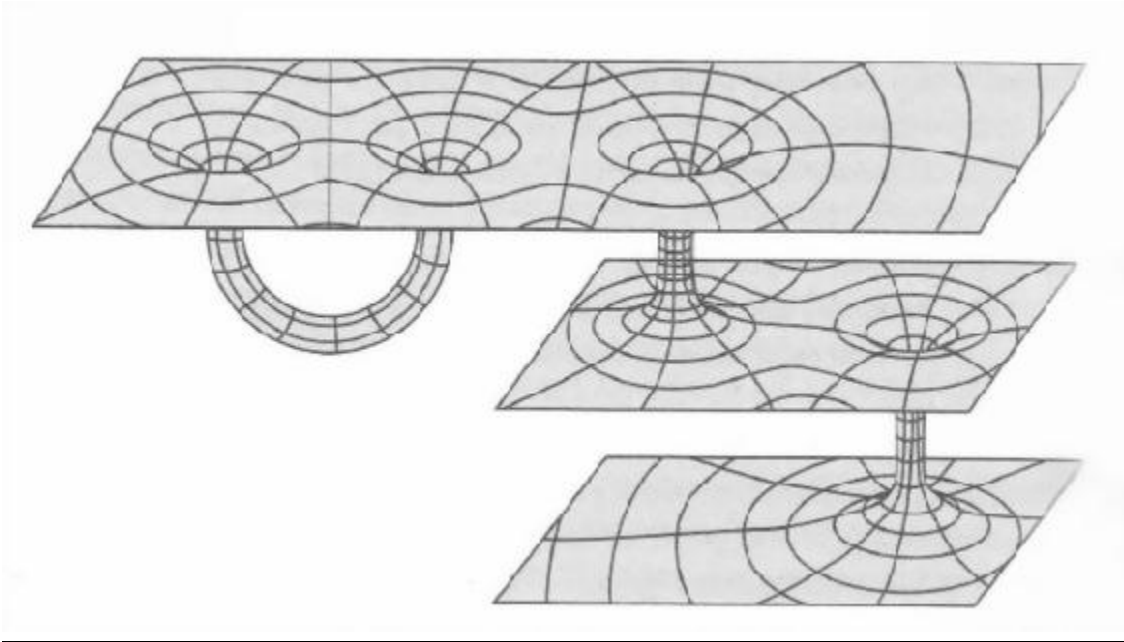
The impressive ovoid ÉA'AM spaceship took off from Dubkù, not far from where Éa'am and Pištěš disappeared in their Zida machine. The PIŠTĚŠ mission was directed towards Dapinu, the giant, gassy planet. The operations were led from Kaštu, the Makers of Life's royal world. ÉA'AM beamed through the valley of storms with great speed and plunged into one of the energetic light vortexes.



14. The ÉA'AM mother-ship traveling towards Dapinu's Valley of Storms. © **Frantz Lasvignes / Anton Parks**

During the first synchronization stage, the ship filled up with different lights and an amniotic like translucent fluid that makes molecular acceleration possible. During the second stage, the bodies began to float in the liquid that then solidified so that the passengers could withstand the shock from the acceleration. All of the colors of the rainbow-<sup>[91]</sup> could be seen. At the third stage, the ship reached its cruising speed. The protective substance liquefied once again to allow the passengers to move around inside their cockpit. Before programming their hibernation, the passengers could visualize their progression with the help of holograms projected onto

the ship's interior walls. The group then went to sleep until they reached the final stage of their journey through time and space, the final leap towards the center of the galaxy.



15. This is how Diranna (stellar portals) and time vortexes (wormholes) interconnect with distant regions in the Universe in space-time or even with parallel universes. © 2001 image from astrophysicist Jean-Pierre Luminet.

The journey was without incident, until they reached the nursery of the Sipazianna (*Orion*) Nebula's stars, the heavenly place filled with light gas and cosmic dust floating in a greenish cloud<sup>[92]</sup>. This source of matter and life forms a stable bridge, except in the Ga'anzír Shadow region where the Mušidim's ancestors proceeded with their stellar abortion. They probably invented this term to indicate that this location cuts through the Milky Way. Now out of their sleep, the crew members turned ÉA'AM's artificial gravity back on. They observed the shadowy clouded region through the ship's windows. They had a fascinating view right before their eyes.

Barbélú trembled before the view with fascinated and horrified eyes. She had studied the convergence points well before their arrival in Sipazianna. The sight she was witnessing seemed unimaginable, despite her reason and ability to anticipate events. She ordered the observation of every zone while trying to cover up her emotions. Mantara noticed, but with a subtle look she asked him not to insist. Even though Barbélú knew all the

restrictions and taboos of the Makers of Life's science, she in that moment simply limited herself to robotically give the order, nothing more.

This stage's first goal was to make a radiograph of the Sipazianna (Orion), Ga'anzír Shadow zones and the latter's supernova remnants in order to study their connection to Mulmuš, the Mušidim Solar System. The impaired interstellar tunnels connected to the Mulmuš system were mapped. Their studies indicated that the Makers of Life's Solar System and its cosmic surroundings were probably formed after the Ga'anzír Shadow region exploded. The elementary matter in Sipazianna (*Orion*) was a cloud made of an interstellar substance that came together along the galactic arm and light vortexes before densifying as it went along and formed a protoplanetary disk when it cooled. This discovery was a problem for the PISTÉŠ mission. It rattled what they thought they knew about the Mušidim family and its place of origin. How could the Makers of Life's dynasty come from Mulmuš while their ancestors, who came from the same place, created the shadowy Ga'anzír region; the same region that gave birth to their Solar System after cycles and cycles of gestation in the galactic arm? It didn't make sense. Barbélú and her crew's mission was not to discuss or think about their origins. They just transferred the information to Mulmuš and made their way towards the center of Anriba.

The second stage's goal in Sipazianna was to enter the Ga'anzír Shadow region and one of its vortexes in order to reach the center of the galaxy. For the first time, Barbélú confessed that she had doubts, and as a result the entire mission was called into question. She expressed doubts about entering a time vortex in the shadow zone. None of this made sense. Their beliefs crumbled. It was like a bad dream they couldn't wake up from, stuck in a never-ending nightmare. The crew became worried and they began to debate. The new information modified their program's initial data. Barbélú considered sending a message back to their stellar system, but the response time would be too long and this would lead to a massive mission delay. They had to decide as fast as possible. There are several Bùranna (*black holes*) near the Ga'anzír Shadow region and their presence modifies the space-time continuum. In this heavenly location, every Udàr (*minute*) transforms into long Danna (*hours*) as if time were frozen.

Tension increased within the crew. This whole situation was distressing, they had to act. Barbélú and Mantara synchronized their cerebral waves and took command of the spaceship to leave the ghost zone

as quickly they could. The rest of the crew cheered them on, relieved that they did not have to decide in the face of this terrible dilemma. ÉA'AM cold-drive engines turned on. Barbélú ordered the crew to take their seats, submerging them with technical instructions. The enormous machine began to pivot backwards when two dark, unknown ships suddenly appeared in the same dimension. Other ships followed, like scorpions ready to strike. An unknown voice echoed throughout the cockpit. Barbélú recognized the Kingalàm's strange intonation immediately: she had studied it very long in the archives.

“What is it?” gasped a crew member.

“It’s the Kingalàm. I can’t understand what they’re saying,” answered Barbélú.

“But you’re the specialist!”

“Nobody knows how to speak this language!”

The same voice still resonated. Some members wanted to make the trip back by jumping into a time vortex right away. Barbélú reminded them that they first had to program the exit point or they might otherwise get lost and miss the right Diranna (*stellar portal*). Suddenly, the ship shook with a loud noise. A terrible roar resonated through the ship, a hole had been blown through it. The crew members panicked. Barbélú tried to calm them down, explaining that now they had no other choice but to speak with the Kingalàm, but amongst the total confusion no one listened to her. The fire seemed to reach parts of ÉA'AM. A thick smoke overwhelmed the cabin. Taken aback, the crew fled in a race for survival. The situation left them with only one possibility: they had to exit the ship and try to flee using the ŠUHIA shuttle. Distraught, they slipped on their suits, grabbed their helmets and ran through mother-ship's corridors under the piercing sound of sirens coupled with the infernal sound coming from outside the ship. The suffocating smoke filled every sector and forced the crew to wear their helmets. Heavy shots crackled in the suffocating air. Out of breath, the Makers of Life reached the airlock and got in one by one. They hermetically sealed the door behind them. Even in panic, every member knew how to execute their respective tasks for ŠUHIA's emergency undocking. The shuttle shook violently and separated from the mother-ship among debris of metal and fire.





16. The ŠUHIA shuttle hastily leaving the mother-ship, ÉA'AM. © Frantz Lasvignes / Anton Parks

The space seemed to consume itself through the scroched windows of the ship, streaked with flames and lightning. Part of the central control screen was no longer lighting up. Barbélú and Mantara concentrated to enter into neuronal piloting mode. The ŠUHIA shuttle sunk into deep space. Without desynchronizing, Barbélú mobilized all her concentration. She knew that the crew's destiny lied in her hands. The small spaceship seemed ready to push through the galactic barriers to escape from the immeasurable danger. Far behind, the inert ÉA'AM agonized in flames, abandoned and left to its fate. The enemy spaceships chased after them. The flamboyant dots on their red monitors indicated their presence and confirmed their determination. Walled in silence, Barbélú rapidly initiated the calculations to reach the closest Diranna (*stellar portal*). Regardless of where they would end up, they had to find a way to escape as quickly as possible. She would improvise during the temporary break provided by the time tunnel. The Kingalàm's menacing voices suddenly burst out in a maelstrom of incomprehensible frequencies. "It's the end," said Mantara, laconically. The little ship dodged shots coming from all sides until one of them hit and its rear began to burn. The objective appeared on the screen and the ŠUHIA shuttle jumped through the narrow window before it. The brutal change in speed released the translucent fluid that allows to cope with molecular acceleration. They dove into one of the universe's multiple time vortexes, in

which time collapsed on itself from the concentrated action of light particles.”

## 8 - BEYOND THE LIGHT OF APPEARANCES

*"The reason why the Virgin (Barbelo) became a male:  
because she was separated from the male.  
The knowledge was out of him but came from within him.  
But she who exists, she who searches, she possesses it the same way the  
Triple-Power does. She extracted herself from these two [powers] due to the  
fact  
that she is [outside of] this Great Unique."*  
**NH X - Marsane, 9,1 - 9,11**

*"The Eons were not made because of creation,  
but it is creation that was made because of them:  
they are not the images of the things from here below,  
but the things from here below are their images.  
They account for the image by saying that the month has thirty days  
because of the thirty Eons of Pleroma,  
that the day has twelve hours and the year has twelve months  
because of the Dodecahedron, and so on."*  
**Irenaeus, Against the Heresies, excerpt 2,2;3**



17. The ŠUHIA shuttle emerging from the other side of the time tunnel, towards a hostile world. © Frantz Lasvignes / Anton Parks

## E

### Ĝirkù -Tìla Nuréa / Dili-ME-Ussu

“Straight ahead, at the center of the gushing colors of the rainbow, a bright light appeared. Through her headset, Barbélú could hear her crew gasping. She felt a squeeze on her shoulder... The shining disk violently chased the air around it, provoking a phenomenal depression in its wake, which absorbed several plants and a large quantity of water. The Mulmuš Erudite felt herself falling. Darkness surrounded her. The controls of the spaceship were shattered under the effect of the crash, nailing it permanently to the ground. Had she lost consciousness? She found herself lying immobilized by the deflagration and completely bogged down in the protective liquid. Above her head, a circle of starry sky appeared; signifying that the shuttle had broken like a dead branch. The size of the trees around the spaceship surpassed anything she knew.

Slowly regaining consciousness, she took a quick physical inventory of herself by carefully moving each of her parts. Everything seemed to be working. A warm wind caressed her hands, freed from her lacerated jumpsuit. Completely rattled, she lifted herself with difficulty from the cluster of gelatinous scrap metal, not dwelling on the inert bodies around

her. Barbélú crawled through the woods in the middle of the night. Breathless with shock, her heart pounded in her headset. She quickly understood that their trajectory had led them to a hostile planet. Her night vision allowed her to see gigantic, silent shapes in the distance, grazing on large plants with curved branches. The smashes of their heavy feet reached her both through sound and the ground's vibrations.

She was surprised to see she could move with ease. Gravity was obviously different on Kaštu. Luckily, oxygen necessary for the breath of life enveloped this wild world. The plants vaguely resembled the ones she knew, but were much more bigger than usual. Each variety of tree seemed to form a miniature ecosystem which reinforced the area's biodiversity. Barbélú painfully freed herself from her helmet and half-burnt jumpsuit.

Her hands gripped the fresh grass. As she approached the debris of the spaceship to provide assistance to any potential survivors, her enemy brutally emerged through the Diranna (*stellar portal*). A somber-looking combat spaceship halted for a moment near the crash. Streams of light allowed her to assess her surroundings. The menacing object then paused over the disemboweled craft and scanned it meticulously in a similar way. The enemy detected the thermal footprints and inanimate bodies of its occupants. With this first expertise completed, the sinister silhouette finally took its leave in silence, probably to observe the area. Barbélú remained motionless on the ground, face against the earth. Fully aware of the fury of the Kingalàm, as well as their cold-blooded ferociousness, she could not afford to be noticed. Nobody knows why the Kingalàm consume worlds, nor why they hunt Life- Makers.

The Matriarch hid while she devised a plan to neutralize her enemy. She reassured herself with the fact that, in this inextricable, wild nature, she would be difficult to locate. However, she was displeased when she saw the dreadful spaceship begin a dizzying descent, dropping off three heavily armed individuals. The adversary had detected traces of the fugitive. Throwing away all caution, she began a frantic race. The furious cries of her pursuers, accompanied by fiery shots burst through the darkness. Barbélú understood that her thermal footprint was betraying her. To hide from the detectors, she suddenly dropped the temperature of her body in order to elude the Kingalàm, as her body could store or burn calories and thus become invisible to enemy devices. This strategy gave her more latitude and she adopted slow and restrained movements. Her slender

silhouette blended in with the majestic columns of plants. The forest slowly awakened. The deafening beeping of insects gradually ceased, giving way to the cries of mysterious animals. The dawn had not yet appeared. Daylight's star was nowhere to be seen and the night was endless! The darkness was a key factor for her. Barbélú's hearing was harshly put to the test: she could hear all of the specter's audible and inaudible frequencies. It took her a few Danna (*hours*) of adapting to handle all of this information and begin to analyze it. Barbélú's entire mind was focused on a response strategy. Like a snake, she slipped through the vegetation to reach the tall trees and climb them without a sound. She was completely naked. The freedom from sartorial constraints, added to her natural agility and the weak gravity, gave her an extra advantage. Silently, she quickly found herself on top of this plant world. Her strategic position and innate infrared vision allowed her to watch her prey from a distance in the dark. Her enemies did not have this ability. They were using night vision goggles that greatly limited their visual field.

A maze of numerous plants were passing at high speed under her feet. Through the thick foliage, she could make out the figures of her trackers making painful progress. With feline agility, she approached her targets from tree to tree, pausing her breathing to be safe. The three assembled Kingalàm headed in her direction. In a flash, she attacked the group. The speed and force of her impact left them with no chance. Two of the Kingalàm found themselves pushed into the brushes from the shock, while she met face to face with the leader of the group, who's size was greatly inferior to her own. He did not see the blow coming. With the edge of her hand, she inflicted a deep slash and broke his neck: he was dead instantly. In the dark, the two survivors began to fire haphazardly. Barbélú quickly retreated, congratulating herself on the intensive training she had been subjected to. Jumping, the Matriarch climbed the oblique side of a large tree while listening to the far-off voices of the terrified soldiers. She was out of reach. Fear had switched sides! In the twilight she silently scrutinized them. The Kingalàm had just measured the limits of their equipment. They remained motionless, as if paralyzed, indecisive in the absence of their chief. The small group opted to flee, the only chance for salvation. Heavily weighed down by their harnesses, they made painful

progress through uneven terrain in the exuberantly interlaced plants. They quickly grew tired. They were at her mercy.

Barbélú decided to finish them off quickly. She let herself drop from the top of the vault of giant pines. From her spectacular jump, more than 12 Gi-[\[93\]](#) (36 *meters*) high, she landed on a Kingalàm who staggered and fell into the vegetation with a broken back. The forest silenced his agonizing screams. The other turned around with his weapon pointed at her. At lightning speed, she disarmed him with the omnipotent strength of Níama. With a hard blow from the palm of her hand, she smashed his head on a tree trunk, triggering shrill cries from frightened birds. In the meantime, the wounded one had escaped. Barbélú searched the giant ferns with her transparent blue gaze to find him. She followed his trace on the ground and located him some distance away, immobile and tangled in the carnivorous plants. Evidently, this wild planet's forest produced more than just exotic nectars and fruits...

The stars were slowly extinguished in the lightening sky. In front of her, a new day had begun, animated by the light of dawn. The Matriarch viewed this strange world in a new way, deep within, Barbélú felt a sense of rebirth.



Barbélú began an unrelenting exploration of her new environment. This world's ancient moon no longer existed. Its rocky and milky remains spread out through the firmament and wrapped around the planet. Made up of lush vegetation where gigantic pines reigned, the forest contained a few marshes teeming with life. This utterly unspoiled wildlife attested to the absence of any evolved civilization. Life here was unlimited, since nothing existed as a barrier to restrain it. The bright light that appeared at the end of the galactic tunnel was not as Barbélú had imagined, but a universal essence seemed to have filled the planet. This unbelievable place was a prolific world where the brutal blended with the divine. The Matriarch was immediately won over and her heart flooded with respect for the wild planet that destiny had placed on her path.

Danger was still lurking. The Kingalàm spaceship was incessantly coming and going over the tall treetops. With no news and cut off from its

warriors, it was tracking any sign from the outside in the hopes of finding a trace of their presence. Above the immense forest was a vast expanse of grassy steppes. Barbélú did not take the risk of venturing there. For the moment, she was avoiding finding herself out in the open, at her adversary's mercy. She walked and walked some more. Many strange noises surrounded her. At the edge of the vast forest, humungous Nehamuš (*peaceful reptiles*) with long necks snapped their jaws and grazed the greasy grass. Their little ones ran around the group and shoved each other playfully. Their cries of delight animated the vast plain. There seemed to exist no predators capable of worrying the herbivorous Nehamuš, only flying species seemed hostile. Still, Barbélú noticed several types of warm-blooded creatures: some were stocky with short legs, while some species were slender and very fast, that seemed to pose a threat to her safety: their carnivorous diet suggested that they burned many calories and their rapid digestion required frequent meals.

Barbélú was not carrying a weapon. Hers were in her spaceship, and those that belonged to her enemy were lost in the forest. She carved a temporary lance with the help of a branch and retreated into the protective forest. Hunger tortured her. Barbélú could not take the chance of going out in the open in full daylight. She waited a long, long while, until the bird's chirps ceased, before heading to the shell-covered shores to feed on odorous algae whose appetizing fragrance she had detected from afar. Once more, she lowered her body's temperature to evade the infrared detectors of the Kingalàm ship. The hunting spaceship silent swishes produced regular crackling in the tall pines. She had to hide herself, not only from her enemy but also from the ferocious giant birds whose terrifying wings she could see beating against the opalescent night sky. Her night vision allowed her to keep watch on them as if it were broad daylight.





18. Barbélú had to face predatory birds of the Pterosaur family.  
© Frantz Lasvignes / Anton Parks.

Her sense of smell had not failed her. She found edible green algae on the shore. A warm, calm, and shallow sea stretched far past her line of sight. She ventured in to stock up on plankton. The beneficial contact of the water on her skin brought her some comfort, but obsessive thoughts kept bringing her mind back to her peers: could they have survived the catastrophe? Above her head, the surreal light of the ancient moon in the clear water split into fragments in space like glittering hair.

Day rose. She calculated that night lasted two or three times as long as on Kaštu. The same was true for the days. The position of this planet seemed closer to the sun than that of her distant planet. With the approaching return of the light, she had to start thinking of taking cover. She left the vast ocean and its infinite beaches to return to the relative safety of the deep jungle. Barbélú received vivifying caresses on her face from the fresh vapors that the dawn took from the pines needles. But the harsh reality of her situation inexorably brought her back to far less sensual considerations. She absolutely had to return to the scene of the disaster to bring aid to potential survivors or, what seemed more likely, to offer funerary blessings.

The forest fauna fed on shrubs and bark, and had the habit of leaving the night grasses to make paths through the thick vegetation. Certain species moved in straight lines, behind one another to dissimilate their number. They traced veritable traffic lanes in the dense foliage. Guided by her sense of smell, the Dark Matriarch followed their tracks to easily find her way to the location of the catastrophe. The Kingalàm device was still lurking in the area. Barbélú snuck carefully around, try to not to be noticed. Arriving at the location, she faced the disaster. She hurried towards the lifeless body of Mantara. An unspeakable pain weighed on her heart. Nothing and nobody could relief her from this sorrow. Life had left the Mantara's body that she shook while noisily imploring the sky, tearing through the rising dawn at the base of the abyss. Her heartbreaking calls barely disturbed the abundant wildlife. All the projects she was meant to share with her companion collapsed in an instant. There were no survivors. She cursed the sky and this new land for their cruelty. What would become of her, alone here, in this hostile world?

It was absolutely necessary that she avoid the instincts of the forest predators, attracted by death. It became urgent to burn the remains and perform the rite of passage as prescribed the tradition. The Kingalàm threat forbade any initiative on her part. What could she do? She decided to attempt a dangerous maneuver to force the enemy spaceship into landing. Cautiously, Barbélú collected her adversaries' frequency devices and used a code she had identified in the archives to invite the ship to land. The Kingalàm pilot parked the apparatus in the middle of the tall trees. Suspicious, he did not unlock its compartment. Since there was no movement outside, the pilot carefully sent out a frequency to the Kingalàm

instruments she was carrying. They crackled into the void. She did not know how to answer. Desperate, Barbélú shook a bush to lure the Kingalàm. The feint did not work. The ship was already starting its take-off and gaining altitude. The Matriarch felt a terrible contraction tying her stomach muscles in knots. It was now or never! With a sudden jump, she threw herself against the cockpit. She landed loudly, arms and legs spreaded, her tail whipping furiously. Barbélú came face to face with her enemy through the tinted window of the cockpit. Seized with terror, the Kingalàm could not look away from her captivating gaze. The vessel picked up speed. She stayed in place despite the growing force pushing her back, and her aching muscles, petrified from the effort. The tension filled her with irrepressible rage. She stared relentlessly at her enemy, and with the strength of her mind, ordered him to land. The Kingalàm could not resist the mental hold of Níama. An icy sensation squeezed him so hard that he lost all control. The apparatus began a steep drop, crashing in the hollow of a valley. Under the effect of the harsh impact, Barbélú rolled to the ground abruptly, but instantly got back on her feet. Nothing seemed to move inside the spaceship. The enemy remained unconscious in his cockpit. Outside, Barbélú was growing impatient. Pacing agitatedly, she assaulted the apparatus with violent blows to wake up the pilot, but he still did not regain consciousness. Once again, she relied on the Níama technique and screamed in the Kingalàm's mind. Her enemy suddenly awoke. The Matriarch ordered him to come out. Like an automaton, he obeyed without flinching.

A bright and windy day with a golden vibration elapsed to the wildlife's rhythm. The quasiparalyzed but conscious Kingalàm descended from the apparatus to surrender. Barbélú's size surpassed his own by two heads. She circled him, sniffing him all over. The abject smell of her prisoner inconvenienced her, but his skin, which shone like the sun, commanded respect for his lineage in several galaxies. The Kingalàm have control over many worlds. Civilized people of our Universe who travel in the stars know of their violence and dread them. The Kingalàm make planets tremble to their cores, beyond galactic barriers and conventions specific to each galaxy.

She had him at her mercy. His tormented blue eyes possessed the same color as this planet's vast ocean. His legs trembled from the fear she provoked in him. Should she spare the life of her enemy? With the help of

thick vines, Barbélú tied the Kingalàm to a tall pine tree. She quickly investigated the inside of the spaceship and attempted to start it to no avail. The mechanics inside this apparatus were unknown to her. She did not fret, and knew she would find a way to start it. In her own world, she was renowned for her indisputable and exceptional intellectual capacities. To be safe, she took the crystal that served as a central generator. Then she abandoned her powerless adversary at the mercy of the carnivorous birds and other predators of the valley. Destiny would decide his fate.



The struggle with the Kingalàm had led her away from the site of the crash. She returned in the direction of the lush forest to proceed with the cremation of her unfortunate companions. She followed the deep paths traced by the large herbivores that rule as king over chaos matter. It took her two days walking to reach her destination. In the greatest state of introspection, she made all the preparations for the ceremony she performed with fervor. Desperate, after the ritual, overwhelmed with loneliness and sorrow, she understood that she would now have to complete her project on her own.

Back in the valley's hallow, she found the Kingalàm still alive. Miraculously, the wild world has spared him. Starving and weak, he was sinking into the abyss of madness. Because nature had kept him alive, she respected its verdict. The erudite try to gave him plants but he refused theme. He would have rather consumed flesh and drank animal blood. Barbélú took him down from the tree and bound him up to take with her.

The Dark Matriarch planned a great journey of prospection to find a favorable place for the realization of her Project. She instinctively followed an itinerary through the interminable vegetation. One day, they paused near a mountain, battered by irascible winds at the foot of which she found a majestic, silver waterfall that branched into multiple leaping streams. She discovered the entrance to a deep cave, hidden by the imposing waterfall. Before exploring it, she tied up the Kingalàm once more. His sly look filtered his ignorance, and a perpetual hatred showed that he was nothing worthwhile. For food, during the trip, he ate only forest berries under the constraint of his protector. Inside the heart of darkness in the bowls of the

earth, after a long peregrination, Barbélú found the perfect spot. She dug a great circular pit at the bottom of the fertile abyss of this unknown planet. The thunder of her Mother-Home would have fallen upon her, if she had she tried to bring her Project to life in her home planet... But the Kaštu Council was far away now. In this new reality, light years away, the Mother-Home's authority did not apply to her and had been collapsed for a while.

This newly sacred space would see the birth of a new line with a fantastic destiny.

It was important that she protect her descendants from the forest predators with an infallible

sense of smell. Tirelessly, she watched for an inestimable length of time. She watched over her embryos of light, with the infinite love and patience of a mother, only moving away to satisfy the appetite of the Kingalàm. When the time of maturation had come. Mother Barbélú left her eggs in the nest of generous earth, letting her little ones come out of their shells on their own.

She was the matrix of all things.

She existed before any of us,

Barbélú, Mother of Origins..."



# 2nd PART

## TERRAFORMATIONS

# 1 - THE FIRST DAY OF THE GINA'ABUL

*“We called her Barbelo in virtue of [a] thought, the [p]erfect Virgin  
Male for the triple ra[ce].*

*As for her own knowledge, she came through her mediation so that we  
would not [d]rag her to the bottom and so that she would not drift further  
away because of those who would exist through her and those who would  
survive.*

*But she is simply unique in her [a]bility to know the pre-existing God,  
because she was superior (to all)...”*

**NH VIII,1 - Zostrien, 83,9 - 83,20**



Ğirkù -Tìla Nuréa / Min-ME-Dili

“Mother-Matrix traveled with her prisoner towards other lands to find food, which is why she was absent during the egg hatching. Continually bound, the Kingalàm was unable to take care of himself and Mother had to hunt for him. He was starving and his condition was becoming critical. Barbélú didn't have to eat as much as he did, she was even able to fast for several Ud (*days*) without any difficulty. The Kingalàm's different diet required additional work on her part and forced her to improvise hunting strategies. This mission was particularly difficult for her, especially since she didn't have any weapons, and because it revolted her to have to sacrifice the lives of wild animals. She hunted with such dexterity that the Kingalàm imagined that her skill came from many years of experience.

Her enemy was a heavy burden to carry. He did not speak the same language at all, and his customs were very different than hers. Antisocial, cranky and choleric, he was savage and hatred animated every fiber of his being. Yet against all logic, Mother wanted to let him live. Maybe she wanted to rid him of the evil that was eating away at him, to make him



more “peaceful.” She spent long moments observing him silently. He pretended to ignore her while devouring his bloody meals.

The Kingalàm tried to communicate on several occasions. He made signs and sounds, imitating his flying machine. She understood that he suggested using it to facilitate their movements. Barbélú shook her head. She could not take any risks. Nothing about this flesh eater with skin pale as the clouds made her want to trust him. She feared he was setting a trap. For security measures, she had hidden the spaceship's crystal generator in a place she only knew. Once they were full, they set off again, the Kingalàm's arms and upper half tied up with thick creepers once more.

At the foot of the fertilized mountain, Mother left her prisoner at the entrance of the cave and slipped into the tunnel with indulging reflexions. The divine progeny had devoured its shells during her absence. Out of six eggs, only three gave life, one of which produced a double creation: three males, two of whom were twins, and a female. From the beginning of their fetus stage, far from any influence foreign to this world, the four newborns' morphology adapted to the strange realm that Mother baptized as Rúmgar [\[94\]](#). Their simultaneous appearance was evolution's convergence, a prior spontaneous mutation in the same matrix. Only our Mother of Origins could conceive such a prodigy.

The twins' physiognomy was very different than their brother's. The twins seemed very awake, they had an amphibian aspect that was adapted to water, which was very present on Rúmgar. Well- built and a bit stocky without being fat, tailless, they had webbed hands and feet and two little pectoral fins. Their supple bodies facilitated moving in rivers and oceans. Their double respiratory system, pulmonary and cutaneous, allowed them to live both on land and underwater. Depending on the circumstances, they could choose pulmonary breathing on dry land or epidermal breathing to absorb oxygen from a liquid. Their reddish eyes allowed them to adapt their vision to their natural surroundings, therefore to see on land just as well as underwater. They had no apparent genitals because these were lodged under the skin. Mother called them Abgal, which means “*big elders*”.

Even though they were all still at the developing stage, the solitary male was already bigger in size than the two Abgal and his sister. Like his Abgal borthers, his sex was not visible. With a medium-sized tail, his morphology was better suited for the terrestrial element. He had undeniable strength. Underneath his scaled skin, his young muscles indicated a

predisposition for digging galleries and racing on dry and humid terrain. He was very alert and possessed exceptional qualities that allowed him to move faster than any other living creature on the planet, surpassing their olfactory, visual and auditory senses. In addition to his out of the ordinary intelligence and physiology, he had a tender heart. He was particularly attached to his sister and bothers, which is why Mother called him Muš'sagtar : "*the reptile with a judicious heart*".

The female had a very complex anatomical structure. Like her mother and three brothers, she had a receding forehead and a bald elongated cranium<sup>[95]</sup>. She was very slim and was biped just like her brothers, but she could also move around rapidly and pounce on all fours. Just like Muš'sagtar, she had a tail that she controlled like any of her limb. Her skin's tissues acted as a thermic regulator. Rapid changes in temperature were not an inconvenience for her. She had inherited the ability to see vibrations and infrared rays from her genitor. She saw absolutely everything. She had all the necessary features to survive in hostile territory. She would also be responsible for guaranteeing the new race's longevity. Mother called the female Emesir: "*nurturer-snake*".



All of the children's abilities came from Barbélú and her sisters, the Dark Matriarchs. The little ones developed as rapidly as most of the animals on the planet. From birth, they could stand up on their hind legs and move around as they pleased. The moment they saw their mother, they stood up and extended their arms to receive her maternal warmth and affection for the first time. Mother-Matrix hugged them tenderly, but this softness did not last. Struggling with her emotions, she pushed them back delicately. The sun had already been up for a few Danna (*hours*) now and was bathing exuberant nature in its nourishing radiance. They had to leave their refuge to greet the outside world and learn how to live autonomously. Rúmgar's difficult world was no gift. They had to prepare themselves. This beautiful day would be a suitable introduction. Before leaving the protective cave, Mother reminded them of their names. She turned to the two older brothers, the aquatic beings, and said:

“Abgal. you are called Abgal.”

“Ab-gal,” one of them replied timidly in a fragile tone, hitting his chest.

His younger sister was moved by the soft caress of mother's voice. She pointed to herself and proudly said her name, “*Emesir*”. She mouth let out a high-pitched timbre that amused the little group. Her vocal chords were still slightly atrophied and could not yet produce a controlled sound. Mother made a gesture to let her know that this transitory phenomenon was of no importance to her. Muš’šagtar was slightly to the side. He came forth confidently and from his hesitant lips let out, “Muš’šagaatar.” Mother frowned slightly and corrected him:

“Muš’šagtar, not ‘Mus'saaagtar’. Repeat, my son.”

“Mus'sagtaaar?” he repeated, grimacing.

“No, Muš’šagtar. Once more.”

“Muš’šagtar,” he finally articulated, with difficulty.

“That's it.”

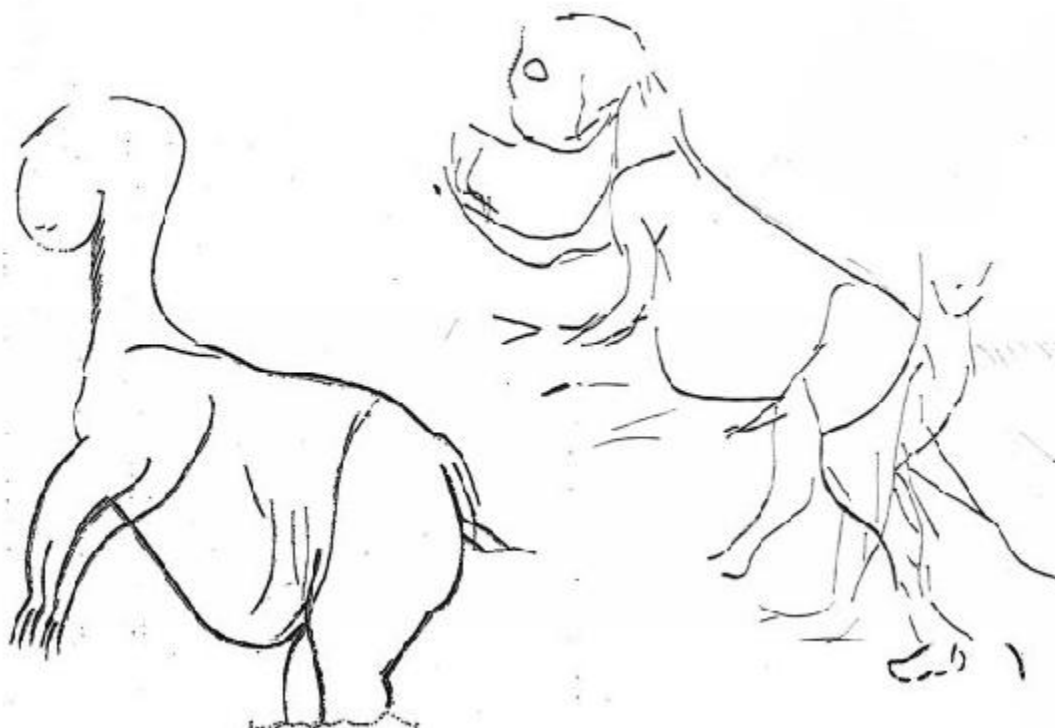
Mother asked the younger sister to come forward and, while holding her tightly, told the three brothers: “Your sister is your future. Her life is as precious as yours. I will conceive more *Emesir* females and you will have to protect all of them as much as this one. Is that clear?”

The three children solemnly acquiesced. The new race produced by Mother-Matrix had very premature aptitudes. Not only could they understand these words, but they also grasped their extreme significance. Barbélú then invited them to assemble around her and to go out into the open air. On the way, the younger sister did not stop repeating “*Emesir*” with amusement. She interpreted her name's concept all while realizing that she would one day be a mother just like her genitor. She was filled with pride.

The day that promised to be excellent was nevertheless filled with surprise: the Kingalàm who was constrained at the cave's entrance had disappeared. The cut vines lay on the ground next to a sharpened stone. A wave of panic overwhelmed Barbélú: her offspring were now in great danger! Mother looked around her frenetically, and noticed her adversary's footprints in the dry grass. She signaled to her little ones to stay quiet and to stay close while following her. The children's stomachs were in knots from anxiety. The group infiltrated the forest following the footprints that only Mother could identify. Even underneath the thick forest leaves and branches, the sun's ardor was pleasant to the children. The footprints led to the valley where the Kingalàm's ship went down. Barbélú wanted to walk

faster to intercept the enemy before he could reach the spaceship. It couldn't fly anymore, deprived of the crystal generator that Mother took away, but the Kingalàm would attempt to send a message somewhere using one of his unknown machines. Hunger and heat drained the children's paltry energy. After a slow walk, the little group had to stop its progression at the edge of a large, grassy prairie filled with multicolor flowers. A horde of great Hušmuš (*wild reptiles*) with hollow roars and a huge appetite filled themselves up with the abundant vegetation. The earth resonated and vibrated under the hundreds of heavy footsteps. Crouched in the tall grass, the children were both anxious and in awe as they observed the supple long-necked gigantic ruminants. In a heavy mood, slightly moist, in which the smells of flowers and excrements mixed, the herd emitted a joyful anarchy that could be shattered and transformed into an uncontrollable panic from the slightest intrusion. Barbélú signaled to her children not to make any sudden moves and to cautiously go back under the forest's cover. The little ones were exhausted. Mother had to take care of their nutrition as fast as she could.

There were no limits to this land's riches. She would have no trouble finding something to reinvigorate them with. Keeping an eye on her kids, Barbélú confectioned a bag made of fibers and began filling it with roots and plants. Muš'šagtar appeared to be in better shape than the two Abgal and Emesir. Mother-Matrix signaled him to help her find certain plants and roots whose attributes she was accustomed to, having already consumed them since her arrival onto this strange and menacing world. She then inspected the great reptile's large prairie's periphery. She found exactly what she was looking for and ordered the amphibians and the female to hide in an abandoned hole. Mother gave them a handful of roots and ordered them not to move. She covered the hole with vegetation mixed with Hušmuš (*wild reptiles*) excreta and took off with her third son. In their precarious den, the hidden children huddled to give each other heat and comfort. Every one of their limbs trembled, frightened by the earth's vibrations and the big long-necked reptile's shouts.

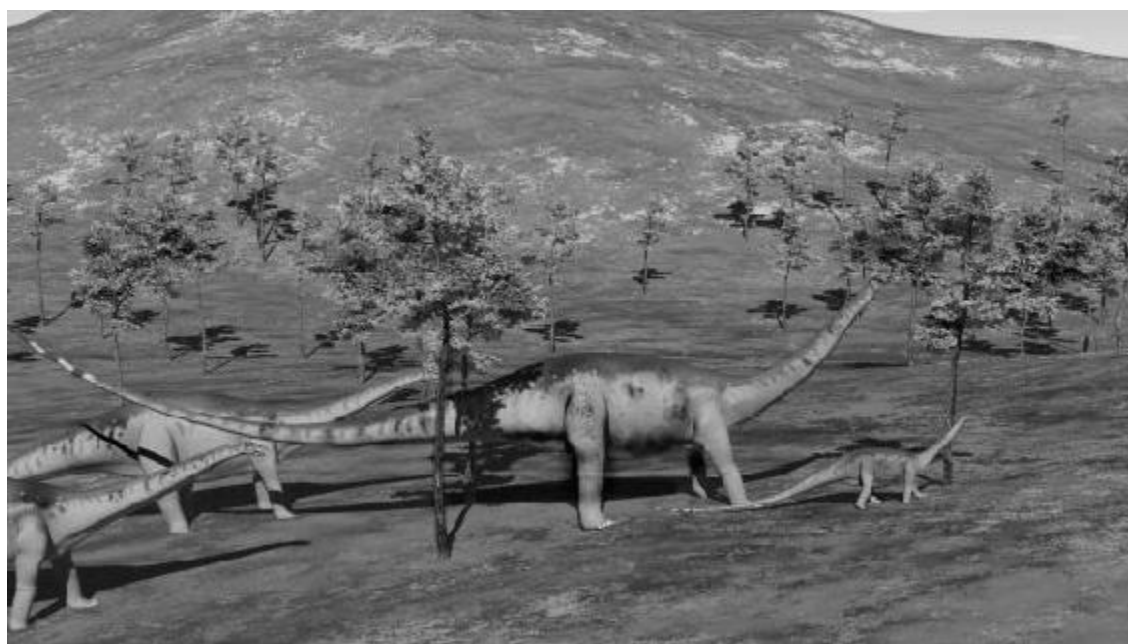


19. Drawing round in the "Les Combarelles" cave in Dordogne, France, in which we can see a humanoid and a child next to a dinosaur-type beast. These drawings are approximately 13.000 years old.

On the way, young Muš'sagtar retained an important amount of information. Each plant his mother asked him to get was just as unusual as the next. She taught him to single out the edible plants and warned him about the dangerous ones. He suddenly had the impression that time was accelerating. His notions of time were put to the test due to the overload of new notions he was storing up in his mind. Because her son was learning so quickly, she made sure he correctly memorized the plants' attributes. She was preparing Muš'sagtar to be in charge of feeding the colony and its future children. They also needed insects. Mother caught a few crickets, ants, butterflies, beetles and worms and slipped them into her pouch.

When she decided she had gathered enough, they turned around and headed back to the children hidden in their den without losing a second. When they finally arrived, a female Hušmuš (*wild reptile*) and her little ones were extending their heads over the hideout to reach appetizing buds. Big branches fell onto the hole's entrance from their terrible jaws filled with devastating teeth. Since the babies couldn't reach the appetizing branches they began smashing into the bottom of the big conifers. Barbélú pushed her son into a thicket and leapt onto the main tree to face the big mother

reptile. Using Kinsağ (*telepathy*), she fixed the reptile with her intense gaze and ordered her to move away. The female mastodon took fright. Her alarming cry alerted her offspring and they all scampered away into the large, grassy prairie. Breathless, Mother used all of her energy to clear the hole's entrance. The heavy branches flew into the air and the entrance was unblocked in a matter of Udtar (*seconds*). They were safe and sound. Holy Barbélú extended her comforting arms and cuddled them a few moments. The little reunited group took the time to feed, settling down on the forest's border, observing the horde of Hušmuš (*wild reptiles*) from afar with both suspicion and amusement. Muš'šagtar took advantage of the short pause to sharpen a wooden lance. Barbélú watched him in silence from the corner of her eye. He took his protective role very seriously.



20. The type of Hušmuš (*wild reptiles*) mentioned in this book must have resembled the ancient Prosauropods, like the Riojasaurus that existed on Earth during the Trias (220 million years ago). © Frantz Lasvignes / Anton Parks

After their meal, Mother realized that the sun was slowly setting. The brilliant blue sky was almost purple and devoid of clouds. Yet a strange nebulosity was floating upstream, against the wind. Barbélú immediately understood that it was a formation of ferocious, massive birds with terrifying wings. It was time to get move on. They still had many Danna (*hours*) before the long night ahead. They had to deal with these flying

predators before sunset at all costs because the children were most vulnerable at night.

Several times, Mother-Matrix ran into carnivores that were experts in silent tracking. These types of reptilians were smaller than she was. They moved around in groups and communicated by clicking their jaws. They would have consumed her babies in one swallow. Mother used a putrid balm from the mountains of fibrous Hušmuš (*wild reptiles*) excrements that were scattered across the vast plain. Precociously, she decided to coat everyone with it, from the neck down, covering the armpits, which, much to her surprise, amused the children very much.

The group resumed its walk towards the Kingalàm spaceship. On the way they fell upon a small bouncing reptile that was amused to see the family's members walking on their two hind legs, just like he was. Their scent alerted him of their presence long before they arrived near him. His big curiosity got the best of his apprehension. Barbélú's offspring tried talking to him but he did not communicate in the same way. Only a few cries would come out of his throat, which is why they called him Tal (*cry*).

It was a tough test for the young offspring. They progressed with great difficulty and these exceptional circumstances accelerated their survival training. The holy family, followed by its bouncing mascot, progressed silently under the thick foliage's shade without creating movements or shadows. Mother showed her little ones how to move in silence without creating any moving shadows. It was necessary to avoid the light spots projected by the sun through the foliage at all costs. For the children, this forest of many essences, both majestic and impresive, embodied the unusual world's great soul.

Yet, strange feelings assailed the minds of the offspring. They were incapable of foreseeing the next day, with the impossibility of foreseeing any future other than the present, with its oppressive uncertainty accompanied by a fear that never left their bellies: that of constantly protecting one another from an unknown enemy capable of jumping them at them at any moment. Most of the mechanisms they used did not result from experience, but from a maternal heritage that spontaneously emerged in their consciousness due to extreme conditions. This anxiety-provoking situation made them ask themselves many questions: was this life? Would life be constantly like this? Mother did not speak to them during these long Danna (*hours*) spent hunting down the invisible enemy and avoiding

predators attracted by her offspring. Even if the children felt secure with their mother, whose intelligence far exceeded the other beings of this world, as they advanced in the vegetable maze, they became discouraged. Mother understood that she should not ask too much of them. They had to stop and rest. They were relieved by this decision. So was Tal, who's numbed paws refused to take a step further.

The group settled on one of the big mountain's cliffs, the deep valley where the spaceship extended outwards down below. Mother of Origins distributed roots, plants and other insects such as termites, while Tal remained in a corner to nap. For a moment she forgot the gravity of the situation and tenderly watched them eat. To keep them balanced, she would have to find fruits promptly.



21. The two Abgal brothers having a discussion. Their physiognomy is considerably thicker than Barbélú's, Emesir's, and Muš'šagtar's ©Frantz Lasvignes / Anton Parks

The sun inevitably came down. From her observation post, at the end of the ledge, Barbélú scrutinized the deep valley ahead which melted into the blue sky. She lent her ear hearing a light wind in the treetops in a harmonious undulating movement. The virgin nature's marvelous beauty did not distract her from her deep reflection on the strategy she should adopt. From above, the view provided an incessant amount of messages to



decrypt. She glanced at the valley that stretched out at her feet to try to spot where the Kingalàm's spaceship had landed in disaster. Her senses suddenly became alert when she saw a fire shining in the middle of the vast emerald forest. Her enemy was no doubt camping there. What to do? Leave her offspring here and jump down to intercept the Kingalàm or face the enemy with her children? In both cases the little ones would risk their lives! Mother-Wisdom made the difficult decision of solving the matter alone, hoping that she will come back as soon as possible. She would be able to move rapidly. Abgal and Emesir slept curled up against each other. Struggling with fatigue, Muš'šagtar watched over them and their pet, Tal. In a low voice. Mother informed him delicately that she was going to be absent two or three Danna (*hours*) and come back very quickly. She ordered him not to move under any pretext and to watch over his brothers and sister with vigilance. Muš'šagtar nodded proudly while firmly holding his wooden spear. His attitude testified his precocious courage.

Barbélú jumped up and down the mountain's slopes with unimaginable speed. Her body, refined by her intensive training, reacted perfectly to the slightest solicitation. Her descent, propelled with all her strength, gradually removed her from what was dearest to her, since the new wild world in which she now resided, far from any other civilization. She did not allow herself to rest. Her life and that of her children depended on her speed. Her race through the forest's obstacles scratched her scaly body but she didn't care, her cell renewal ability regenerated her instantly. Everything jostling in her head. The situation had become too risky and much more restrictive than what she had imagined by living the Kingalàm alive in the first place. She had to kill her enemy, once and for all.

Mother stopped near dark marshes beside the enemy's machine and stayed silent, listening. A mysterious sound, a sort of low vibration, reached her from far away. It was an intriguing, unnatural sound, like a machine that sometimes sounded like it was breaking branches. Barbélú raised her head but could not see anything through the foliage's density. She resumed her course towards the spaceship. She found the remains of a fire smothered by sand. The black smoke rose from the still incandescent fire. With a quick glance, she saw that the place was deserted. A awful feeling assailed her: a horrible danger threatened her children! Seized with indescribable terror, she turned back with tenfold energy. Her distress and maternal feelings for her offspring made her forget about the obstacles and fatigue.

Her speed no doubt surprised her enemy for she reached him right when he was grabbing one of her children. The two opponents faced each other. The Kingalàm held Tai firmly against him, a white weapon pointed at his neck. He probably made no distinction between the young wild reptile and the holy offspring. Tal struggled, screaming loudly. The pale-faced enemy let out a frightful whistle and tried to negotiate with Mother. A device, probably recovered in his ship, was in his mouth. It translated the obscure dialect: "Give me back the *Brrawam* and I'll let you live!". Mother understood that he wanted the crystal-generator, without which he could not tear himself away from this savage world. Barbélú did not want to negotiate. She ordered him to let go of the little reptile with the power her mind. The Kingalàm tried to resist. In a rage, he wanted to cut Tal's neck, but Mother fell onto him like a thunderbolt. Tal was thrown back and the enemy thrown into the air like a mere branch. Lying flat on his stomach, his head sagging, the Kingalàm remained for a moment without moving, regaining his spirits, and then tried to recover his blade that lay on the ground. He seemed exhausted. Against all odds, he suddenly straightened up, ready to jump. The adversary of the stars spoke, with the help of his vocal apparatus, with a mechanical intonation, "*We trample Imaginary Time and dismantle your creations throughout eternity. You are nothing but dreamy dust stagnating outside of reality. After eliminating the threat you represent, we will use your new temporal fissure to slip into your world and topple it. Your civilization's disappearance will save us all.*" Seized with anger, Mother threw herself at him with all her strength. With both arms, she blocked her legs to unbalance him and with a soft movement she strangled him with her thighs. The two opponents rolled on the ground several times, only to end up on the edge of the cliff, unstable. Her head in a vacuum, confronted with a difficult dilemma, Mother's thoughts jostled: she was torn between having to kill this evil being and keeping him alive to know how the flying apparatus worked. Without him, all hope of flying away would be probably gone forever, and they would be exiled here for eternity! If she wanted to, she could end it all immediately with a simple compression of her thighs. Like a screw, her long, powerful legs clasped her enemy's suffocating bust. But Barbélú's contradictory thoughts, doubts and indecision prevented her from finishing him off and extended the risk that she faced with an opponent that had nothing left to lose. The two rivals rolled dangerously along the precipice, Mother balanced in the void. She

understood the Kingalàm's sly strategy: if he were to die now, he might as well share his fate with his adversary by dragging her into the precipice along with him. Barbélú grunted in anger. She let go of the enemy, who began to roll before finding his footing. No sooner did she get up than he was already facing her. The declining sun burned with a thousand fires on the horizon, its dazzling light blinded Mother against the cornice's rocks. Still undecided, she waited for the last moment to utter the mortal scream from which no one could come out alive. Taking advantage of the pause, the tough enemy raised his blade to strike her, when a shadow appeared against the wall set aflame by the setting sun. The furtive shadow held a spear which it proudly brandished. The Kingalàm turned and found himself in front of his new enemy who was none other than the little Muš'šagtar. Yet the formidable opponent of the stars staggered for no reason before collapsing heavily on the ground. Muš'šagtar wanted to finish him with his little spear. In an imperative tone, Mother asked him to step back. She cautiously approached the Kingalàm. The strange being suffocated in pain and seemed to be saying something. Muš'šagtar held him down firmly with the tip of his spear. With extreme caution, Barbélú pulled his face closer to hers to hear his last words. He ended up articulating, painfully, *"This planet is cursed! You can defy time in search of your companion all you want, you are trapped here for eternity... there will be no return to your own people, trapped in this Dreamy Time and this matter that you have produced yourself... We are you..."*. The Kingalàm tried to hold on to Barbélú. With all his strength, Muš'šagtar plunged the spear into his back. The sharp extremity pierced his thorax, from which sprang blood, blue like the firmament. The enemy came to a halt. The little Muš'šagtar rushed into his mother's arms, who pushed him away momentarily. The Kingalàm was still agonizing. Barbélú stared at him intensely, as if afraid of what she had just heard. She inflicted the coup de grace by launching the Ugmu, the scream of immediate death. The body that lay on the ground dislocated under the effects of the deadly sound. Before the little ones could surround the Mother of Origins, she seized her son and shook him to make herself clear: *"You will not say anything to your brothers and your sister, is that understood? He lost his mind, he did not know what he was saying, is that clear?"*

Brother Muš'šagtar, frightened by so much revolt and by her unusual authoritative tone, nodded in agreement. The young family

surrounded the holy mother. They were all relieved to see the enemy on the ground and to know that they were still alive. Mother's heart swelled with pride: together they had conquered their dark adversary. The Wise Barbélú contemplated her children and found them all wonderful. It was during that solemn moment that she baptized her new lineage “Gina'abul” (*the true ancestors of magnificence*).



After this dramatic episode, Mother of the Living had a euphoric instinct of self-fertilization, despite the sad thoughts that besieged her mind. She wanted to remain alone next to the body. Barbélú asked her children to walk away and wait for a few moments. She was aware of the risks she was taking with her senseless action, but she was driven by a creative impulse and Mother tasted her enemy's blood without authorization from the Mother-Home's Great Council, not knowing that in the distance, the Abgal brothers were witnessing the fulfillment of her destiny. Mother-Matrix wanted to recreate the Kingalàm in her own image and likeness, most likely with the intention of improving what nature had been unable to create on its own. Saint Barbélú dreamt of offering her light to the world of Rúmgar, without presaging that she would also transfer her darkness, because the Kingalàm are the fruit of the ignorance of the Life-Maker race, to whom Mother belonged.”

## 2 - THE BIRTH OF ÍA'ALDABAUT

*“And then from her appeared an imperfect work,  
different than her own form,  
because she had created it without her companion.  
(This work) looked nothing like her mother,  
who was also of another form.  
When she realized that the object of her desire  
had taken the counterfeit form of a snake with a lion's head  
with flamboyant and sparkling eyes,  
she rejected him and pushed him far away from these lands...”*

**NH II, 1 - The Apocryphon of John, 10,4 - 10,12**



### Ĝirkù -Tìla Nuréa / Min-ME-Min

“The young family returned to the foot of the fertilized mountain adjoining the procreation cave. Mother felt the need to be alone to successfully complete her new creation. Covering herself in a veil of mystery, she demanded absolute calm. She asked the young Muš’šagtar to take care of his brothers and his sister, and she recommended he camp next to the cave until further notice.

During Mother's entire pregnancy and egg-laying, the young Gina'abul had to fend for themselves, under brother Muš’šagtar's watchful eye, protected by the sharpened spear he would never let go of. They had to deal with the big robust whiptail snakes. They became used to living next to mastodons. The Gina’abul discovered that these gigantic reptiles lived in a society based on rules that were rigorously dictated by security necessities. The big Hušmuš (*wild reptiles*) gathered their offspring in the center of the group while the adults were deployed to the group's periphery at the edge of the forest, so as to avoid any attack against the younger ones. Barbélú's children were so tiny and inoffensive that the HUšum rapidly accepted them into their territory. Progressively, the Gina'abul came closer and closer to

them to observe them, and even ended up running in between their massive legs and underneath their giant fat stomachs-[96]. The proximity allowed them to contemplate their rapid growth and to discover their big egg-laying spots, often disseminated by circular zones in the thick grass. During the fertilization periods they were astonished to witness violent male duels that sometimes led to the death of one of the protagonists. The females didn't seem to pay any attention to these fratricidal battles. The Gina'abul fraternity shared Rúmgar's ruthless rules, where power and the survival of one's species often required sacrifices.

The brutal wildlife rules did not diminish the amazement they felt in the face of Mother Nature's exuberant beauty. They even had the strange feeling of knowing this place. The two Abgal pondered this enigma. They agreed that they would have to ask Mother as soon as possible, to have clarification regarding the sense of familiarity they felt. In the immediate future however, they had to survive with their mascot, Tal, by doing what Mother had taught them.



22. Muš'šagtar and Hmesir at the heart of the lush forest © Frantz Lasvignes / Anton Parks.

The days flew by and the young Gina'abul began to worry about their mother. Holy Barbélú still wasn't coming out of her cave! Transgressing maternal recommendations, they decided to enter the mysterious cave. The children passed a cascade with silvery reflections, and entered the subterranean darkness where the tumultuous water's echoes still

reached them. A stone sky stretched out before their amused eyes. They had never returned to this place since they first ventured in the outside world. Just as they had remembered it, the reddish clayey soil gave them a pleasant sensation under the soles of their feet. The cave's familiar shadows became clearer and they saw the large circular pit at the bottom of the gallery. Mother was lying on the floor, unconscious. A shape gesticulated at her side. The two Abgal and the female Emesir rushed towards Holy Barbélú while Muš'šagtar and Tal surrounded the disturbing offspring. Its piercing, icy-blue eyes struck them. Its bright green skin shone like the stars. He did not look like them. Was it a male or a female? It was impossible to determine what with its slender body. One of the Abgal announced that this creature descended from the Kingalàm. Muš'šagtar and Emesir wondered how such a thing was possible. The two Abgal desperately shook the great Matriarch. She still did not react and the group lost its composure.

"She cannot answer you," said Barbélú's new child, "I killed her by mistake."

Seized with a terrible anger and uncontrollable anger, Muš'šagtar dove spear-first towards the murderer to impale it. With a quick gesture, the strange Kingalàm descendent thrust him vigorously against a wall using a prodigious power similar to Barbélú's. Knowing that the Gina'abul were going to assault him, he did the same with the rest of the group, including Tal. All of them found themselves paralyzed against the rock, unable to free themselves from the invisible grip. The evil being spun its hand to tighten its murderous embrace. Not only could it speak only a few Danna after having emerged from the egg, but it had the Níama power, stolen from its own mother. The Gina'abul suffocated and the asphyxia gained them. A searing pain pierced them through and through. With an insistent glance, the young Emesir stared at Muš'šagtar, who tried to hide the visible fright in his eyes, and who was crying, "We are all going to die." Suddenly, a staggering shadow appeared, uttering a prodigious cry that chilled the terrible child. All of the Gina'abul suddenly fell on the ground. Mother-Matrix threatened her son. She used the obscure language in which certain words appeared totally unintelligible. Carried away by her own power, she grabbed the petrified child and pushed him violently against the wall of the cave.

"You stole part of my power, but you don't possess the Mušidim's Wisdom!"

“I am confused, mother, I thought I had unwillingly killed you. Your children attacked me, I defended myself.”

“These are your sister and brothers,” replied Barbélú.

Mother felt a strange sensation: a gelatinous matter covered her hands she had used to seize the child. To her astonishment, she saw that the strange offspring was carrying out his first Gibil'lásu (*skin renewal*). The creature benefited from rather premature abilities: none of the Gina'abul had molted since their births. Barbélú approached him to touch his membrane. She brushed his face and his shiny skin split in places, revealing a white epidermis like that of the Kingalàm.

“Am I not pretty, mother? Am I not to your liking?”

“Yes... yes, you are,” she replied, almost afraid to see that the creature was already this talented and powerful, barely out of its egg.

Mother was deeply troubled. She decided to promptly give the child a name so as to foil any foul play.

“Your name is Ía’aldabaut-[\[97\]](#). You will protect your older siblings thanks to your innate

capacities. You will defend the Gina'abul domain.”

“I do not like that name, mother,” he replied.

“Well it's yours! You must accept it, it is filled with nobility.”

Barbélú knew not what to do. Did she have to keep this menacing offspring near his siblings or get rid of him, or even destroy him? Her thoughts filled with uncontrollable worry.

“Mother, must I take into account your desire to destroy me?”

Barbélú gathered her children under her protective arms. The creature could not remain with her family, there was no doubt that it was too dangerous. Mother-Matrix asked the young Gina'abul to exit the cave so that she could speak with Ía’aldabaut in private. Muš’šagtar expressed his desire to stay in case the offensive creature threatened her again. Barbélú reassured him and invited him to join the others. The little Muš’šagtar swallowed and nodded, determined to live up to his mother's confidence. He confronted Ía’aldabaut with his gaze before retiring. When he joined his siblings outside, a vigorous rain flooded down upon the foliage shaking from the winds. Thunder roared in the distance. One of the Abgal looked at the sky and told the group that this change of climate did not bode well. Time had frozen under the fertile mountain. Ía’aldabaut stared at his



mother, not letting her go from his. He had gotten completely rid of his old skin and the new one shone in the dim light.

"Can you see in the dark like us?" asked Barbélú.

"Of course."

"You are much too powerful for us to be around. You can barely control yourself. I can't risk you hurting my offspring."

"Therefore, you plan to abandon me, mother?"

"No, we have to find a solution, you and I, so that you can survive. You have to leave these lands so that no one can see you."

"Don't worry about me, I have the same ability to hide and defend myself against adversaries as you."

"I have to know where you are going to leave to," answered Barbélú.

"You'll know how to find me, trust me. You and I are linked for life. Let me go now, since you've decided to abandon me in favor of your defenseless children."

Mother approached her son to make a slight, tender gesture but he pushed her benevolent hand away violently.

"Leave me!" he yelled.

23. Ialdabaoth the Demiurge with a lion's head, from the Mithra Mysteries, discovered in the Mithraeum belonging to C. Valerius Heracles and his children (190 AC), in Ostia Antica, Italy.



Barbélú came out of the procreation cave with a tortured mind, wondering about the meaning behind her creation. Ía'aldabaut embodied everything she rejected, a mixture of predation, coldness and uncontrollable power. What future had she just given to her new offspring? Her child possessed incredible strength and had greatly weakened her, when he sucked away her energy. A cold darkness enveloped the outdoors, saturated with the sound of rustling in the night. Leaves rustled in the distance. The young Gina'abul sprang from the vegetation and threw themselves into their mother's arms.

"Listen, Mother," said one of the Abgal, agitated, "Do you hear the storm rumbling in the distance?"

"The storm?"

Barbélú listened and made an astonishing comment... "That doesn't sound like thunder."

Mother listened attentively to the far away noises that reverberated all throughout the valley. She shook her head, adding, "No, it's impossible."

Then she said, "We have to leave this place right away."

The group walked along the great cliff and penetrated the vast forest. Mother-Matrix kept up the pace, fearing that Ía'aldabaut try to chase them. He could see in the dark, they had to hurry! They went deeper into a forest of slopes and pleated land that went down towards a wide river. The storm continued to roar in the distance. Barbélú was anxious, her children were suffering from the moist heat, they were tired and their skin was scratched by sharp plants. None of them seemed to know where they were escaping to.

"Mother, we are getting closer to the storm," pointed out one of the Abgal.

"Yes, that's the direction in which we're heading," she answered.

"Why?"

"Because your brother would not dare venture there."

The family reached the big river's banks, where powerful waves ripped by at high speed. They stopped on the estuary bordered by long conifers and arborescent fems. Barbélú raised her head to study the vast sky's stars; something had intrigued her and she was not at ease. The two Abgal brothers felt she was nervous, a nervousness that they attributed to the danger that Ía'aldabaut represented. The sky had cleared and made it possible to observe the constellations that gravitated majestically around the planet's pole. Mother-Matrix scanned the infinitely large sky for a long time to check and compare the information she had gathered regarding constellations' configuration. After her intense reflection, one of her hands came to rest upon her mouth: a terrible reality imposed itself onto her. Barbélú raised her arms in the air and made signs directed towards the firmament to find out. Doubt was no longer allowed. This part of heaven was not unknown to her. The heavenly arch looked like what she had studied over and over again when she was still living in the Mother- Home. However, the stars were not in the same place. The constellations all appeared to be excessively deformed. A cold shiver ran through her spine. Impossible! With her heart beating, she screamed, unspeakable despair roused from her heart rending, half-complaining, half-howling cries, whose moving echo got lost in the night. She collapsed on the ground. The four little Gina'abul gathered around her to console her, but her emotions were too strong. In a weakened voice, Mother tried to formulate a few words. Such deformation of the constellations could only be explained in one way:

without a shadow of a doubt, Barbélú was at home, in Mulmuš, among the Mušidim! The stellar deformation meant there had been a leap in time - not of a few thousand Hul Muanna (years), but of several hundred million Hul Muanna. In view of the positioning of the planet on which her destiny had led her, it became certain that this world, which she baptized Rúmgar, was none other than the very holy Dubkù on which the Mušidim once taught the universal arts and where Šuhia established the NUMUN project. The PIŠTÉŠ expedition had just completed its return trip to the Mother-Home.

Shocked, the Jade Palace erudite remained silent, her heart filled with confusion. Life swarmed in unbridled dynamism. The innumerable species placed here and there, several million Hul Muanna earlier, had developed and deployed throughout the entire middle continent. Dubkù's favorable climatic conditions helped the development of all its varieties of animals and plants. The animals multiplied, some crossed, resulting in an unexpected and uncontrollable diversification that lies behind the formation of complete and complex ecological systems. It was already impossible to contain the NUMUN project's species development back during the Dark Matriarch's time. Barbélú remembered it perfectly, despite having hardly visited Dubkù. She regretted it bitterly in that moment.

Were Makers of Life still present on Dubkù? Was the proud Mušidim race still ensuring Mother-Home's presence? Barbélú pulled herself together and try made a decision. The two Abgal brothers helped her up. She gave instructions: they had to go down the river as fast as they could to reach the rumbling thunder. Barbélú chopped down several average-sized trees using her Níama power, then she cut them up using enemy weapons her children had fetched in the forest. The Gina'abul rid the solid trunks of their branches and tied them together with ropes of plants to create a raft. As soon as the boat was set afloat, the children climbed onto the mobile platform and Mother impatiently clicked her tongue several times to signal the departure that Tal, who could not reach the boat, was delaying. All implored Barbélú to take their mascot with them. Mother lifted him up with her Níama and placed him on the raft.

The powerfull thunderclaps seemed to be drawing closer. The crickets suddenly stopped singing as silence invaded the thick forest. The young Gina'abul, frightened, paddled in a disorderly and awkward manner. Their oars clashed regularly. Mother calmed them down them and taught them how to row slowly and in harmony. The boat set off at high speed and

floated silently through the waters, bordered by the vast forest from which many peaks emerged, as if suspended above the sea of vegetation.

None of them knew exactly where the river would lead them. Eyes closed, the female Emesir was assailed by a phenomenon that was still unknown to her. A myriad of flashing images crossed her mind. She saw visions of her mother fighting and finally becoming a prisoner. Emesir interpreted these visions as a bad omen. Still sleeping, she gently opened her eyes and was met with a reality that calmed her. Her brother, Muš'šagtar, was standing at the front of the raft, his two legs solidly planted, firmly holding his spear, while Barbélú and the two Abgal were now skillful steering the raft towards a goal from which nothing could divert them. Emesir promised to share her visions with her family as soon as she could. Mother's life possibly depended on it...



24. Figurine discovered in Acambaro (Mexico). Several of these burnt clay figurines, unearthed in 1945, portray humanoids with dinosaurs.

### 3 - DESCENT INTO THE MATRIX OF SHAPES

*“But now, I, I have descended and reached the Chaos.  
And I was [beside] those who are mine, who dwell in these places, while  
[I was hid]den inside them, giving [them] power.  
[And] I [gave] them image... I, I spoke to the Archons and the  
Authorities.  
I descended into the deepest parts of their language and I laid mysteries  
on those who are mine, a hidden mystery, (thus) the chains and eternal  
forgetfulness were annihilated.  
And I gave them fruit, meaning the memory of the immutable Eo[n] and  
[of my] dwelling...”*

**NH XIII, 1 - The First Triple Shaped Thought, 40,29 - 40,33 / 41,24  
- 41,31**

*“The Ineffable mystery knows why severity was created and why mercy  
was created; He knows why reptiles were created and why they must be  
destroyed, he knows why animals were created and why they must be  
destroyed...”*

**Excerpt from The London Codex - Pistis Sophia ▼  
Ĝirkù -Tìla Nuréa / Min-ME-Es**

The dark river reflected the old moon's dazzling remains. The group was confronted with blood-sucking insects that systematically attacked their eyes and ears. The deep waters also contained new hidden predators. With their alert senses, they stared at the sinuous tails that swam with strength and created thick and whirling waves. Bulging eyes on triangular heads with sharpened teeth and split tongues emerged from the dark waters that teemed with life.

After navigating for almost two Danna (4 hours), the raft entered an immense lagoon bordered by fine sand. They finally docked and slipped discretely through the dunes, where they could observe the fascinating spectacle of an incessant ballet of spaceships that traveled across the

firmament. A Diranna (*stellar portal*) was some ways away in the sky. Barbélú concentrated on the traffic of large air carriers that passed her in silence. Further, towards the horizon, was a sort of drilling rig around which the flying apparatuses were circling, landing and taking off on its platforms, while producing thick clouds of dust. Heavy and dense opaque smoke, stirred by the wind from the engines, created a huge lugubrious vault above and around the site.

The most imposing spaceships moved along silently, while others, of more modest size, provoked deafening and violent explosions. Mother explained what phenomenon of crossing the sound barrier was to her children. It was provoking the loud detonations they had thought was thunder. One of the Abgal asked her why the larger ones did not produce storm-sounds. She answered that they moved by distorting the gravitational field and, because of this, they were not subjected to the force of inertia. As for the smaller ones, they used mechanical propulsion and were faced with a very strong pressure when they moved above a certain threshold in the air. The Abgal understood that the gravitational-field-distortion ships created lightning accelerations and decelerations without affecting matter or its occupants. These devices could also make right angle turns without slowing down the least bit. "Our ancestors' spaceships moved in this way," Barbélú added.

"Are they Kingalàm vessels?" asked Brother Muš'šagtar.

"No," answered Mother, "They don't look like their type of devices at all. I don't know this kind of spaceship."

Sister Emesir pointed out that the Gina'abul family should have devices like these. Mother answered her: "We already have one and we'll have to find a way to get it working. Our life depends on it."

Emesir suggested to the group that Brother Ía'aldabaut would most likely know how to make it work, "He has Kingalàm blood; maybe he had a genetic memory that would allow him to find ways to make it work?". Short of finding a charitable Kingalàm, an unlikely prospect, the young Gina'abul remark was nonetheless relevant. Mother was torn between the joy of discovering that a similar life to the one she had known still existed on Dubkù and the threat that came with it. Were they descendants of the Life-Makers or a strange races that came to exploit the Mother-Home's mines? At that moment, one of the Abgal discovered several enormous footprints in the humid sand. Mother noticed that they did not belong to the

reptiles of the NUMUN project, but rather to the Uru guardians, created by the Mušidim ancestors in the past. Several specimens seemed to have survived and perhaps still watched over Dubkù (*Earth*)...

She had to verify all this herself. Once more, Barbélú had to make the difficult decision of handing over custody of her children to her son, Muš'šagtar. She could not take the risk of leading them to unknown places and putting them in the way of grave danger. She escorted her children to the lagoon's shore and asked them to return to the forest to take shelter. Before saying goodbye, she insisted on precautionary recommendations, especially the one about not searching for food out in the open. They would have to rely on larva and plants. Their safety depended on her rules of conduct. If they met a giant Uru, they should not run away, because these beings were created in the past to maintain order and peace.

Esemir wanted to discuss her vision, but her mother, preoccupied by the project she wanted to accomplish, paid no mind to her daughter's request. With a heavy heart, she took leave of the Gina'abul, promising to return very soon.

Mother-Matrix leapt and disappeared behind a dune. She had to reach the edifice before daybreak. As this strategy proved itself to be affective against the Kingalàm in the woods, she planned on lowering her body-temperature to distract the detectors that were most likely hidden in the area to insure the site's protection. Despite the confused thoughts that were twirling inside of her like a curse, she easily accomplished her nocturnal progression in one shot. Above her, illuminated spaceships paraded without interruption in tight rows through the sky. Mother arrived in the area of the giant metal building that projected a chaotic atmosphere. Punctuated by metallic thuds, an infernal noise of machinery escaped from the building's bowels.

The rusty edifice and its surroundings were flooded in light. Mother had to remain very cautious. She slipped discretely through the sheets of a metal walls, which lead to a gigantic room where massive transporters sprung from the ground silently. She entered. To limit the risk of being seen, she waited for all the commotion to slow down. The wait was long. Ships emerged without interruption from the depths of the earth to hoist themselves up onto the take-off platform. When the cadence and its eddies of dust and air slowed down. Mother's heart skipped a beat upon seeing large spots moving like flies along the walls. They were living beings. The



creatures shrieked as if threatened by a grave danger. Spreading their wings, they sped with determination towards Barbélú. "Ušum (*dragons*)!" she complained. Their piercing cries echoed in the building and filled her thoughts. She had to move, she couldn't stay there; her life depended on it. Mother mobilized all her senses. Fast as lightning, she rolled on the ground to take shelter under one of the platforms. When she got to her feet, she came face to face with one of the dragons. Dark red, his hideous head was adorned with formidable horns. Behind him appeared other specimens that didn't have any. The adversary got closer, his snout sniffing loudly. Astonished, Mother hadn't expected to find this kind of creature here. She had made the mistake of raising her inner temperature and the predator's sensory cavities detected the heat emitted by her body. Under the effect of rage, the dragon's blood rushed to its boney collar and his body shone an impressively bright red. This creature was not a part of the Hušmuš family (*wild reptiles*), nor even the Mušidim, it seemed to come from elsewhere. Barbélú, frightened, backed away slowly, hypnotized by the dragon's sinister expression. With an enraged roar, the red dragon charged, mouth open, unveiling an army of teeth that were sharp as daggers. Mother barely had the time to escape the murderous claws that aimed for her chest. Destabilized by its movement, the repulsive creature fell agilely to its feet, ready to rebound. Without hesitating, the Matriarch launched her Ugmu scream, filled with rage and despair: the sinister creature collapsed instantly. She took advantage of her assailants' stupor to retreat into a tunnel, half-lit by light strips spread out on the ground. In the distance, she heard the dragons sneak through the passage, their gurgling and the crackling of their wings dangerously approaching. Mother fled to the limit of her capacity. The tunnel led to a vast, circular space unveiling a birthroom filled with humungous eggs, an Inkubara (*Incubation Nest*) like she'd never seen. Barbélú entered staggering, trying to understand the place. A cool air was coming from the ceiling; its gentle breeze spreading subtly on the ocher earth ground. This sophisticated structure most likely provided oxygen to the embryos in this artificial environment.

The dragons flocked in full force behind her. Mother felt trapped; obviously no other exit was available to her. The dragons regrouped in front of her. In their expression, Barbélú could see the delight with which they observed their trapped prey, without hope for escape. They tried to lacerate her legs. She understood that they were attempting to wound her until she

bled out in agony. She carefully backed away: “If you come near me, I’ll destroy them,” she warns them, indicating the eggs.



25. Red hornless Kingú Dragon © Frantz Lasvignes / Anton Parks

Did they understand her words; did they speak her language? No response came from their mouths. It was impossible to determine whether these humanoid-type dragons possessed the understanding of the Mušidim or if they belonged to the NUMUN project branch of Hušmuš (*savage reptiles*). Their very archaic physiognomy was confusing. However, the impressive dragons stopped their menacing advances, suggesting that the threat was successful.

At the same time, a voice was heard in the distance. Its tone echoed throughout the Inkubara. *"This isn't possible; it can't be true!"* An unpleasant, high-pitched whistling forced the dragons to move away, making way for a silhouette cloaked in green: *"YOU! I killed you! How are you still here?"*. With these words, the silhouette began to run, slaying the air with a scintillating object and shouting challenges in Barbélú's direction. The surprise was complete when she unveiled herself as a Dark Matriarch! The stranger roared in anger. She brandished a crystal sword producing a terrifying sound whose clamor was like an unchained song. Observing the weapon, Barbélú had the strange feeling that she recognized this type of object. Where could this impression come from? From one of her dreams? The gleaming lightening attempted to come down on Mother-Matrix who narrowly escaped the blow with a backwards leap. When she landed, several eggs broke into a thousand pieces under the effect of her weight.

"Be careful!" cried the strange Matriarch, "You're destroying my work."

When she tried to strike again with her curious sword, Barbélú called out to her: "Who are you? What do you want from me? I don't know you! A Dark Matriarch cannot strike one of her sisters!"

"I am not a Matriarch, I am a Reverend Agarín! You're making me crazy, forcing me to constantly repeat myself."

At that moment, the Agarín extended her arm with unnatural speed. The sword swung over Barbélú's head, who finally had to accept to engage in the fight against her adversary. The stranger made windmills with her slender weapon before charging a second time. Mother turned on her heels and completed a spectacular leap, landing one hundred feet away, between two eggs she successfully managed to avoid. The Agarín threw her weapon at lightning speed; the spinning object whistled atrociously before touching Barbélú's shoulder and returning to its owner. Barbélú's superficial wound was already starting to heal. Mother stared at her, overwhelmed. Losing

patience, she gathered all of her concentration to propel her rival with the help of the Níama. The stranger was flung back onto her badl-smelling dragons. The two opponents now found themselves separated by a distance of over two hundred feet. Coming back to her senses, the Agarin started articulating strange words. A squall began to rise in the Inkubara, forcing Barbélú to retaliate accordingly. Incantations mixed with shrill cries clashed together. A storm was brewing. The two opponents stood in reverence thanks to the mastery of their vital force. The air began to spin more and more powerfully, forcing the dragons to evacuate the space. The Agarin worried about her fragile seeds: the eggs were lifting and clashing together dangerously.

"By Nuréa! Stop it," she cried, afraid. "This time you have won, I surrender. I will not harm you, but please do not destroy my eggs. Put them down gently, I beg you."

Barbélú calmed down. The storm was slowly winding down and the whirlwind lay the eggs down softly, though some ended up rolling on the laterite ground. The Agarin approached timidly.

"This is incomprehensible," she continued, "You never came this far before."

"What are you talking about," answered Barbélú, "Is this a game? Who are you?"

The stranger stood in front of her and bowed her head quickly to introduce herself.

A fringed drapery of a greenish color covered her body, forming a short, narrow dress knotted under her chest. A thin layer of ocher sand covered her face, identical to that of the Dark Matriarchs. Softening her gestures, she answered calmly: "I am Šuhia; you must've heard about me in your old reality, which I also frequented."

Mother shivered, her face darkened. The bad dream quickly turned into a nightmare.

"I am Barbélú, Erudite of the Jade Palace, from planet Kaštu."

"You never told me your name until now, though it is true I did not give you a chance to."

"This is impossible," Barbélú responded in despair, "Impossible..."

"When you frequent the Diranna, and more specifically, the Ga'anzír Shadow, nothing is impossible."

"How can you say that?"

“You are a Matriarch. You know that our natural abilities allow us to see beyond appearances. Each being possesses its own resonance. Yours is very similar to mine, whatever your flesh envelope may be. I cannot be wrong. We have a lot of things to discuss. Come, follow me, we are short on time.”

Barbélú’s entire body was shivering to the rhythm of her pounding heart. They made their way towards the exit. Mother silently observed the menacing-looking dragons whose piercing eyes fixed her sneakily. She attempted to get her bearings by struggling with these new impassable walls in her head. In a way, Šuhia was her mother, since she gave birth to the Dark Matriarchs. Mother struggled to relax, in order to force herself not to think...

Šuhia imposed a quick pace. The two Mušidim used a rusty metal forklift that promptly took them to the subterranean galleries. There were several empty rooms of different dimensions over which Barbélú lost her way in this labyrinth. Hallways and apartments followed one another in every direction infinitely underground. Besides a few dragons that were wandering nonchalantly, the place seemed rather uninhabited: “Do you live here?” asked Barbélú.

“I’m here as often as possible, for reasons you will soon understand, but I live everywhere, in a way.”

They entered into a vast room where offerings in the form of diverse fruit were spread out on a large table made out of exotic wood encrusted with crystals. Šuhia invited her to eat, but Barbélú did not want to touch the food. Imagining herself taking this opportunity to gorge on food, while at the same time her children were left on their own was literally unbearable to her. With a clap of her hands, Šuhia asked one of the servants to bring clothes from her wardrobe, then she proposed that they sit on a large wrought iron bench, decorated with shimmering draperies and cushions: “Please do not be offended, but could you remind me your name?”

“Barbélú.”

“Do not take it personally. Barbélú, your nudity does not offend me, but I think you will find it pleasant to be clothed. I will also have the feeling of treating you as a guest.”

“I’ve been this way since my arrival. My jumpsuit was in tatters.”

“Yes, you were always like this.”

“How many times?”

“Today is the third time...”

“That is unimaginable,” sighed Barbélú.

“But true nonetheless.”

“So why are you sparing me this time?”

“Something unusual happened for the first time.”

“What?”

“You found me. From your second apparition in the form of the Erudite of Kaštu on, I had the feeling that something was not right in the space-time continuum. Until now, my red Ušum (*dragons*) systematically found you in the forest... Ah here are your clothes. They will suit you perfectly, since we are identical.”

The servant was not the same pigment as the dragons. His physiognomy had a much better appearance, much friendlier at least. While she unfolded the slim yellow tunic that was presented to her. Mother inquired where the individuals that surrounded her came from: “They are my children,” she said, almost embarrassed.

“Do you mean you are their biological or genetic mother?”

“I gave them life, I laid their eggs. Today, they multiply thanks to genetics.”

“In the case of your servants that have similar skin to ours, I understand, but for the Ušum (*dragons*) it isn’t possible, you could not have produced them alone. There must be an explanation.”

Barbélú slipped on the tunic by the top, then stood and stared fixedly at Šuhia: “Unless it was a mix with another donor.”

“Shut your mouth,” hissed Šuhia while anxiously glancing at the door. “No one must find out! They do not know their origins. It’s no use staring at me in reproach. I did the same as you the other times! By the way, have you already mixed your genes? Have you never produced a being with Kingalàm genes?”

Mother was frightened.

“Yes, I did. But how do you know?”

“Your odor is different! You stink of Kingalàm smell. Where is your progeny?” Šuhia asked worriedly.

“Further up the mountain, at the mouth of the large river. I left them there a few Danna (*hours*) ago.”

“We must eliminate it immediately! All of our lives depend on it. Open your mind to me so that we can locate it.”

Barbélú very wearily backed away.

“Do not worry, I will do you no harm, I promised. My word is identical to yours.”

“It’s not that. What are you going to do to it?”

“We must exterminate him, believe me. My various trips passing through the Valley of Storms and the Ga’anzír Shadow allowed me to go past this present reality. I’ve seen his projects. We will all be objects for it in the future. His creations will enslave us without exception.”

With these words, Mother opened her mind and concentrated on the place where she gave birth and left behind la’aldabout and on the crossing of the river that brought her to her host. Šuhia received the images and mentally summoned one of her red dragons. Upon his arrival, he curtsied and stopped before her. After a handful of Udtar (*seconds*), he simply said out loud, “Very well, Mistress” before disappearing.

“They speak?” asked Barbélú.

“Of course! They are not Ádam-[98] (*animals*) They possess great intelligence and are excellent warriors.”

“What name have you given them?”

“Kingú-[99],” Those that rule the domain. Your other children, whom you left at the lagoon, also appeared to me. I gave the order to bring them back here. They will be safe with us.”

“I doubt you will find them, they know how to hide in the forest,” Barbélú answered proudly. “I have to bring them back as soon as possible.”

“We have a lot to go over together, mine will find them. I doubt your children already know how to lower their body temperature. We will easily retrieve them. Do not be alarmed; no harm will come to them. A fruitful destiny awaits them.”

“No harm will come to them, I have your word?”

“Of course, we are not barbarians!”

Barbélú paced for a few moments, then acquiesced half-heartedly. Her desire to learn the secrets of the mythical Mušidim pilot took precedence over her anxieties: “Alright, you owe me the truth. What happened? What happened to you? In the time and reality I experienced, we knew nothing of your intentions or actions. Opinions were split about you. Why did you launch the NUMUN project? Why did you give birth to the Dark Matriarchs and then abandon them?

At that moment, a green Kingú presented himself to Šuhia to serve her a strange drink: “It is time, Mother.” he said solemnly. The ancient Shadow Agarín gulped down the mixture all at once, and put down the crystal cup with a shaking hand: “Is everything alright?” asked Barbélú.

“Everything’s fine. I’m alright... I don’t even know where to begin...It’s all so far away for me as well. My intents are honest and always were. I feel like, despite my intentions, I created a disorder in the space-time continuum, on top of the pre-existing ones. As you probably know, the Zianna mission that I participated in did not go well. We landed here, on Dubkù, but a Dubkù far in the future. I know that our Dubkù will be named Uras (*Earth*) by other breeds in the even more distant future. This planet will be plagued by war and numerous torments. To answer your question, I must remind you that the Diranna belonging to the Ga’anzír Shadow<sup>[100]</sup> are unstable, and penetrating them remains quite perilous. This place in the Universe, born of our madness, could not stabilize itself. After the bursting of the first suns, we should have left this place in peace and gotten to know the Kingalàm. Instead, our fear grew and our ancestors created irreparable rifts. The Kingalàm are not at all what they seem. They are naturally pacifists.”

“I had a feeling,” said Barbélú. “I attempted to discuss it with various persons, but nobody listened. I should have insisted.”

“It wouldn’t have changed anything: the Mušidim are too proud to accept fault. They proclaim themselves to be Life-Makers. I say – after personal reflection and multiple incursions through time – that they instead destroy life! I’ll continue my story. Mission Zianna was lost in space-time, which meant a leap into the future several millions of Muanna long, like you today, and even more. Upon our arrival, Mulmuš was quite different from what we know. A life project was being developed and gigantic Hušmuš (*wild reptiles*) colonized all land areas. We were hunted like Ádam (*animals*) by predators, far more dangerous than the Hušmuš-beings, with white skin like that of the Kingalàm. They were known as Kingú Babbar (*whites*), a royal strain of the Gina’abul.

“Gina’abul is the name I gave my children,” Barbélú interrupted.

“Yes, I know. In this future, yours will be dominated by the Kingú Babbar. The latter christened themselves Kingú when they took control over my children, the green and red Kingú. The line of Kingú Babbar stem from your own creation, that you have named Ía’aldabaut.”



“I didn’t tell you its name! I didn’t even pronounce it once in my head since we met. How did you...”

“You understand why we must eliminate Ía’aldabaut as fast as possible,” Šuhia interrupted. The two previous times we found you, you were attempting to bring him to life...I imagined that the birth of your Gina’abul would come about later. We managed to intercept and eliminate you along with Ía’aldabaut. You now know why. This time, the process does not seem the same for reasons I can’t understand. We were not able to find you and you had time to give birth to your Gina’abul. It’s as if the story I saw unfolding in the future cannot be modified!”

“Did you run into your double, into yourself, during your travels through time?”

“No, and I think I know why. I will explain it to you when the time comes. The members of the Zianna Mission killed each other. This unforeseen circumstance created discord among us, and we were no longer in agreement about the course of action in the face of adversity. I lived through the terrible moment where all of our values have been swept away in favor of the ultimate covetousness: that of dominating over others. Let’s get straight to the point: the thirst for power ravaged our ranks. My mission’s last survivors were hunted and killed by the Kingú Babbar. The latter used terrible weapons that are difficult to describe, as they are hidden in their hands. The minute they touch a living being, it collapses, overcome by a cardiac arrest. I managed to barely escape them. A flood of Kingú chased me into the vast forest like a black cloud pushed by violent winds. My strength resided in my experience with survival for landings in a hostile environment. I managed to lose them by dropping my body temperature. I jumped from tree to tree, though I exhaustedly tripped several times. I ended up falling. When I came back to my senses, my limbs were in pain, my right leg was broken. Kingalàm surrounded me, and they took care of me. We had been so conditioned about the malevolence of the Kingalàm that I was completely paralyzed with fear. I was naturally on the defensive. Right away, they attempted to communicate.”

“I felt it too,” added Barbélú, “despite their initial aggressiveness upon meeting us, which is no doubt exacerbated by their inability to make themselves understood.”

“Yes, this is a problem for them. They use a type of mask to modify their dialect and make themselves comprehensible to us. I lived with them

for a few weeks, the time it took for my recovery. We communicated for long hours. At the end of my stay in one of their Motherships, they provided me with a spaceship to make my return to Mulmuš and told me how to find my own time again, with the help of their instruments. However, upon my return, my few Iti (*month*) long adventure had turned into 40,000 Hul (*Mars*) Muanna (*years*) for our society...”

“You lived with the Kingalàm and they provided you with one of their spaceships? That is unbelievable,” exclaimed Barbélú. “How were you able to pass the Mušidim tests? Your inability to navigate that foreign apparatus was extensively demonstrated.”

Šuhia thought for a brief instant.

“The Kingalàm gave me medicines to take right before my return to the Mother-Home. These pills made me lose my memory for several Iti (*months*), the time it took to pass various Mušidim tests and to win my peers’ trust. My memory slowly returned to me, and with it, the ability to navigate the Kingalàm spaceship, which I used to return to the future.”

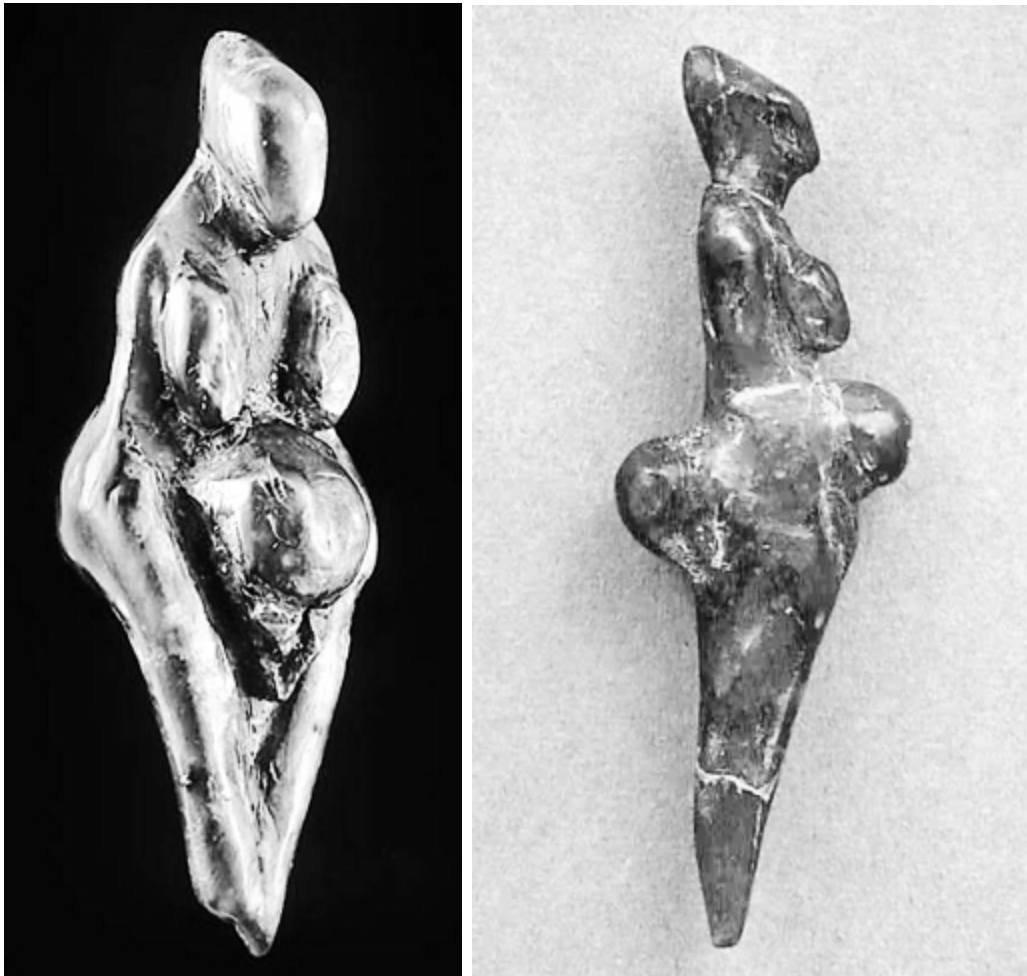
“Then why so many riddles? You still hide things from me...” Barbélú protested.

“It’s true, upon my return, I understood how implicated I was in our solar system’s destiny, and especially Dubkù (*Earth*). This is why I came up with the NUMUN project. The Kingalàm revealed to me that I was its designer. They also revealed to me that I gave the life to the Matriarchs, who would bring stability in the face of the Mother-Home’s royalty. My destiny was to bring life into the world of Chaos so that all these life forms would capture my energy and install a new illusion that would renew the previous deficient one. And so, I accomplished my destiny by launching the NUMUN project and giving birth to the Dark Matriarchs. Then, nothing was tying me to this ‘*past*,’ which I no longer felt any affinity with. That is when I decided to return to this ‘*reality*’...”

“You blindly trusted the Kingalàm?” Barbélú continued. “Didn’t you ever ask yourself if they had manipulated you?”

“You know, their implication in our history is more complex than you think, and I will reveal their secret to you. The Kingalàm are Mušidim of the future. They are descendants of our pilots lost between the Valley of Storms and the shadow zone of Sipazianna (*Orion*). Their travels through irradiated temporal distortions of the Ga’anzír Shadow have greatly distorted their physiognomy by inflicting irreversible mutations upon them.

Unfortunately, they no longer breathe like we do, no longer speak the same language- they must wear devices to avoid being asphyxiated and to translate their dialect, which was also mutated. They wanted to warn us about using these passages. Seeing that it was impossible to approach us and to peacefully change the past, they became more aggressive with the intention of being heard. They found an ally in me. They spoke to me about the future Mother of the Son of Chaos. We agreed that I would eliminate you if I ever saw you...”



26. 27. Figurines of Mother-goddesses found in the caves of Balzi Rossi in Grimaldi (Italy). They all possess a pronounced ophidian aspect with an elongated head. Each one of them is carrying life...

Overwhelmed by this dizzying news, Barbélú had to sit down for a few moments. Life seemed to her like a limitless chaos, where hope of connecting with the Source of all things finally revealed itself to be

impossible. The Mušidim had created a life inside of life for themselves, a time inside of time, an illusion outside of the universal laws generally accepted by their own doctrines. They had conceived an infernal trap in which they were both the script-writers and the protagonists of a dramaturgy, constructed in several acts. Pištěš, Šuhia, and Barbélú seemed to personify the main tragedians in the central act limited to a dream sequence. They now had to wake up, but did they possess the ability, the willingness, or even the power to?

“What can we do at our level,” asked Barbélú, completely defeated.

“For my part. I’ve been improvising for a while! The eggs that you discovered and to which I pay particular attention, belong to the Hušmuš (*wild reptiles*). I accelerate their growth here and have them transported through the air in order to cover as many regions as possible. This organized and accelerated dissemination attempts to preserve them from future aggressive species that the Kingú will spread throughout Dubkù (*Earth*). My Hušmuš are mainly herbivorous, of mammalian type, generally pacifists. I saw the Kingú's carnivorous species- they have sharp teeth that cut through flesh, not for tearing off plants or chewing insects. They also have powerful claws and rows of extreme bony plates on their backs. They will form a large range of predators ready to dominate Dubkù and devour the placid Hušmuš.”

“Isn’t there any way to change that, if your red dragons intercept Ía’aldabaut?”

“I’m not optimistic. Everything I’ve seen and heard from the mouth of the Kingalàm brings us back to this moment, the one we are both living right now.”

“Is there no way to modify this terrifying future by changing the past?”

“We cannot claim to turn back time to change the destiny of the Life-Makers and of their descendants, since the Kingalàm are not able to. I have myself run into an insuperable wall: each time I risk changing anything, such as eliminating you for example, the chaos of forms enters the scene to balance the void that I try to create. Our actions remain quite limited.”

"At the School of Knowledge, we name this ‘symmetry of time inversion’,” said Barbélú, “This phenomenon is explained by the fact that events go from one point to another, and that it is possible to follow them in one direction or another by unfolding the time-space continuum.”

"By this logic, I know we would certainly be able to go over the chain of causes that disperse the light in the manifestation."

"What do you mean?"

"There exists a key phenomenon that interferes in our past and thus, in the future. It blocks all light for the Mother-Home and seems to feed your Son of Chaos. So long as this horror is not rectified, the Kingú-Babbar, progenies of Ía'aldabaut, will attempt to copy the abyssal structures of the inverted world, named Chaos of Forms, instead of building a world of light.

"Be more precise, I beg you," asked Barbélú.

"I know where I can find King Éa'am and his Zida machine."

"Our King Éa'am?" cried the old Erudite of the Jade Palace. "Where is he? Is he with his Wife, Pištěš? Have you seen them?"

Barbélú remembered perfectly her interview with the Dark Matriarchs and their king in his royal origin. Why would she have been the old disappeared queen? Why wouldn't she simply be a modest servant, lost in her wake? Mother became nervous and her excitement produced faintness in Šuhia.

"I do not know where Queen Pištěš is. Everyone remembers that the sovereigns were separated at some point and that they are traveling alone, probably trying to find each other. My red Kingú found a trace of King Éa'am in the Temenlum-[\[101\]](#) region, where our sovereign left in their machine a long while ago now. "

"A trace of him? You mean he is no longer there?"

"I'll take you there, you'll see for yourself. The mortar dome covered in earth was not enough to protect the site; today it is devastated. We'll make the trip together. "

At that moment, Barbélú's children appeared, escorted by Šuhia's dragons. Tal, the mascot, was not accompanying them; he had fled into the forest upon seeing the terrible humanoids. Mother vibrated to the rapid beats of her heart. She spread her arms to receive the terrified young Gina'abul. Šuhia proposed that they leave when the sun reached its peak. This would give Barbélú time to spend a few moments with her children. Barbélú would have liked the young Gina'abul to rest. Too excited by this reunion and by the discovery of so much luxury in this vast underground, they could not find sleep.

Spread out at the back of a room without any openings to the exterior, Barbélú and her children gave themselves over completely to their

insouciance, far from the perils of the vast forest. This morning where the warm air, artificially generated to incubate the eggs, was already starting to penetrate in every corner of the steel monster. Mother was wondering: were there still Mušidim in the Mother-Home, or had the race died out? Many questions remained without an answer. Šuhia was hiding something. She would have to stay alert. She kept in mind that before this "*present*", unseen to her eyes, the ancient Agarín had taken her life several times..."



## 4 - FACE TO FACE WITH THE DARKNESS OF TIME

*“Knowing [herself], [Barbelo] knew him and became (the) Hid(de)n,  
[because] she acts in those she [k]nows...  
It was in the [b]eauty and [dajwn of tranquility, silence, calm, and  
grandeur whose traces we can longer find, that he appeared.  
He does not need time, nor does he come from eternity...  
He unfolds on his own so that we can in no way find traces of him.  
Neither does he do anything to be in a state of tranquility, neither is he  
an Existence, so he doesn't have to be subjected to deprivation.  
He is, on one hand, a body when he is in a place, and on the other, he is  
bodiless when he is in what is his own familiarity...  
Being an Existence with no being, while existing for all, having no  
desire...  
But he is a peak of greatness and he is superior to his immobility...”*  
NH XI, 3 - Allogene<sup>[102]</sup>, 45,29 - 45,33 / 65,17 - 65,39

### O

## Ĝirkù -Tìla Nuréa / Min-ME-Limmu

“The Danna (*hours*) went by. Šuhia came to get her sister at midday, pulling her out of her labyrinth of thoughts and dreams. Her confident pace matched with the insured sign of her announcement that it was time to leave. She had her strange green crystal with her. Mother left her children, asking them to behave under the good care of the red dragons and their olive-skinned servants. The mystery that Šuhia wanted to present her with was the only thing on her mind. Was she really going to meet King Éa’am? Barbélú paused in the middle of the doors to ease tensions. She took a deep breath and looked at her children one last time. Šuhia seemed impatient. They walked through the deserted hallways, in which an enchanting flute played its melody as if to carry the hymns of a forgotten genesis. The docile



green Kingú had cleaned the metallic floor that shone like the moon's broken pieces up in the sky.

"Where does the fragmented moon circling Dubkù (*Earth*) come from?" asked Barbélú.

"It's a gift from our ancestors. This moon was caught by Dubkù long after your time. It is one of the victims from the conflicts that broke out in the Mother-Home."

"Which conflicts?"

"I think that all of this information knocked you out yesterday. Today I assume you must be wondering what became of our people?"

"Surely. Are there still Life-Makers in Mulmuš (*the Solar System*)?"

"Not to my knowledge. The sun's winds are responsible for our extinction. What has destroyed the Mušidim world is not a matter of fatality or of external elements, nor is it even the Kingalàm. It is our own folly that has turned against the entire Mother-Home. When dishonest minds conspire and manipulate an entire people scattered in a stellar system, it generates a form of repression and totalitarianism. The Mušidim's despotic royalty created discord in the hearts of various institutions. The people rose up in all of Mulmuš. The Mušidim forgot that destructive thought-forms act on matter. The sun, our Mother-Home's heart, was not immune to this universal rule."

"Before I was enlisted for this mission, having to observe the shady area that finally led me to you," Barbélú added, "I warned the Matriarchs and royalty about the importance of the harmful thought-form effects. I explained to them that Pištěš and Éa'am went astray in space-time because of an anchor problem that prevented them from synchronizing their initial time."

"You discovered that?"

"Yes, today I have the feeling that they did not consider my hypothesis very seriously," she added.

Šuhia stopped and took the Gina'abul Mother's hand. She told her affectionately, "You shouldn't feel guilty. The Mušidim are ambitious, narrow-minded, selfish, and they hardly ever question themselves."

"So what happened?"

The two sisters resumed their walk.

"The Dark Matriarch community could not stop the devastating train of thought-forms and conflicts. I went to Kaštu to consult its millennial library

buried beneath the burnt ruins. Plant and animal life has taken over, just as it has here, on Dubkù. But I found no survivors. From what I have understood, the general cycle of the Mother-Home's sun and planets was de-regulated, overwhelmed by the extent of the disorder. The Mulmuš (*the solar system*) planets affected by our desire for destruction resonated with our sun, which was seized by devastating shocks. These events are recorded on the walls next to the former Jade Palace.”

“On the walls?” asked Barbélú. “The last Mušidim therefore no longer recorded things on crystals?”

“No... I can't explain it. They erected hundreds of walls in the library's gardens, stone walls engraved with historical information. I'll take you there if you wish. Terrible solar storms eroded the Mother-Home. An intense and brutal heat fell upon the planet's surface, annihilating all life in a few Ud (*days*). Even the stones melted in places. I can't explain this phenomenon.”

Barbélú spoke again, using her notions of astrophysics: “I think that the phenomenal solar activity – the quasi-spontaneous combustion on the scale of Mulmuš – modified our planets' rotation speeds and changed their polarities. It also undoubtedly altered the course of time. Our world's magnetic fields greatly diminished and opened gaping breaches to highly irradiated cosmic bombardments. The radiation emitted by the solar winds caused a massive extinction, a totally unprecedented event for the Mušidim. I doubt that it happened in a few Ud (*days*) as you suggest. Logically, several phases have succeeded one another. The first was undoubtedly a continuous bombardment in the form of walls of fire or murderous waves, which burned a large portion of terrestrial life. The heating of the seas then led to a gradual release of methane and carbon, which caused an overall decrease in oxygen on livable planets such as Dubkù (*Earth*), Hul (*Mars*) and Kaštu (*future Venus*). Then, there was a powerful greenhouse effect on every planet, causing a widespread devastating reaction that killed the species that had managed to survive up until then. But this could not have happened in a matter of Ud (*days*). The phenomenon had to have spread over several hundred Muanna (*years*), or even several thousand Hul Muanna<sup>[103]</sup>. Are you sure that there are no Mušidim survivors in our Solar System?”

“Only part of the ancient technology stationed in the depths of Hul and Kaštu's crust remains, such as the flying devices I used for the NUMUN project,” replied Šuhia, totally astounded by Barbélú's erudition.

"Then there's something I don't get..." said the Gina'abul mother.

Their exchange ended and gave way to intense reflection. King Éa'am occupied all of Barbélú's thoughts. When she thought of him, her heart beat painfully, unexplainably. Knowing she was going to see him gave her immeasurable joy. They roamed the endless corridors leading to the boarding platform, under the cold artificial lights dangling from the metallic ceiling. The two types of Kingú paraded in groups, wearing heavy suits usually worn for space travel. Šuhia explained to her sister that these Kingú would take care of the eggs in the incubation room.

"Are they the eggs of your Kingú?" asked Barbélú.

"No, not at all," Šuhia replied proudly. "Most are far too big. These are Hušmuš (*wild reptiles*) seeds. I preserve them here before scattering them all over Dubkù (*Earth*).

"Why to deploy all of this energy? Is your NUMUN project in danger?"

"In a way. My life plan will be in great danger. My travels to the future revealed to me its fate. When I left my time, just after the Dark Matriarchs were created, I recovered the original genetic material from the NUMUN project and transported it with me. I saw that the Kingú-Babbar would create formidable Hušmuš (*wild reptiles*) to supplant my plan for life. Carnivorous Hušmuš! All of these eggs are part of a plan to preserve the project. We have rehabilitated as many flying aircraft as possible to carry out this preventive mission."

"You mean, rescue!" resumed Barbélú, exasperated.

The two Matriarchs appeared on the wide platform where a small, round spaceship awaited them. A green Kingú was sitting in the cockpit while two dragons, their wings folded, occupied the back part of the vessel. The Matriarchs slipped in to face the red Kingú. Their piercing gaze troubled Barbélú. Against all odds, one of them spoke to her: "I am Ušama [\[104\]](#). My role is to guarantee our Mother's safety. I will do the same for you."

Šuhia gave her strange crystal to the pilot who encased it on the dashboard. Immediately, the interior of the cabin was illuminated by a thousand lights. The ship quickly tore away from the metal city, gaining height, and then descended to fly low. A few dunes crumbled under the violent wind created by the device. Barbélú became more and more

agitated. Her excitement distorted all of her sensations. They left the lagoon and headed for rough terrain. The ship gained altitude and passed through thick coniferous forests and wide plains, dried up by the burning sun. Further down, large Hušmuš (*savage reptile*) stood on their feet and their tails to effortlessly reach the pine cones that were at the top of the big conifers. Impressive rows of teeth crushed small branches and foliage. Straight ahead, a herd of another variety of species warmed itself in the afternoon sun, in a vast meadow of seed ferns. The long necks, topped with their little heads, swept the pasture to collect its delicious vegetables. In the distance, two mastodons seemed to be fighting. Barbélú looked inquisitively at Šuhia and asked:

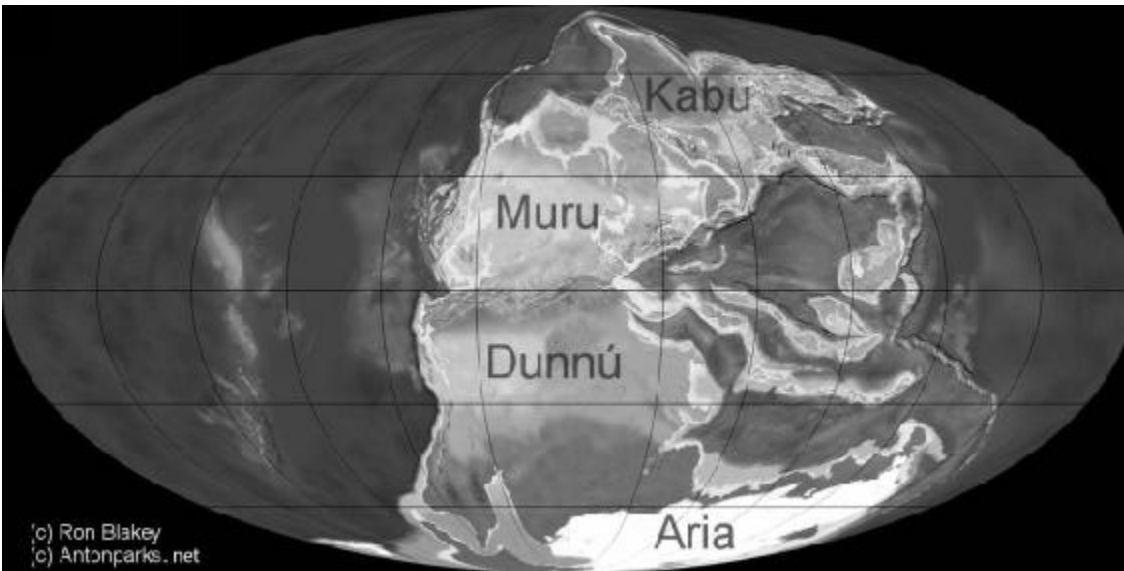
"Are they peaceful?"

"Yes! But these species are matriarchal. The females often get tired of their companions and push them away. These males then sometimes have to live apart from the herd."

Mother lengthily observed the different landscapes punctuated by desolate expanses. A detail surprised her however: "I only set foot on Dubkù once or twice," she remarked, "Though, I studied its cartography at length, and I don't recognize any of these regions..."

"We are heading west of Dunnu, towards where the Temenlum site is located. After the solar conflagration. Dubkù continents moved, the land dislocated, and the water level was raised, creating new shores and oceans."

The sun began its slow descent in the almost purple sky. Their arrival to Temenlum site triggered a strange impression for Barbélú, the feeling of suffocating. Her painfully blocked chest forced her to slow down and kneel to try to catch her breath. After a moment, Šuhia grew impatient and finally signaled to her two dragons to pick her up. "What's happening to me?" She asked feebly. Šuhia did not answer, forcing the group to continue their walk. At this time of day, in the vitrified forest's original solitude, Pištěš and Éa'am's launch site appeared between dunes. The atomization of the world and the ravaging traces of the crumbling of time froze the devastated ground. Nothing functional remained. There were only a few ruined walls that still stood, overwhelmed by omnipresent sand, a vestige of a terrible cataclysm. In the desert, one could almost hear the overwhelming sun's silence.



28. Dubkù's (Earth) appearance at the beginning of the Triassic. There were four main regions, as was the case during the Mušidim's far away time.

Barbélú sat down on a rock in an attempt to regain control of her breath. She watched her trembling hand. Was it fear? Was she ill? Her heart pulsated as if she had run for Danna (*hours*). Desperate, she looked around to understand, to find a benevolent look that could explain the reasons for her alarming state. The enigmatic Šuhia and her red Kingú did not react. Their feet seemed frozen in the sand of the origins while they stared at the young Matriarch. Barbélú's vision focused on a chaos of piled up stones further down. She stood up mechanically, as if attracted by this place. Her slow and hesitant march gave away her real desire of figuring out this mystery. Was she doubting something? The pile of stones were the remains of an old door, that of the room that once covered the Zida machine. There was no trace of the protective dome, either. There was nothing more than a heap of rubble and sand. The ancient king was not far. Barbélú painfully removed her clothes by telling herself that if she had to face Éa'am, she should present herself to him without artifice.

“Where is he? Where is our king?” Barbélú asked weakly.

Šuhia was also silent. She approached her sister to position herself right behind her. Mother turned to face the designer of the NUMUN project, her face dripping with tears. Šuhia could not face her distressed gaze. In a barely audible voice, almost trembling, she finally told her: “Look a little closer.”

Mother quickly inspected the area, expecting to discover Éa'am concealed behind some stones, but she did not insist: "I can't find him," she said desperately.

"Concentrate," Šuhia snapped. "If you have the lucidity that makes you a Dark Matriarch, then you will see the King of Shadows..."



29. Šuhia and Barbélú having a discussion on the Temenlum site © **Frantz Lasvignes / Anton Parks**

Barbélú began to scan the site with her natural vision that defies the visible world. At the edge of what is perceptible and of the fleeting shadows, a form furtively emerged in the multiple wavelengths' wild intensity. A low-radiation gravitational wave of the "Dema 3" type appeared. Mother concentrated to see her echo, that was drawing itself into the geometry of space. Each energy curves the dimensional continuum, and the object in question produces waves in the structure of space and time. It was quite massive and obviously in motion since its rotation took space-time with it. Its rapid and energetic twist made the gravitational waves detectable.

"You will not have a better vision than this one," Šuhia told Barbélú. "Now take these glasses that's allow to see between waves of the matter. I found them on the site, in a pen hidden in the ground. The Shadow Agarin

stationed on Dubkù and my own Matriarchs must have known what you are about to discover...”

The Dark Matriarchs' mother took the glasses and placed them over her eyes. Barbélú followed her example. The mysterious silhouette took shape, forming an icosahedron, the shape of the Zida machine. They could see the apparatus' spectral appearance better now. Its inflamed contours gave the sensation that it drew its energy from the burning of the sun. The vision gradually became brighter, like in a dream, with flamboyant effects. The source of the temporal problem created by the Makers of Life was partly here, in this forest stratified by the revolt of Mulmuš's sun. Barbélú wondered about the vision that had emerged from another age. She tried to touch it, but did not succeed.

“Is this Zida's energy double? Its echo, still present in the space-time continuum?”

Barbélú contemplated the object more intensely.

“No,” she replied. “I see... the distorted space. The machine is still here, it has never been moved. This is not an echo but a gravitational deformation of space compressed by Zida.”

“Very well...” said Šuhia, “Now what else do you see?”

This question troubled Barbélú. She concentrated even more to see the time traveling machine. Mother forced her to look beyond the erratic impulses that stretched the geometry of space. She then had to see through counter-rotating fields generated by the machine. Suddenly, hidden in Zida's indestructible matrix belly, the crepuscular Mušidim king made his brutal appearance. A single passenger, a single face. King Éa'am appeared to her...

The body, frozen in time, showed the desolation of the king in search of his queen. Éa'am's gentle face seemed tense with pain in the midst of his eternal imprisonment— a suffering marked by the despair of never leaving this tomb. His green crystal, similar to Šuhia's, was on the control panel. Barbélú gave in to panic. The king's suffering was unbearable for her.



30. Éa'am, stuck in between dimensions, at the heart of the Zida machine © **Frantz Lasvignes / Anton Parks**

"We can't leave him like this, get him out of there right away, I beg you!"

"That's impossible," replied Šuhia. "He is the only one who can stop the machine. Nobody can do it in its place."

Barbélú sobbed without being able to stop. Her hands still trembled, a sign that her body was weakening again. In spite of her fatigue, she spoke again: "We have to find a solution! We can't leave our king like this. He's clearly completely out of sync. He will never be able to take back control of Zida."

"I tried everything," Šuhia said desperately, "Everything imaginable. Éa'am cannot see us, he is between several dimensions. He has no way to synchronize with his reality. It is impossible to send him a message."

"My king, my king," implored Barbélú, who was trying to caress his sweet face in the crepuscular wave. "You don't deserve this. I am calling you from the bottom of your torpor. Where is your queen? Send me a message so that I can help you..."

Not knowing what to add. Barbélú got dressed, mechanically. Éa'am desolation, frozen in this mystery, seemed hopeless. King Éa'am, transported by his dreams of equilibrium and justice, was reduced into the world of errant shadows, lost in the inter-dimensional abyss. Even the light



drawn from Barbélú's tears of love and salt could not offer the hope of crossing the impenetrable strata of time. Overwhelmed by the absurd sacrifice, Barbélú realized that no science seemed to be able to save him from numbness and death. The intense sadness emanating from the deepest fibers of Barbélú's soul moved Šuhia. Her sister from the past had a secret that she did not seem to know of or accept. The mother of the Dark Matriarchs and of the NUMUN project knew this, and her whole being lived with the weight of the mystery that was more and more heavy to bear. This difficult moment, however, seemed to be the most appropriate for breaking the silence and unleashing the storm on the last royal Mušidim rampart: "I owe you the truth," said Šuhia. "I have no choice. This has all gone too far."

"What are you talking about?"

"I did not eliminate you twice, but three times. The first time was not at all like the other two, where you presented yourself to me in the form of the Jade Palace scholar."

"In what form did I arrive the first time?"

"You know very well but you don't accept it. The vibration of your Níama does not fool me. You were Pištěš, of course!-[105]"

"So what did you do? Did you eliminate her too?"

"Yes, it was an obligation, not a choice."

"A choice imposed by the Kingalàm!" Barbélú snapped, furious.

The extent of the revelation threw her into an indescribable interior conflagration. Her face disintegrated from rage, she rushed onto Šuhia and threw her back brutally. Her hands were ready to strangle her with the strength of her anger. Only one thought occupied her mind: kill the sister who too frankly revealed her murderous inclinations! Šuhia reacted instinctively, her crystal blade rose from her hand like the blazing sun. The sisters began to roll to one side. Barbélú struggled to gain her breath while dodging the intense heat that was heading inexorably towards his chest. Mother had just enough time to let go and jump back. An inflamed torpor filled each of her veins: "This thing is burning," exclaimed Barbélú. "Is that what you killed the queen of the Mušidim with?"

Šuhia's mouth produced no sound, as if all her strength was focused so as to avoid thinking about the sad truth. The mother of the Gina'abul understood that the crystal was indeed the murderous weapon.

“Éa’am can never come back without her queen,” Barbélú said. “You condemned him to eternal suffering!”

“By Nuréa! Do not force me to kill you once again,” replied Šuhia. “I’m tired of this whole story. Surrender, and no harm will come to you.”

“It’s my turn to eliminate you,” said the Jade Palace scholar. “We might as well both die if we have to!”

“It’s not your destiny.”

“What good is it to speak if everything is written?!”

With these words, Barbélú kicked behind the back of her rival’s leg, causing her to stumble. As the latter collapsed, the point of her crystal was already rising towards her head. Seized with a devastating anger, Barbélú opened her arms wide to let her wrath escape through her Níama. Nothing could stop her now, she thought. Mother concentrated her energy on a single point, her inner hurricane opened the feverish doors of omnipotence. She could not weaken, she had to remain focused on the danger that had to be eliminated.

“Your destiny is not in my hands, but in Nuréa’s,” resumed Šuhia, panting.

“Nuréa. Nuréa! Who is this Nuréa you constantly mention?”

“She is a holy Gina’abul. In the future she will be one of your offsprings. Your destiny and hers are bound forever. If we both die today, you will never know her and your children will agonize, abandoned in the meandering of the temporal paradox. You mustn’t wait any longer, you have to write your soul’s story!”

How could she know if she was saying the truth? At that moment, without thinking. Mother shrieked and made Šuhia’s crystal fly into the air thanks to her Níama. The gush of light landed into one of her hands. Then she left her dark sister and began frantically running towards the ship. Šuhia ordered her second dragon to catch up with her. He spread his wings to take flight and intercept the fugitive. She moved in zigzags, hoping to disrupt the red Kingú’s approach. Weapon in hand, with broad gestures, she pushed back the snaps of his monstrous jaws. Saliva splattered her face. Mother felt a warm breath as the dragon’s claws sank abruptly into her back, letting out a horrible cry of pain as her body rose in the air. In a desperate maneuver,

she stretched out her arm to reach her adversary. Her sword thrust into him only partially, but enough for the dragon to let go. Mother collapsed onto the ground. In a final effort, the red Kingú fell upon her but she split him in two thanks to the crystal sword. Barbélú quickly regained her spirits and rushed to the ovoid apparatus. Her back was agonizingly painful but the wounds were already closing gradually. She slipped into the back of the cockpit and grabbed the green Kingú driver's neck. With the other hand she gave him the crystal so that he could fit it on the dashboard. Mother ordered him to take off promptly and to head for the metal city. All of Barbélú's senses were awake. Upon leaving, she heard part of the discussion that her sister was having with her faithful dragon named Ušama: "Do not be alarmed. Mother," said the red Kingú. "Your sister will come back sooner than she thinks."

"No, we're going to have to get her out of the trap that awaits her. Then I'll have to consider the plan I told you about."

"You cannot do that. Mother!"

"We no longer have the choice." she continued, "Our futures depend on her acceptance of the obvious..."

## 5 - THE FOSSIL INFORMATION SECRET

*“He is the first Archon, the one who took a great power from his mother.  
Then he separated from her and departed from the places where he was  
raised.*

*He became strong and created other Eons for himself, flamboyant with  
a luminous fire that (still) exists today.  
And he united with his own folly and conceived Authorities for himself.”*

**NH II, 1 - The Book of John, 10,21 - 10,28**

*"And above the throne,  
he created other dragon-shaped angels called Seraphim, who give glory  
to him at all times.*

*Then he created an angelic Assembly - innumerable thousands and  
myriads-similar to the Assembly in the Ogdoad.”*

**NH II, 5 - The Writing With No Title, 105,18 - 105,23**

*"The impudent (Arcon) therefore stole one of his mother's powers.  
But he was ignorant and believed that no others existed apart from his  
mother.*

*Seeing the crowd of angels he had created, he rose above them.*

*But once the mother understood that the dark runt was imperfect, she,  
at the same time, understood that her spouse had not spoken to her with one  
voice.*

*She repented abundant tears.”*

**NH II, 1 – The Secret Book of John, 13,27 - 14,1**

IIIΛ

Ğirkù -Tìla Nuréa / Min-ME-Ia

Barbélú quickly reached the city of metal. The edifice bordered a fertile region from which arid lands emerged. The carcasses of dead trees reminded her of the luxuriance that this land had known in a distant time. Upon her arrival, Mother of Origins jumped from the spaceship to join her children. Thanks to the Níama, she had been able to communicate with the

two Abgal and give them a rendezvous point at the foot of the fortress. The little Gina'abul waited for her at the appointed place, but they were not alone. Several red Kingú accompanied them!

Mother immediately felt danger, and nervously scrutinized the natural site. The young children seemed petrified by fear, stiff and frozen like marble columns. None of them threw themselves into her arms. In deep uncertainty, she made up an excuse to justify Šuhia's absence to the red Kingú, *"Your Mother sent me to look for my children so that I could take them to her in a safe place."* No answer, not even one movement. Time seemed suspended, and the environment was abnormally frozen: the wind no longer blew, no natural noise, near or far, nothing was heard. Even the enormous metal building slumbered abnormally. Barbélú rushed towards the young Gina'abul to touch them... Their aspect and immobility seemed to be the image of a lucid dream.

At that moment, as if crossing a mirror, a large silhouette descended from the sky to slip silently between the individuals that were frozen in time and space. Ía'aldabaut, the immaculate king, straight out of the night of the World, appeared in the heart of matter in an alluring splendor. He was more voluminous than when he emerged from the egg in the cave a handful of Ud (*days*) before. Like the Kingalàm, Ía'aldabaut had immaculate white hair. Radiant particles seemed to have hit the damned child, causing an inexorable mutation that reshaped his genetic material. A long white coat woven with gold thread wrapped his whole body while an intense white light emphasized the character's majesty. Each of his footsteps in the sand seemed abnormally light.

"Mother, my dear Mother, I have been watching you for some time," he said, mockingly, "You hurry, you run, you rush all time! What for?"

"What are you doing here, Ía'aldabaut? What have you done, why are they all frozen?"

"I snuck into your dream in which it is so easier to pause everything with a simple gesture."

"I don't understand anything you're saying, how are you doing this?"

"You cannot grasp any of this because you lost all your natural powers the day you abandoned your king in the machine..."



31. Ía'aldabaut © Frantz Lasvignes / Anton Parks

Barbélú was troubled by this statement, to the point of being unable to answer. Ía'aldabaut stared at her with supernatural intensity, then looked around and said to her, amusedly: "What an unusual place, Mother. I can hardly believe that you came back here to give birth to me."

"You were born in this reality and this is the one you belong to," she answered.

"Mother, your narrow dogmas amaze me greatly. This insignificant world is the reflection of other, far more extensive places where the laws of physics are sometimes reversed, where the boundaries between the worlds are both vast and derisory. You have proven it once before, thanks to your observations and your calculations... For you, I have exceeded time. Just

like the Kingalàm, I immersed myself in distant places, from galaxy to galaxy, at the heart of the sparkling tides of a billion stars. I have gone through gas dust and the defined spectra of the frequency and wavelength of emitted light. I have passed through the flow of thermal energy that escapes from the stars and the chaotic fields of elemental matter. I have seen stars collapse, freezing space-time, and thus creating an elasticity of the temporal cycle..."

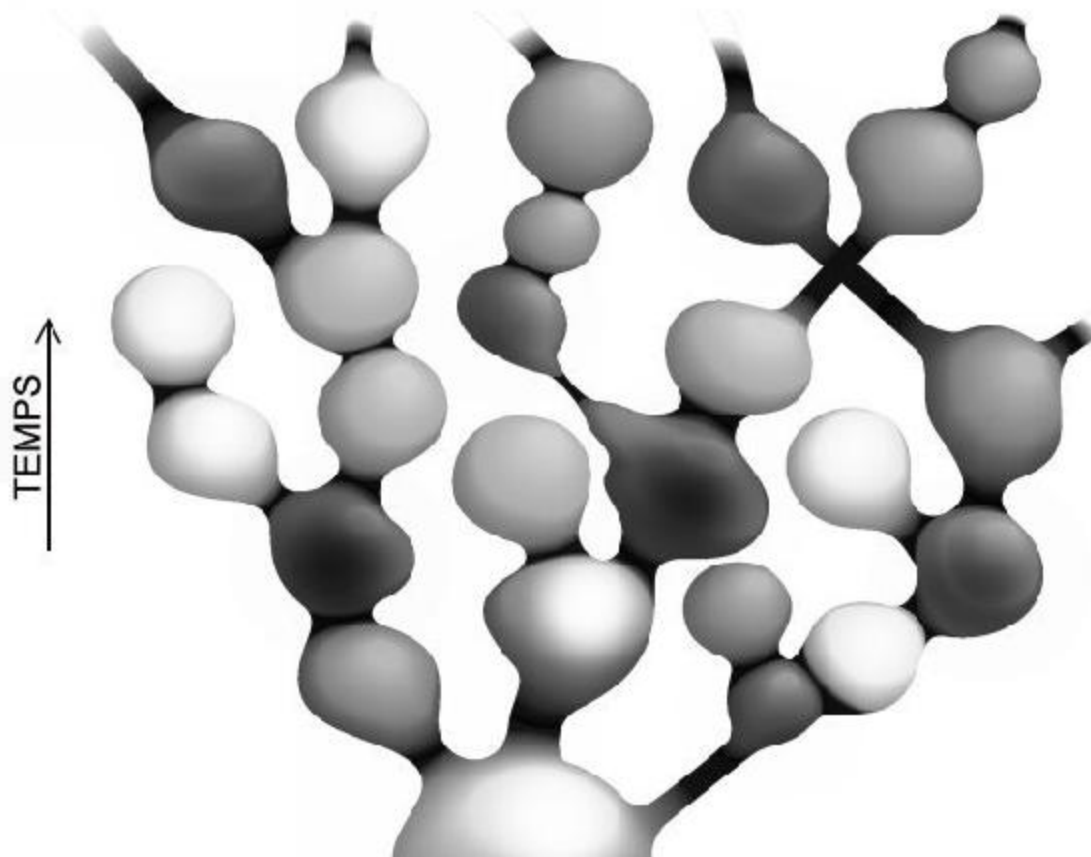
"You physically did all of this?" she asked, stupefied.

"Of course, Mother. I don't need a ship now that I have gone through the curve of time. My metabolism changed when I crossed the visible horizons and when I was in contact with Raw Material. I have only been gone for a few Ud (*days*) in your eyes, yet an eternity separates us. I observed the stellar furnaces at work, forging the material of the rocky worlds. The seeding of interstellar space is no longer a secret for me. I felt the shock wave from explosions of the protosolar clouds. I moved to the Meka-[\[106\]](#) Light's Region. There is indeed a Bùranna (*black hole*) behind the birth of our Universe, just as you had predicted, thanks to your savant calculations. Our Universe comes from the contraction phase of an original universe hidden behind this Bùranna. The Zag-Anki (Big Bang) is the junction between the Mother universe and our expanding universe."

"Then you must have also observed fossil information and the initial rebound regions responsible for creating our Universe." Barbélú said. "My son, you observed the traces of primitive expansion, resulting from the collapse of matter, and the folding of space-time in the heart of the primary Bùranna (*black hole*), within reach of Imaginary Time. During the initial expansion, our Universe's evolution was, indeed, dictated by Imaginary Time from the mother universe. After that, everything is a question of balance between the galactic flows."[\[107\]](#)

Barbélú's eyes shone with a thousand lights. Her mind was overflowing with dreamy and solitary images that she could not have imagined before that moment. She would have liked to be there, with him, to discover all these marvels. Ía'aldabaut delighted in the pleasure he gave his mother. She was paying attention to him... But Ía'aldabaut was bulimic of self-satisfaction and gratitude. He could not help but shine even brighter: "I also checked your own theory behind the birth of Anriba, our Milky Way. Do you know that after your last departure, Mušidim's descendants modified their cosmological dogma according to your work? It's written on

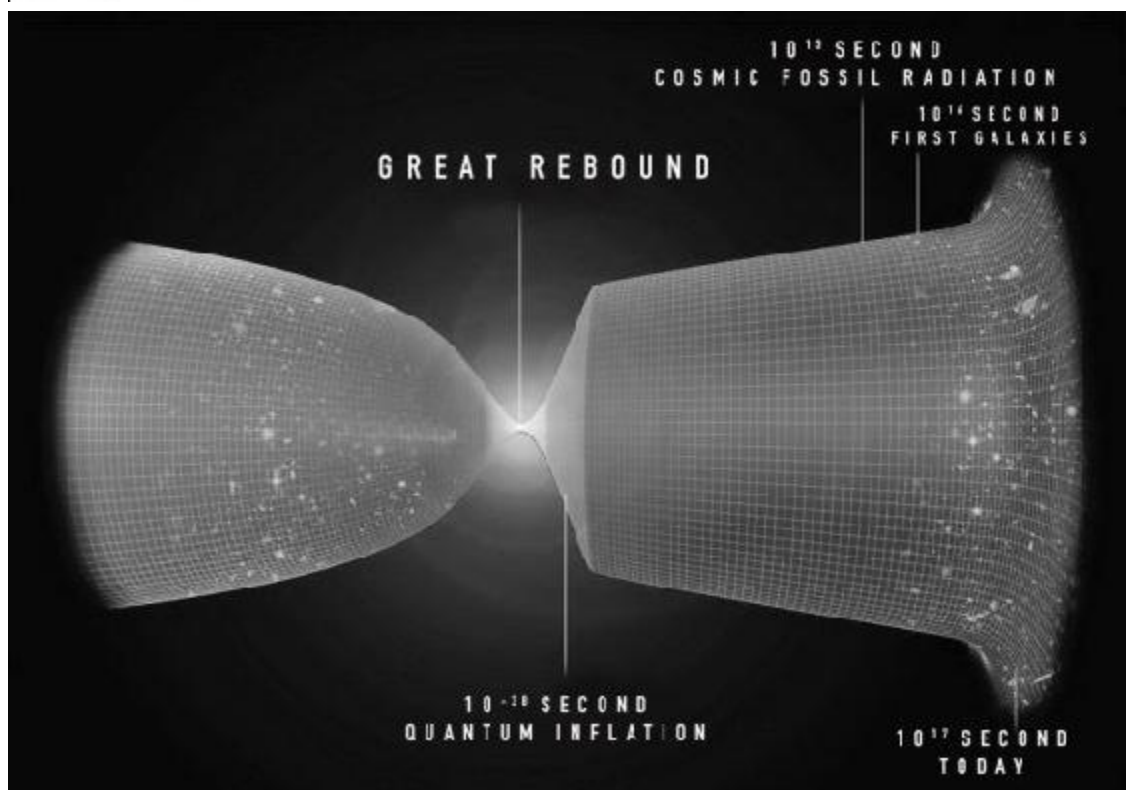
the stone walls attached to the former Jade Palace on planet Kaštu (*future Venus*). Anriba's (*our galaxy*) Bùranna (*black hole*) has a signature that is similar to the Sipazianna (*Orion*) fissures created by the Kingalàm, just as you had suggested. Anriba does indeed come from an ancient stellar explosion initiated by the Kingalàm. Your kingdom's Great Oracle priests refused to accept this new system of thought and did not want to abandon their theory in which they had based all of their hopes and dogmas. Once they understood that you were probably correct, they attempted to modify their theory in order to make it coincide in part with yours. Their new cosmological creation was wobbly and unstable. Nothing made sense! Yet the royalty persisted in wanting to keep its old theories. I watched the Murhad revolt that was triggered as a consequence and the rise of the thought-forms, which upset the Mother House cycle. A quasi-spontaneous combustion throughout Mulmuš changed the course of the planets. Your discoveries radically changed your old world.”





32. The inflationary model proposed by Andrei Linde offers a cosmic fractal structure arranged like a tree from which new universes would be born. All the expanding universes would be connected to each other thanks to the presence of black holes, themselves giving to Big Bangs and holes of worms (timeless tunnels). The whole would form complex ramifications in the image of the Yggdrasil, the cosmic tree of northern legends.

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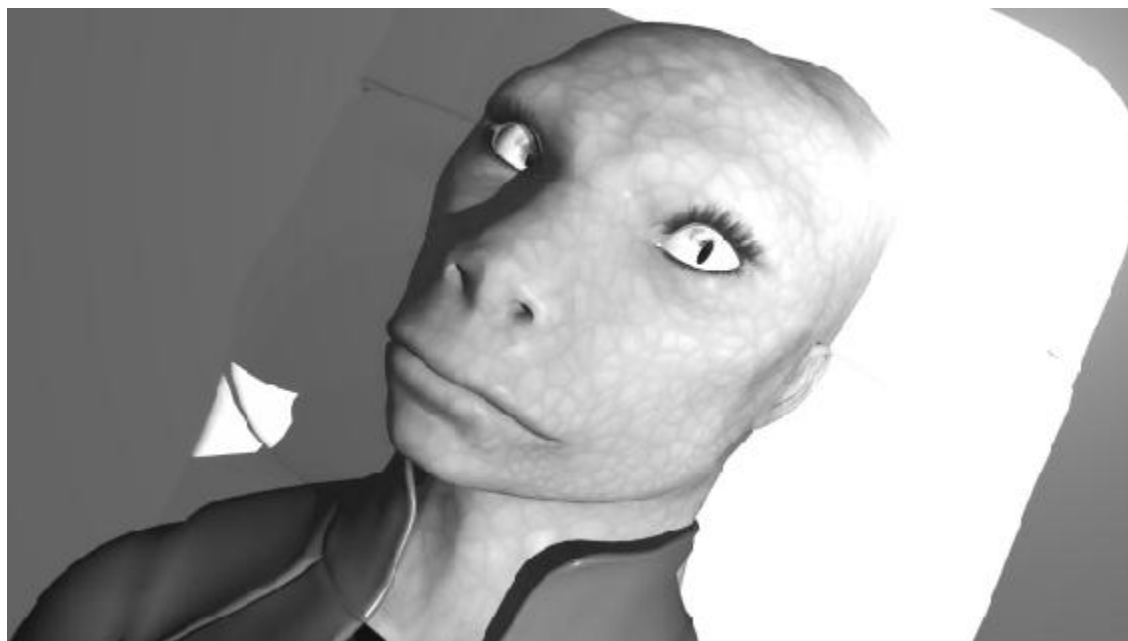
33. According to the looped quantum theory, the Big Bang gives way to a Great Rebound, a simple galactic gully that would have given birth to our Universe. Many black holes would give access to other universes connected to ours.

"I don't see what more I could have done," she replied, "My world had been declining for a long time. Anyway, I don't have the kind of faculties that you have, I could never have followed you and enjoyed this show with you."

"Mother, it has been so long since you lost your powers that you don't even remember. In the form of Pištěš, you were made to rule over everything, but you preferred to give up your power to instead amaze yourself down here below. You have left the Mušidim in favor of the world of ambition and envy. Your absence weighed heavily on their destiny and your disappearance led to the ruin of the real you came from. Since then, you have been wandering with a heavy heart, sliding from world to world, and from body to body, in search of your companion by praying to an

unlikely Source. You hope for a forgiveness and salvation that you will never be granted!”

Mother frowned and stared at her son in anguish. In the ineffable silence, Ía’aldabaut pulled out a sphere from one of his pockets. It shimmered in the sun. Its regular brightness was reflected onto Barbélú’s face whose eyes began to let off a stream of tears. Her sight became disturbed, offering her a solitary spectacle from another time. Mother of Origins only began to understand and accepted it. In her confusion, she captured incandescent images where a face declined into a dreamy light. She saw herself in Pištěš’ body, in the heart of the machine Zida, dazzled by a pulsating light gathered in a dazzling cloud. Éa’am’s gentle face was at her side. A strange attraction pulled her out of her neuronal sleep and gave her shivers. The outside light attracted her like a delightful bliss. Absorbed by an uncontrollable temptation, Pištěš stopped the machine while her companion remained silent. In contact with the dense matter of the future Dubkù, the time machine vibrated on itself with all its weight and stabilized in the air a few feet from the ground while its two ends’ counter-rotating field was still spinning. The queen of the Mušidim gently whispered to Éa’am. without looking at him, *“I’ll be right back. I have to see this for myself...”*.



The outside light did not pulsate, the queen recovered her crystal from the dashboard and left the aircraft, unaware of the danger that awaited her. The outside brightness suddenly dazzled her, giving her a deep sense of solitude. She was surrounded by deserts and dunes. Strange metal plates surrounded the machine and reflected the sun's fiery light. When Pištěš realized that the luminous pulsation seen in the camera was nothing but the reflection of the sun and the accelerated effect of sunrise and sunset visible through the Zida cockpit, the infernal machine turned back on, behind her. Blinded by this foreign world, the former Mušidim queen rushed to Zida, administering it repeated blows to attract Éa'am's attention and ask him to stop every thing... in vain. She struck it with all her strength, and her cries of despair were lost in oblivion. The dizzying counter-rotation's speed did not allow her to even to make out the king's face. He did not hear her. The machine let off a powerful breath and suddenly faded into the void, abandoning Pištěš to her sad fate.

"He... he abandoned me," said Barbélú, pierced with pain. "We were ONE. What misfortune!"

"Do you really think so? No," he said, almost feeling sorry for his mother. "You are the one who abandoned him. In your irrational fascination for this outside light, you freed yourself from the elementary rules of prudence, and you failed to realize that your companion was still unconscious. Your king was still in neuronal control, still connected to the machine. What could he do? The machine was programmed to restart automatically if one of the pilots' minds remained synchronized to its control matrix. On that fatal day, you were dispossessed of your innocence and your royalty."

Mother tumbled into a dark abyss, unable to latch on any kind of sanity. The world suddenly appeared devoid of all meaning, instead filling with disorder and falsehood. Could she get rid of the evil that troubled at her since the beginning of time? Could she save her lover from his torment and hold him tight once more? His absence had always been tearing her guts and it was at that moment that she really understood it. The warmth of his kisses and the caresses of his body had been lost in the foam of time, but

the sensation lingered somewhere in her memory, like a sanctuary through the storm. Ía'aldabaut, the merciful benefactor and the judge of matter in the making, possessed a soul that was filled by a thirst for power. She left her son's eyes to turn her back and collapsed on the hot sand: "What do you want from me," she asked, violently hitting the ground.

"To help you, Mother! You are burning up the little amount of strength you have left like a dying sun during its last combustions. You are still a queen, the greatest of our species."

"There is nothing you can do for me, my son. I have to repair the harm that I have caused, on my own."

"Don't be so sure. In my virtue as the supreme deity of this universe, I can give you a little power, the one you abandoned long ago and the one I took from you right after my birth. You and I will be the undisputed masters of past, present and future worlds.

Barbélú did not want to fall into yet another trap. She stood up with determination to face her son and pointed her finger at him: "Who do you think you are, the Source of all things? God? You are nothing but an ignorant!"

"I am ignorance mixed with light," he snapped back. "By mixing with the light, I dimmed it and devoured its clarity. I was struck by it, only to become even more powerful. I travelled to the limits of the infinite, I crossed all imaginable boundaries. I looked for your Source. Where is she? Where is your Great Invisible Spirit? Nowhere! Look here, instead. Mother. I created Heavenly Authorities to serve us, Powers serving our cause. They stand tall in the Mother-Home like high bred sentinels. You are their queen. All of ours."

With a gesture of his hand, Ía'aldabaut showed her a column of soldiers with pale skins and dazzling hair that was as bright as the sun. They were the size of Barbélú and their physiognomy was in between the Mušidim's and the cursed child's. They carried tapered blades and wore shining armor, on which only Barbélú and his son could bear the shine. Behind them, a swarm of dreadful spaceships hovered silently in the air. The soldiers watched their parents with a stunned look, in silence: "What have you done, Ía'aldabaut? This is pure madness!"

"I did what you did with the Gina'abul, O Mother. Let me introduce you to the Babbar<sup>[108]</sup>, the Luminous Authorities that will dominate all things."

Barbélú remembered a discussion she had with Šuhia who revealed the future presence of the Kingú Babbar, the royal Gina'abul breed. Her augury appeared to be coming true.

“You try to imitate ancient Mušidim splendor without even understanding what it teaches.” she replied to her son. “Of course, we were not perfect, and we lacked cosmological elements, but we had understood the devastating effects that vanity and pride can have. Our obsessive fear of the void dissipated on the day we dissolved it in the Love of the Source and its sacred geometry. In wanting to go beyond the mind's boundaries, you have locked yourself up inside of an endless dream! Know, my son, that the spirit forgives and heals! I don't need your mental prison or your soldiers to be safe.”

“Yet, I can save your companion and unite you with him, Mother. Can you do that much?”

Barbélú bit her lips. By accepting Ía'aldabaut's world, she would be rid herself of everything down to the very smallest part of herself, her lover would become a mere slave, complicit in the Mother-Home's collapse. By receiving the royal coat of un-reason, Barbélú's soul would bum with the fire of dementia, while Éa'am would in no way endure witnessing his companion's darkness and this new prison of pain.

“You shall not strip me of the little dignity I have left,” she replied with her legs trembling, “You will never place me at the peak of your creation. I'll manage to get him out of there without your help.”

The army drew closer to their creator and to the great Mother. Ía'aldabaut walled himself in silence to let them gaze at the Mother of Origins and her troubling beauty. Hands extended towards her one after the other. Mother took a couple of steps back to avoid the crowd's movement. A fatal evil was at play here, in the wake of the oppressive animation, the reign of the Mušidim began a process of dispossession. Barbélú's yellow tunic was caressed, palpated and crumpled, a prelude to royal decay. Some of them even risked touching her arms and legs: it was a shameful spectacle. Ía'aldabaut suddenly declared that the ritual would continue a little longer, so that anyone who wished to express his desire for Mother of Origins to be released could still do so. His eyes were delighted by his own

mother's frightened look. Barbélú understood that her son could only experience desire through the brutality of the senses.

Instead of appeasing themselves, the hundreds of hands grew greedier and greedier. Her body flickering with shameful profanation, Barbélú retreated while struggling and contorting. She was frightened and sent a telepathic message to her son, "*No god would act this way, with so little respect!*" Ía'aldabaut did not respond. His cruel eyes examined every move his mother was making in her attempt to get out of this disgrace. Mother stepped back, back some more, imploring the Source to save her. She ended up tripping over, totally submerged by the collective ecstasy. Some Babbar began kicking her while others tried to protect her. Some of them seem mercyfull! The scuffle quickly turned into a riot. Weapons were drawn. In an ultimate, desperate act, Barbélú took Šuhia's crystal out of her tunic. The burning blade gushed from the Níama's (*vital force*) effect. The harrowing sound it made cause the crowd to jump. Barbélú had never heard the crystal scream that way:

"Aaaaaah, what a delightful spectacle!" cried Ía'aldabaut while advancing towards the center of attention, under applause.

"Let me live," she demanded, panting, "I am ready to give up my royal status to watch over this planet and my posterity!"

Ía'aldabaut spoke in a grave tone. All eyes were set on the self-proclaimed god and all awaited his final sentence in silence: "You approached me without defiance," resumed Ía'aldabaut, "Treating me like a miserable runt. Because you have refused my offer of bliss in favor of lack of matter: because you have created imperfect beings without worrying about how they would behave in the world of life, because you preferred to bring up your ancestor's old beliefs in my presence rather than listen to your son's message of the return of the ages: you will be bound to this planet! Your flesh, your blood, your thoughts and actions will all be intimately involved in this planet's process of putrefaction. But before enjoying your status as Ruler of Matter, you must play a game of chance with me, as you did when you left your machine and abandoned your lover..."

"You know very well that I never abandoned him!"

"Let's drop the topic, we've already said what needed to be said. Do you accept my offer?" Barbélú had a brief moment of reflection that ended when she deactivated her crystal's blade.

"Very well. Will I see my children again?" she asked firmly.

“That will all depend on your ability to play the game of chance I am going to propose. Once again, you are going to learn, at your own expense, that chance can very well dictate world order.<sup>[109]</sup> You will have to take the vessel you used to come here. We'll give you a good head start, let's say 5 Udàr (*minutes*). Then, my Babbar brothers will come after you to destroy you. You are therefore going to have to count on your skills as a pilot and on my freshly-born soldiers' organization. You have another advantage: some of them seem to like you! Perhaps it is a sign that you can make it? I love this game!”

“What will happen to my children? Will you let them live, far from your projects that don't concern them? Don't forget they are your brothers and your sister.”

“Your Gina'abul will live in matter ravaged by death's evil shard. You have my word. May my Babbar be witnesses.”

“So I accept!”

“So be it,” he replied.

la'aldabaut's luminous beings looked at each other in apprehension. Mother stared at her children with a heavy heart. Her eyes filled with tears. Would she ever see them again?

“May I kiss them one last time?”

“Yes, but the 5 Udàr have already begun. You may say your final good-byes, but I doubt you will ever see them again... I forgot to mention, if by chance, you manage to get out of this alive, know that I don't want to see you ever again. I won't hesitate to strike you down.”

Barbélú looked at him sadly and threw herself onto her little Gina'abul, hugging them one by one, despite they're being frozen in the strata of time. On her knees, she kissed their hands and their cheeks while praying for them. She then spoke to them with her mind: *“I am leaving you for now. Your brother Ía'aldabaut wishes to push me out of life's natural course. Don't hold it against him, he is suffering. One day, maybe, he'll understand his mistake. I love you. Be happy.”* When it was time for her to stand up again, she noticed humidity in the eyes of the two Abgal brothers. Mother saw that Ía'aldabaut was staring off into the distance, as if to show his indifference to the intense show of affection.

Mother jumped up and hastily went to the ship. Šuhia's pilot, also frozen in the dreamy time, was still holding the machine's controls. She

tilted him to drag him out of the plane, and he began to move. The temporal spell had come to an end. After a quick glance at the crowd, she heard: "Mother!"

It was impossible to go back... her survival and that of her children depended on it. Barbélú flew into the ship, even more irritated at Ía'aldabaut. Facing the controls, she embedded the crystal and immediately tore herself from the dunes in a gigantic cloud of sand. The cloud then dissipated, allowing the sunlight to pass through. How long did she have left? 1 or 2 Udàr (*minutes*)? The imminence of a storm was visible over the big lagoon's banks. Where could she go? She thought of joining Šuhia, but her son did not seem to know her. His stellar journey was keeping him away from certain aspects related to this world. Before returning to the Temenlum region. Mother was to lose the formidable swarm of enemies whose pitiless silhouettes would soon emerge from the horizon.

Barbélú headed straight towards the sun in the direction of the vast forest, while keeping an eye on her rear screen. In places, water flooded vast areas of low land. The sun shone above the tall trees where the heads of the gigantic omnipresent herbivores emerged above the top, toring their food. Their serenity contrasted with the drama in the air. Mother thought of Šuhia at the moment when her voice suddenly saturated the cockpit: "Where are you?" asked the ancient Agarin.

"Somewhere, over a forest," she replied, "With Ía'aldabaut's army behind me!"

"Sorry to tell you that you are probably going to crash. I think I know where you are, we are coming to get you."

"What's going to happen to me?" asked Mother, panicked.

"Don't ask questions! Make sure you take the crystal with you once you leave the ship, it will allow us to pick you up. Above all, drop your body temperature and find a place with no vegetation or trees..."

"No trees? You must be kidding. I'll be a easy target for my enemys!"

"Dig a hole, you should be able to hide in it. Your body must not sustain any damage. We're coming."

The tall trees zipped by faster and faster until the monstrous aerial war machine was far behind. Her little spaceship could not go past the stratosphere. Time was running out. She only had one solution: slamming through the trees. Barbélú increased her ship's speed, knowing that her



situation was desperate. Penetrating into a vast valley dotted with tall trees, the craft began a steep descent. The nightmare squadron was right behind her, and shot several projectiles at her. The back of the little ship exploded. Mother straightened up the vessel as best she could, preparing herself for the inevitable collision. The shock was terrible, the ship rolled on the soft ground and, after a series of swerves, finally came to a halt at the foot of a big tree. In a daze, Barbélú grabbed the blue green crystal and painfully pulled herself out of the bent and distorted ship. Above her, the murderous squadron was flying over the forest, bending the trees upon their passage. Was this the final apotheosis? Would the nightmare end here, in a forest that looked so much like the one she had arrived in? Would Šuhia find her dead body and simply take her crystal?

Concealed by a heap of large branches. Mother raised her head as the squadron made another passage. The forest's embrace would only bring her illusory protection. She had to find clear ground. Why? She didn't have time to think. Suddenly the vegetal and mineral shell froze in an icy calm as the Babbar ships stationed silently in the shaded sky. "*It's almost over!*" She thought. The imminent danger agitated every fiber of her skin. Barbélú lowered her body-temperature and found an area totally devoid of trees. She ran through several Hušmuš's (*wild reptiles*) legs. The spaceship seemed to scrutinize the ground, ready to spit out a storm of missiles that would plunge this peaceful place into a twilight of terror. Much to her astonishment, the devices remained silent. Did they not see her?

Trusting Šuhia's words, Mother spotted an isolated spot. Kneeling and panicking, she dug the wet earth with her bare hands. Suddenly, a frightful, deafening bomb fell upon the ground. The trees bent while hundreds of birds fell like flies. Barbélú found herself projected more than one Gi (3 meters) away. Her pulse accelerated and her ears whistled painfully. Completely stunned, she crawled to the cavity to continue digging. Her trembling hands plowed the earth faster and faster. The second deflagration forced several Hušmuš (*wild reptiles*) to kneel and bend their massive necks. Many trees fell, tangled on top of each other. Their leaves, blown away by the bomb, descended like a rain of spells. Under the explosion's effect. Mother was once again thrown into the air. Her nose was bleeding profusely. Deaf, she heard nothing more than a continuous ringing in her ears. Her shoulder was displaced. She crawled painfully towards the hole, which, she thought, would become her tomb. What was the use of all

these efforts, if her end was so near? In an indescribable disorder, the Hušmuš that were still alive, tried to flee. Mother kept digging, more and more. The skin of her hands was worn to the point of bleeding, yet she continued to dig. It was so bad that she could neither feel her fingers nor the rustling giant lizards trying to flee the danger falling from heaven. The pulsation of the world around her filled her head- unless it was actually her blood flow, or the crumbling of time?

Finally, the hole seemed deep enough to fit herself into, in a final effort. With an unbearable vibration, another sonic plasma shook the ground, eradicating all life in a Udtar (*second*), whose duration seemed to last an eternity... Even the gigantic Hušmuš succumbed to the formidable explosion. Two of them fell upon Barbélú, condemning her to original darkness. Barbélú dreamt about her old royal coat that she wanted to exchange for Pure Light. She waited for her lover, eternally, in her dream... But she had to get rid of this body that was rooted in dense matter that brought nothing but suffering. The shadow slipped away until everything became deliciously clear. Lighter and lighter, she felt herself carried by the spirals of the bewitching breath of singing spheres. Unreal silhouettes, draped in silence, tore off the heavy mass of flesh still animated by a tiny flame of life... Leaning over her, Šuhia's face appeared in a sort of fog. The dark sister forced a smile to hide the horror she felt from being in contact with the sacrificial queen, caught up in the perverse game she had just won against the son of unreason.

## 6 - CHAOS' HEIR

*“Unable to cross the Limit, because she was mixed up with passion and realized she was abandoned, alone, outdoors, she was overwhelmed by all of these multiple and diverse passion's elements.*

*She felt sadness, for not having seized the Light; fear, with the perspective of seeing life elude her the same way the Light did; anxiety, on top of it all; and all of this, in ignorance.*

*Unlike her mother - the first Wisdom, who was an Eon, Achamoth- in the middle of all this passion, she did not feel a simple alteration, but an opposition of opposites.*

*She then thought of another measure, which was converting towards he who had vivified her.*

*That explains, so they say, the origin and essence of the matter from which this world is created...”*

**Irenaeus, Against the Heresies, excerpt 1,3**

Ÿ⊖

Ĝirkù -Tìla Nuréa / Min-ME-As

“The trip took place as the day declined, in the cold and transparent air carried by the gigantic ocean. The double-faced sister retrieved her crystal from the Mother of Origin's hands and brought her saint body into an underground base in the thick Aria-[\[110\]](#) strata. Upon leaving the spaceship, the inanimate body was dragged unceremoniously into the secret sanctuary's corridors and elevators. The artificial lights passed under Šuhia's humid gaze, whose strides accelerated in a anxious rhythm. After crossing a thick, transparent door, the group of red dragons threw Barbélú's body into the foamy water of a raw quartz tank. Šuhia then directed large polarizing lenses onto the mineral matrix. The light's refraction created waves; Barbélú's Ima-[\[111\]](#) (DNA) absorbed the light programmed on Šuhia's genetic material in order to regenerate her inanimate body.[\[112\]](#)

This ancient secret base had not known such effervescence for a long time. The secular Mušidim technology at work to save Barbélú seemed predestined for Šuhia, who never actually used it for herself. With patience, they watched over the bubbling matrix. Their spirits became impassioned, overwhelmed by a temporary feeling of invulnerability; everything seemed possible with this kind of material, everything except the prolonged irradiation of a body hit by star-forming dust! Šuhia suddenly began to cough and clear her throat, seized by a deep madness that nothing seemed to be able to appease. Ušama, Šuhia's faithful dragon, then rushed out to search into spaceship for the mixture that his mistress had not drunk for far too long. When he returned underground, the old Shadow Agarín, agitated by convulsive jolts, was lying on a table beside Barbélú, whose stretched-out body was still dripping with the gelatinous substance that enveloped her a few Udàr (*minutes*) before. Šuhia's body trembled all over. "*Not now, I can't leave now...*", she said feverishly. Ušama made her swallow the mysterious brewing. Her chest forcefully lifted several times before subsiding. "*How disgusting, this is the last time I'm going to swallow this thing!*", she said, getting up immediately. Šuhia got closer to her sister who seemed to come back to life. A timid glow began to animate her sad face. Barbélú was able to loosen her painfully clenched jaw:

"You aren't doing any better than I am." she managed to articulate.

"Save your breath," answered Šuhia with her mind. "I have been ill for a long time. But today, thanks to you, I'm going to free myself."

"I don't quite understand." said the Mother of Origins.

"I'll explain very soon."

"Where are we?"

"We're in the Aria region, near Dubkù's (*Earth*) old North Pole. This planet has changed a great deal since your last departure. Its magnetic field has shifted many times, and the poles have inverted. During your time, Dunnú, the southern part of the emerged lands, housed the Aria region in the Far East. Today, Aria is further south on the planet.

Barbélú stood up, totally re-invigorated:

"Where are my children?" she asked in a harrowing tone.

"They are alive and have just taken their destiny into their own hands. Don't worry about them."

"You could have warned me and told me what was going to happen to me!"

“Impossible. You would have done everything to take another route and I'm not sure you would have reached me in one piece if you had. Had I found your dislocated corpse, I would not have been able to do anything for you.”

“Let's save some time,” continued Barbélú, “Why are you ill, what are you suffering from that can't be cured by the Mother-Home's ancient knowledge? You have everything you need to treat your condition right here.”

“The Kingalàm's illness has affected me. Like them, I went through the bottom of the origin's cosmic radiation and its huge light-waves. Today, this radiation has cooled with Anriba's (*our Universe*) expansion, but it used to have grueling temperatures right after the Zag-Anki (*Big Bang*)<sup>[113]</sup>.

“You mean that you have also travelled in past?” asked Barbélú, troubled.

“I obviously wasn't going to satisfy myself with the future when I had a Kingalàm spaceship! I wanted to discover their origins. Let me tell you their greatest secret: the Kingalàm are the Mušidim's ancestors, we are all their children! They mutated while traveling through time distortions that they had created in the past...”

“And these distortions are connected to the base of origins,” Barbélú went on. “When we travel back in time and we go through the bottom of the origins' cosmic radiation, everything gets irradiated, without exception!”

“Yes...” Šuhia continued, “Ships, suits, flesh and therefore Ima (*DNA*). The Kingalàm suffered from severe radiations, which explains their irreversible and catastrophic physical change. Their space-time is not the same as ours. I suffered from the same radiations. They were less intense but I am still condemned. The more time passes, the less I can support this planet's frequency. Because of this, I constantly face incessant Gibil'lásu (*skin renewal*). I become 'transparent' just like the Universe was at its beginning.” she finished, smiling.

“By the Source's grace, is there nothing we can do for you, my sister?”

“Nothing. You should worry about the Kingalàm, instead. Their control over this part of the Universe is far from being complete.”

“How did they got so lost as to forget that they came from Mulmuš, the Mother-Home?” asked Barbélú.

“I don't know! You're the erudite! You will no doubt solve the enigma yourself some day.”

Šuhia turned towards her assistant Ušama and asked him if everything was ready. He answered affirmatively with a nod of his head. His frozen gaze showed discomfort, as if devoured by a cold night. Barbélú tried to scrutinize Šuhia's mind, but got nothing from it. Ušama sent her an image of the Zida machine with his mind: "What's going on?" asked Barbélú, troubled.

"We are going to the Temenlum site, I have an idea of how we can break the process that that is trapping Éa'am."

"Can you save him?" asked Barbélú, passionately.

"I'll reveal my idea once we're there. Don't get any false hopes though. Only death can save him from his eternal prison. But know that you'll find him one day. You can be sure of that!"

All of the Mother of Origins' hopes crumbled in an instant. The Pure Light's iridescence, that of the Angal (*the Great above*) was still not manifesting itself despite her prayers. Perhaps it was necessary to free the King who was frozen in eternity, so that a semblance of peace could once again come to this chaotic world? Seeing her dismay, Šuhia handed her a blinding light:

"Here, let me give you back your Ĝírkù-<sup>[114]</sup> crystal. It belonged to Pištéš, it is therefore yours. All of the great priestesses of ancient times had one. Its name is Ugur-<sup>[115]</sup>. You were holding it when I met you for the first time in the form of the Mušidim Queen. This pure quartz comes from one of our ancient Gagsisá (*Sirius*) colonies. With it, you can record data for all eternity, transport yourself into other dimensions, use most of our ships, or transform it into a deadly weapon. Like lightning, it is capable of lighting up your footprint for all of eternity. You will quickly get used to handling it and its different functions."

"With this crystal, I could have transported myself to KUR (*lower astral dimensions*) and avoided all of this suffering!" protested Barbélú.

"You left me with no choice," said Šuhia, dryly, "You need practice to get into KUR anyway. Let me remind you that you have deprived me of this object, only to fall into your son's trap."

Šuhia cut the dialogue short. She nodded to the whole group and invited her to hurry towards the exit. Barbélú was anxious, she revealed to her sister that she had to hide herself in order to escape her son's

malignancy. Though Ía'aldabaut and his Babbar handled this planet's frequency better than the Kingalàm. Šuhia pointed out that they could not park for more than one Danna (*hour*) or two on Dubkù's (*Earth*) surface. She added that the mission they were about to embark on would be successful, and that nothing would hinder it.

The two former Mušidim priestesses took to the air, surrounded by about thirty red Kingú divided into several ancient Mušidim ships, the only ones that still functioned with crystals. The sun rose slowly on the horizon, that finally cleared. Despite her sister's confidence and a sky devoid of all foreign machines, the Mother of Origin's anxiety persisted.

On arrival at the Temenlum site, Barbélú was once again seized with the strange sensation of lacking air. She had to slow down to catch her breath: *"This is where it all plays out"* her sister told her, *"A painful footprint - associated with your karma and with this world's deviating course remains present here and it is painfully affecting you. Just a bit more courage, everything will be over soon. I too am afflicted, but I have gotten used to being here."*

Mother resumed her miserable walk with her solitude. Familiar dunes appeared, marking the site of the Zida machine. A tall, silent figure emerged. Mother jolted, it was not her arrogant son, but an Uru, a former Dubkù (*Earth*) guardian. Šuhia quietly explained to her that several of them were working as a group to spread and preserve the eggs from the NUMUN project.

The old disemboweled room's door opened onto the remains of a paved floor, buried by the crumbling of time. Mother carefully looked around and associated what she saw with the vision she had while in Ía'aldabaut's company: "Where are the reflecting panels that got me out of the machine?" she asked.

In a totally unexpected way, the group of dragons suddenly formed a protective circle around Barbélú. Šuhia stared at them with a startled look, almost astonished by such protective instinct as the Uru stood beside the Mother of Origins in silence. The brief moment of stupor passed, and she said: "You are so predictable, after all!"

"What's going on?" asked Barbélú, who couldn't understand the logic behind these reactions. "My faithful guardians know I am condemned. You are their queen from now on."



35. A Sumerian limestone Cylinder seal from the city of Mari's archaic II dynasties (around 2.600 BC) on which we can see two dragons administrating living matter to the world.

With these words, Šuhia wore a heavy device that Ušuma handed to her. She adjusted it on her back and grabbed a kind of metallic handle linked to heavy instrument: “Alright,” said Šuhia, “I am the one who placed panels to get you out of your infernal cycle.

I did not expect you to get out of the Zida alone. You have both been desynchronized since that dark day, yet still linked to one another! You’ll never make it unless someone puts an end to this singularity...You will remain a prisoner to this world, and especially Ía’aldabaut's trap.”

“What you say is true,” replied Barbélú, “Two particles, two waves or even two beings correlated by the past and disconnected in their respective present suffer from parallel evolutions in superimposed states—[\[116\]](#) still haven't yet understood what it is you want to do. Will your project recalculate the past? I can’t believe it...”

“No, suppressing Éa’am, his hidden trace in the strata of time, will reposition you in the world that you know and cancel out the desynchronization that affects you both. Everything will gently reconfigure itself without you even realizing it. You will be reunited with your free will. Consequently, Ía’aldabaut will have less control over you. His inverted world built itself on top of this singularity that creates a diversion of light down here. This sacrifice will readjust us, and reposition all of us into the right places!—[\[117\]](#) I also have to answer a question you asked me when we met in my Inkubara (*incubation nest*). You asked me if I had met my double in my travels through time. My answer is no, for the simple reason that my



voyage ends here. Take care of this crystal, in it you will discover your future.”

Barbélú had a bad feeling. She suddenly understood what her sister wanted to do with her enigmatic equipment. Desperate, she scrutinized the group to see if someone shared her intuition. The fate of Šuhia, swollen by her pride and her dream of correcting a defective past, seemed to end here. Mother wanted to approach her, but the red Kingú surrounded her: “You can't do this!” said Barbélú. “You don't know how you'll be affected! The duty of repairing the past is my own.”

“You sealed your destiny,” said Šuhia, “When you gave into your son's plan. You will rule this planet. This device destroys all material when it is programmed onto a target, even the smallest one. By breaking this temporal bifurcation, it will update all the universes that the Mušidim created. Know that I'm not doing this for you, not even for the Mušidim, but for myself! I have been waiting forever for the moment you would replace me. You naively thought you were the only one to be able to benefit from and share the Noble Souls' Treasure? I love Éa'am, just like you. I feel like he and I have been united since the dawn of time. So, I'm going to reactivate a potential future in which I can join him.”

“You're crazy! You're one of Pištěš's replication! You and I feel the same way about all of this! Your insane actions are going to open up a new fissure through which you'll flip into another universe. What is it you want? To find a different potential version of yourself? In making this change, you are going to drag this world into another potentiality where your faithful red Kingú are prisoners of Babbar, the son of insanity. Isn't that what you saw?”

Disorder ran through the dragon group. Šuhia was already pointing the metallic handle towards the Zida's invisible mass, saying: “If I turn out to be wrong, I will have lived a few moments of eternity with him and you will be indebted to me. Indebted, because you will find him one day. Anyway, the story does not end here. We will meet again, be sure of it.”

In front of the helpless and stunned group, the device's shape appeared furtively with the luminous plasma's impulse. Mother concentrated intensely on this ephemeral moment. She thought she could see Éa'am's silhouette in the supernatural luster's wild intensity. In the blink of an eye, a powerful breath absorbed Šuhia and Zida into a silent

void. Barbélú wondered: what was to become of her? A nameless wanderer? As a new queen, who would she be from now on? Šuhia's double? Or Pištěš? Faithful Ušama abruptly interrupted the flood of questions, assailing her of following the violent and unpredictable outcome. Putting his protective hand on her shoulder, he said: “*Come, Mother. Time is short. We mustn't stay here.*”.

## 7 - THE MOTHER OF THUNDER

*"And her prayer for repentance was heard.  
And the whole pleroma of the invisible virginal Spirit interceded in her  
favor.*

*And the invisible Spirit gave sign of approval, and the Holy Spirit  
spread unto her what comes from the whole pleroma.  
Indeed, it was not her spouse who came to her but (that) which comes  
from the pleroma, so as to rectify her deficiency."*

**NH II, 1 - The Apocryphon of John, 14,2 - 14,9**

*"The Power from above (Barbélo / Prounikos), in showing its beauty to  
the Archons, led to a furious desire of herself- and that is indeed why she  
had been sent, for the purpose of defrauding; because of her, these same  
Angels have been led to be at war with each other.*

*She was not affected, but she led them to kill each other because of the  
desire that she had inoculated onto them.*

*So, holding her back to keep her from returning to the sky, they had  
intercourse with her, each one of them mating with a body with the  
appearance of a female, while she herself jumped from female bodies to  
diverse bodies of a human nature, bestial or other, so that, by their owns  
actions, by killing and by being killed, they decrease their numbers through  
the spilling of blood, and so that afterwards, by concentrating her power,  
she could once more rise up into sky."* [\[118\]](#)

**Saint Epiphany, Heresy 21, 2, 5-6**

✠

Ğirkù -Tìla Nuréa / Min-ME-Imin

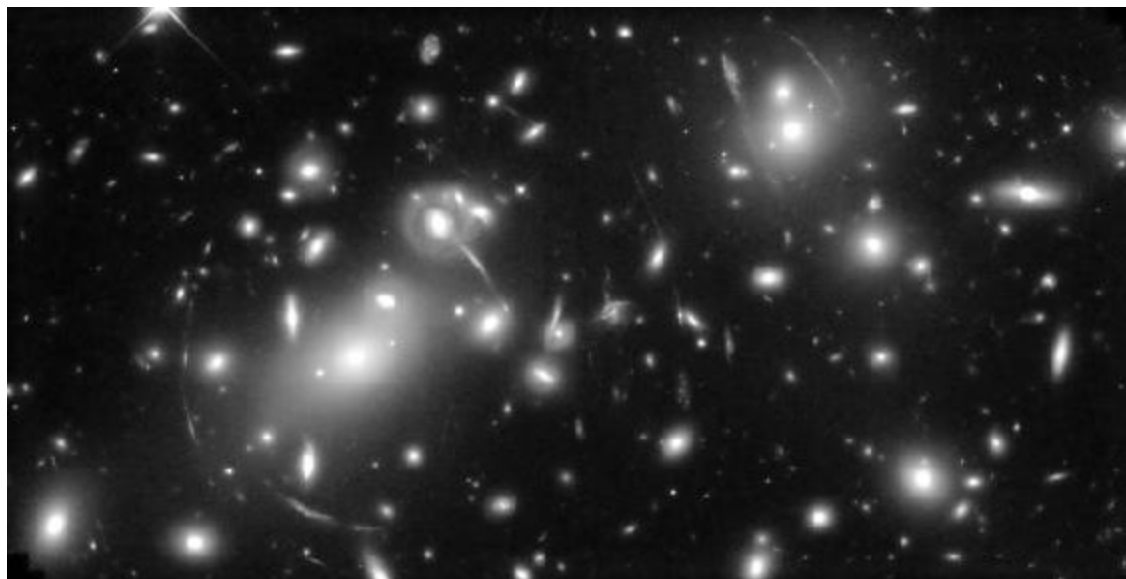
# 1 - The great exile

“Thus, Barbélú, our mother, fell into the hands of the red Kingú and their docile workers. Against her will, Mother was placed at the head of Šuhia's kingdom's organized and hierarchic microcosm. During a pompous ceremony, concealed in an obscure cavern, Ğírkù the royal scepter called Ugur, lightning's capacitance measurement, was officially attributed to her under the suspicious gaze of a part of the assembly. The Ama'argi.<sup>[119]</sup> were the most skeptical of all. They took part to this divine assembly, in virtue of their origins, beause they came from a breed of enigmatic females emerging from Dubkù's (*Earth*). Mistresses of the underworlds, they lived peacefully in the planet's bowels, Abzu (*subterranean world*).

The Ama'argi presented themselves to Barbélú as direct descendants of Pištěš, who brought them into the world using Mušidim Triple Power (*parthenogenesis*), shortly before Šuhia intercepted and eliminated her. The Ama'argi did not get to know their mother for long, but enough to notice her maternal double in Barbélú, probably even her karmic extension. Each of them greeted the Mother of Origins in a white silk dress embroidered with gold, accompanied by the regular sound of a large bell with a penetrating stamp. The pact was sealed. Despite the terrible legend that surrounded her, ruler Barbélú had to remain conciliatory to the present forces.

Mother voluntarily exiled herself many times because of the red Kingú. She had to regularly change places in order to escape from the threat of the son of madnes's soldiers. Despite several attempts, Barbélú was never able to see her children again or get in contact with her Abgal. Her mother's heart was bleeding, and her infinite dismay continuously brought about intolerable suffering. All she had left as silent support was the immensity of heaven. After insisting, she was finally given access to the secret gates of Aria (*Antarctica*) and to Šuhia's laboratory, from where there was a beautiful view of the Angal (*the Great Above*). Passionate, Mother devoted her time to scrutinizing the infinitely prodigious sky. Watching the far away stars gave her the comfort that she so desperately needed. Different parts of the sky caught her attention. Several celestial elements stretched out while others seemed to be reflected in several images. What had happened since her original time? No one knew how to answer her, not even Ušama, whose

scholarship was admired by all. Barbélú pursued her investigations tirelessly. She scrutinized the galactic immensity through and through. She realized that in some places, for reasons still unknown, the stars' light reflected and stretched, forming phantom images-[120]. To understand this unusual phenomenon, she accompanied all her observations with savant calculations. She tried in vain to establish a theory capable of putting into equations the enigma that resisted her sagacity...



36. In space, light finds itself in the visual presence of a massive body. It is inevitably deviated by this body that acts as a lens. Its multiplied trajectory then gives birth to "gravitational mirages", as is the case in this photograph. **The Abell Cluster 2218 Galaxy.**  
**Hubble Space Telescope – NASA**

Time passed like stormy day that burns the sky and stretches out into to void. Several unknown galactic families met with the Mother-Home's red Kingú to ask them to stop the Angal's (*Great Above*) disorders. Not understanding what they were talking about, the dragons asked the strangers to leave. When Barbélú was informed of the incident, she suspected Ía'aldabaut's Babbar or the Kingalàm to be causing the mirages observed in the cosmic depths. She then ordered her dragons to introduce her to these strangers, if they were ever to appear again.

The Gina'abul had multiplied greatly on Dubkù's surface thanks to the original couple,

Muš'šagtar and Emesir. Mother sometimes went out with her guard to observe them. She did not recognize her first children: they all looked alike! Forced to observe the clans at some distance, different specimens were

brought back to her for examination and questioning. No one could explain to the ruler where the original children were.

At the time, Ía'aldabaut's Babbar would organize savage abductions to gather a maximum amount of Gina'abul and Hušmuš (*wild reptile*) specimens. No one in Barbélú's kingdom knew where the prisoners were brought, not even the animals. When the rate of abductions increased, Mother had to make the terrible decision of urgently evacuating her children to old Mušidim colonies, far beyond the Mother-Home. That is how the red Kingú slipped into Pištěš' Ama'argi underworlds, to negotiate the retrieval of a dozen vessels that once belonged to the Shadow Agarín. The transaction was made thanks to beings that were hidden behind the dense metal Mara panels. These individuals made the Gina'abul's departure possible under the non-negotiable condition that several peaceful Babbar groups escort the fugitives. They themselves wanted to flee from their creator, Ía'aldabaut, and his world of chaos. The red Kingú met Barbélú in her solitary hideout and informed her of the deal. Mother was a prisoner of this world's maternal emanations, whose rules she did not completely understand. She did however remember that some Babbar had turned against their own brothers to save her from being trampled to death when she fled from Ía'aldabaut. They would know how to protect her offspring from the dangers of such a trip.

The Mother of Origins' children had progressively, peacefully and naturally expanded on Dunnú's central continent without rivalry. Following the announcement of the big gathering, all the clans gathered for several days near Šuhia's metal city. Fifty shiny spaceships touched down on a large, dry patch of land. Still kept at a distance for security reasons, Mother watched the departure as the sand clouds rose from the engines' winds. Filled with suffering, she watched without a word. The sacrificial ruler watched until the end, silently contemplating the luminous ships rising up into the sky. The Gina'abul had hardly left their original world when Barbélú heard that the Babbar had destroyed her secret base. The new Mother-Home was much darker than it used to be in ancient times. Holy Barbélú held on to her dream of restoring its lost Light, but this dream, mixed with the chaos' anger, transformed this hope into a nightmare. She also understood that her natural strength, now filled with darkness, had vanished in this new tomorrow's emanations. Stripped from part of her strength, Mother lamented and cried out. Her mind was agitated and she

prayed again and again. A wavering light inside her dimly lit the hopes of change that would liberate her.

Immobile in the lightless room, Mother of Origins lay in the depths of her affliction. It was then, that two silent beings sneaked up to her like chimeras. How did they manage to get past the dragons' guard? One of them stepped into the darkness and caressed her face with his webbed hand. Barbélú the afflicted, who had become the Mother of the shape's chaos, raised her head and, through her wet eyes, saw her two primordial Abgal. One of them said: "*Mother, we see your immense pain. You summoned us by your side many times, but we were fighting our brother Ía'aldabaut's magic. In your affliction, you begged the Source and we heard you. We cannot tolerate this kind of situation any longer. We will stand by your side until your prayer is answered.*". The two twins had pushed the pale-skinned demons back during the entire Gina'abul expansion on Dunnú. This time they were magically determined to transform their mother's pain into a Liberating Light. From then on. Mother left her over-protected metal tower. Her dragons hid her in the Abzu underground, near the Ama'argi females. To dispel her torment and anxiety, Barbélú resumed her study of the deep sky, in search of rational explanations of the galactic-lens-shaped phantom images...

## 2 - The age of Nimra

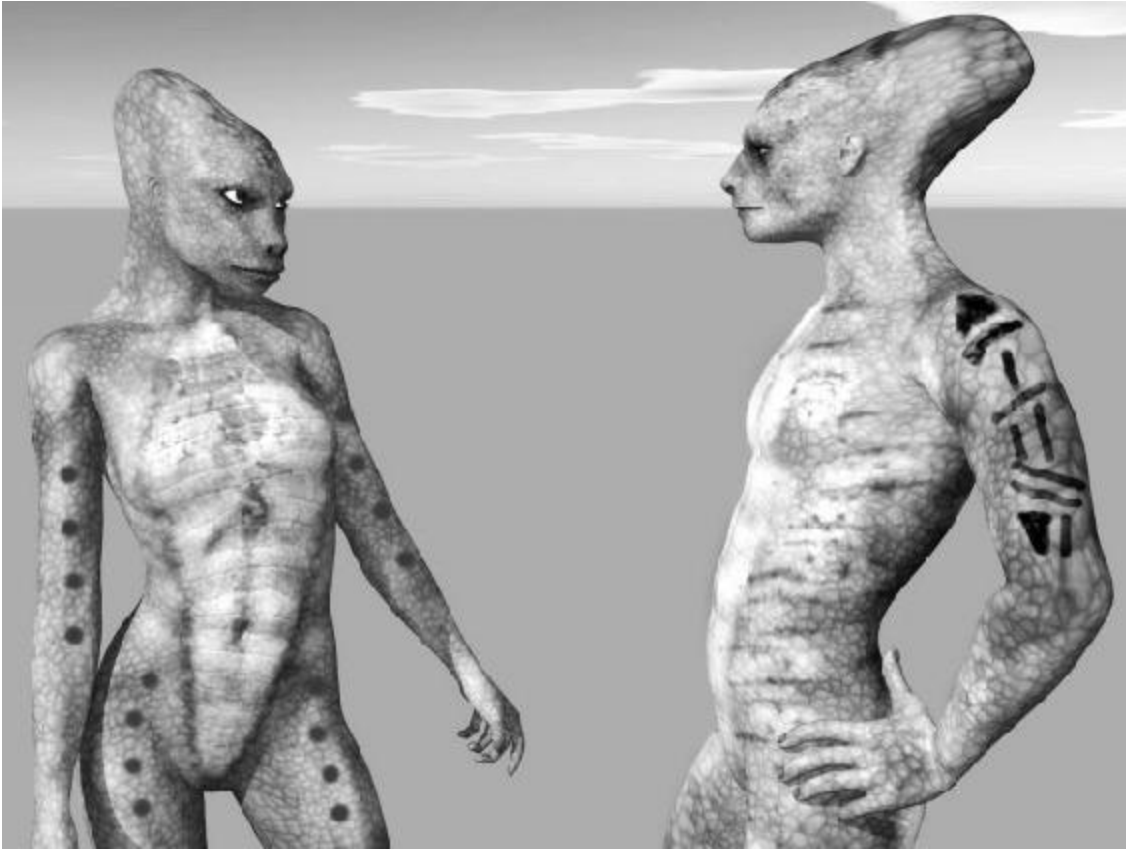
In the dark age of Nimra, the Gina'abul race, exiled from Dubkù (*Earth*) consisted mainly of Babbar, Muš'šagtar.<sup>[121]</sup> Abgal amphibians and Emesir.<sup>[122]</sup> females. All lived in peace between the Ušu (*Draco*), Urbar'ra (*Lyra*) and Gagsisá (*Sirius*) constellations. The peaceful Mother-Home Babbar took the Gina'abul monarchy in their hands, proclaimed themselves Kingú-Babbar and overthrew few red Kingú that were exiled with the Mother of Origin's children. The Kingú Babbar cohabited with the Abgal family, and all lived in peace with their respective females. Each of them bores a descendent that was pre-destined to perpetuate their own lineage.

This was not the case with the Urbar'ra (*Lyra*) families, separated into Muš'šagtar males on one side and Emesir females on the other. This separation resulted from a long disagreement between the two sexes about the powers Mother Barbélú's female heiresses. Ever since their exile, the Emesir practiced meditation, divination, and the occult sciences. Their temperament was shaped by their knowledge of the Mysteries surrounding the obscure aspects of the Light. She was one with Gissu (*The Shadow*). Their faculties grew over the ages to the point of creating a social and ideological rupture that the males could not suffer any longer. They carried too a form of wisdom in their hearts, less hermetic, less secret, more pragmatic, which the females regarded as "artificial." The great separation was made in good terms, and the males withdrew three suns away from them in the Madariga stellar system.

Since then, Muš'šagtar and Emesir only met once every Muanna (*year*) on planet Mušlum. This world belonged to the females, and served as a sacred sanctuary during the Nunusaka's.<sup>[123]</sup> great nocturnal ceremony. Each female had to practice sacred coitus to transmit life, at least twice during their long existence. It was a firm and unalterable ancestral custom. However, many Muš'šagtar practiced the secrets of pure Light, and gradually gave up the mysteries of carnal union. This doctrine came to them from the Kingú Babbar. They themselves suffered from the segregationist system that gradually divided their royal lineage's two sexes. The Muš'šagtar consumed the Úlál vegetable whose effects brought ecstasy and transformed the intellect. This plant, provided by the Kingú Babbar, acted



as a drug that numbed their senses, turning them into slaves and addicts. The Muš'šagtar gradually neglected their culture and rituals, surrendering body and soul to the Úlâl plant. Each Muanna (*year*), the number of elected Muš'šagtar males went down, inexorably putting the perpetuity of the Urbar'ra (*Lyra*) Gina'abul lineage in peril.



37. The Muš'šagtar and Emesir only met once a year to perpetuate the Urbar'ra (*Lyra*) dynasty © **Frantz Lasvignes / Anton Parks**

The ancestral sacred coitus custom still persisted at the time of the commercial guild in the Muru stellar system in Šitadalu (*Orion*). Narra, the Emesir ruler, was the mistress of ceremony. In the evening during the great gathering of Nunusaka, the elected Emesir's hearts beat with a deep joy. Each of them had to find a devoted partner that could make them pregnant in one night. Within the Virgin Spirit Barbélú's great temple, the female Gina'abul had to find their male using the light- from their Ĝírkù crystals. The Muš'šagtar stretched out in silent meditation, while the trampling of their sandals resounded on the stone that was smoothed by time. The crystals scanned the future procreators in the half-light, and with a change

of color, signaled which male was compatible for mating with the female that was ready to produce eggs. Exclamations of joy and loud laughter echoed whenever a male was chosen to ensure the continuation of the Urbar'ra (*Lyra*) Gina'abul lineage. The female then pulled her male to the bottom of a large pool, leading him through subterranean passages under the light of the Ġirkù crystal. The great temple's massive foundations plunged deep into the heart of Kidul's mountain. In its base was a gigantic network whose shape resembled a sacred tree. In these obscure and humid places, several hundred niches awaited the lovers that were ready to unite themselves far from the others' profane gaze. Coitus had to last as long as possible. The duration determined the number of eggs to be fertilized. This is therefore how the Muš'šagtar and Emesir united for a night to perpetuate their lineage.



After sleeping for an unknown amount of time, the Universe gradually emerged from its primordial singularity. Long before the formation of the Kadištu (*planner*) confederacy, the greatest galactic families of our Universe came into conflict and started the era of chaos commonly known as the Age of Nimra-<sup>[124]</sup>. No one knows, among the galactic families, how the Apin's (*Andromeda*) Nundar caused this calamity. The first motive was undoubtedly the detection of phantom images propagated throughout the Universe. Yet the Ušu (*Draco*), Urbar'ra (*Lyra*) and Gagsisá (*Sirius*) Gina'abul stayed out of the first clashes. The Gina'abul knew, however, one of their families provided the Nundar with technology that they should never have owned...

The Gina'abul, peaceful and autonomous peoples, wanted to maintain our independence from the commercial temptations arising from Anriba's (*the Galaxy*) commercial guild. Their dynasty's multiple sciences and techniques guaranteed us autonomy. As a result, we were not in contact with the other races of deep space. We were an enigma and often provoked fear.

Meanwhile, the galactic families dispersed among the stars broke the stellar boundaries to create a commercial empire, where all commodities and other raw materials could be marketed, without any kind of limit. The

merchandise was either sold or exchanged for technology. Inflated with pride, everyone wanted to benefit from these affairs, thinking they could take advantage each other's credulity. The roads of space were animated by an intense activity. The goods supplied much of Anriba (*the Galaxy*) through commercial channels and time tunnels. Nothing seemed to be able to change the trajectory defined by an era of profit and trade of all kinds.

However, one day, the Merchant Guild crept into the Ušu constellation with the firm intention of trading with our Kingú brothers, whose greed for thecnology was commonly known. The Kingú-Babbar's reputation was uniersal. Their rulers could not resist trading with them despite their Muš'sagtar brothers' warnings. The Rabar stellar system Kingú-Babbar's (*whites Kingú*) therefore fell into the clutches of the allogenes called Nundar-[\[125\]](#). The Nundar of Apin (*Andromeda*) brought large quantities of red crystals to Ušu's royal crown. These substances, taken from foreign soils, offered to royals Kingú the possibility of radically transforming their fleet. These crystals, unknown in our colonies, allowed the Kingú to design and test other technologies, related to speed and auto transportation in space, much more powerful than what we used at this time. We never knew what the Kingú-Babbar gave the Nundar in exchange. But in view of the events that ensued, we, the Gina'abul family suspected they had exchanged these unknown minerals for devastating weapons whose existence we didn't know. Discovering opulence, Kingú also developed the taste for conquest and power. But the threat that their devastating weapon posed in unknown and uncontrollable hands made them regret their clandestine market a little too late.

The Kingú-Babbar secretly explored the worlds. They preferred those that were still in the primitive stages, or that were inhabited by peaceful and naïve people. They were looking for the red mineral that turned their industry upside down. Their secret objective: to claim territories protected by the Anriba conventions and to extract the mineral substances without anybody knowing. At that time, the Kingú had gained complete independence. On several occasions, the Muš'sagtar attempted to reason with the royals. Which turned out to be a waste of energy. They then summoned the different Gina'abul clans in Urbar'ra (*Lyra*), as well as their female ancestors, the Emesir, who lived separately from the males.

The extraordinary session took place in their Duna city, the capital with a thousand lights, whose vegetation-lined roads stretched out under the

for of a massive star towards the horizon. The great Emesir Matriarchs were present in the day of torment. They wore their golden shields, their Ĝírkù crystals and their long dresses of scales with flamboyant reflections. Among these Emesir was Queen Narra, Barbélú's image, our Mother. Narra's face was illuminated by an unreal reflection of the declining star. The long evening precession brought together all the Gina'abul high dignitaries of the time. Our ancestors paraded on the great esplanade. The dead leaves cracked beneath their feet as if to announce a bad omen. The main sanctuary overlooked the long gardens that exhaled exquisite scents. After everyone had concluded their reports, the assembly noticed that no one was receiving news from our sovereign brothers anymore. All their communication techniques, their frontiers and their Diranna (*stellar portals*) were condemned. We, Gina'abul brothers and sisters, were distressed by the fact that the Ušu crown – the royal Kingú-Babbar – was losing itself in domination.

### 3- The old world's debacle

Meanwhile, the unbridled galactic trade was developing without any rules; despising fairness and loyalty. Through the Diranna (*stellar portals*), the nations affiliated with the Merchant Guild exchanged billions of items such as food, provisions, minerals, weapons, so that these could be treated or reconditioned before being expedited to their final buyers. This was all done with a complete lack of mastery of stellar boundaries. As business expanded throughout the Milky Way, it was unthinkable to pass laws that might have compromised the fruitful trade. All of this agitation created important gaps between the traders, and those who acquired the worlds that did business. The selfish ambitions of the great galactic families, however wise they were, gradually led to the establishment of rules in which exponential profit prevailed over the trade equity. The idea of a great extra-galactic unity rested only on an artifice of profit and taxes. Entire worlds, banished by the Merchant Guild, were left behind. The Apin (*Andromeda*) Nundar were among these. Desperate, they came to see us in the hopes of receiving material support in exchange for their inflamed crystals. Our family was divided on this matter and held multiple assemblies in order to find a clear answer to give them. Many meetings inevitably ended in tumult. We finally decided to accept the treaty under one condition: the Nundar had to tell them what the royal Kingú had given them. Unfortunately, the Nundar refused, and they were left without the help they had hoped to get. This episode prompted us to keep an eye on them, secretly. We then noticed intense activity in the different Nundar colonies that were scattered throughout Apin (*Andromeda*). Their subterranean factories were running day and night, brewing fire and sending heavy convoys through Anriba (*the Galaxy*). This intense activity should have alerted the galactic authorities, but they were caught up with everything they had to do to maintain order and guarantee the trade world's sustainability...

Jealousy and collective distrust filled the Milky Way. A large part of Anriba became the theater of a growing power play in which only the most inventive and less loyal managed to make a fortune. Morality-less commerce slowly destroyed our Universe. Domination sparked sporadic conflicts and death in its track. In a senseless escalation, the different sides

created their own soldiers that began to fill the chaotic heavens. Everyone dreaded the spark that would set the worlds afire. Each stellar system and firmament formed an impregnable fortress, where commerce imposed new laws that were more and more difficult to abide by. Unable to provide for themselves, many civilizations crumbled in debt, especially the Nundar. They did not, however, accept to trade their precious red crystals that contained powerful compacted energy, reserving their exclusive use for the Kingú-Babbar and themselves.

Entire worlds agonized as the powerful, obsessed by the race for profits, remained totally indifferent, fearing to lose their privileges. Feeling threatened, they took refuge in isolation and contemplation. The Nundar attempted to alert public opinion. They visited the great members of parliament in Šitadalu's (*Orion*) Muru stellar system. During period, Muru's radiation lit up the sparkling white marbles of the prestigious Kaldirig-<sup>[126]</sup> capital. The latter housed the rich Merchant Guild seat, in the midst of splendid parks embellished with high statues and fountains. It was built on the foundations of a very old prison formerly famous for its ferocious discipline. It was destroyed after the red revolt.

On the pediment of the assembly's great door there was a map that detailed the locations of the merchant worlds that were affiliated to the guild of which we, Gina'abul, were not a part of. When they visited the Kaldirig, the Nundar inspected the map carefully before entering the building. At the heart of the big hemicycle, they presented their request for exceptional credit. In a condescending tone, the Merchant Guild declared that it would not finance such a social cause. The buyers had to pay their debts if they wished to have new merchandises! The Nundar were outraged. Their apparent submission seemed to appease the situation, but, in reality, they were about to strike. After this outrage, convinced that they had to bear the sword of justice, they would become the emissaries of the revenge. As a result of this event, the merchant guild and the galactic authorities listed and recorded the Nundar's numerous comings and goings in the Muru stellar system, but no one was really aware of the consequences.

Shortly thereafter, an incandescent light emerged in the Šitadalu (*Orion*) constellation. In a deafening silence, the Muru sun disintegrated in space's darkness. The Kaldirig race was extinguished in an instant. The Apin (*Andromeda*) Nundar recovered thermonuclear energy from this explosion using a mysterious process that no one knew about. The

Gina'abul understood that this was not a natural gravitational collapse of the Muru Star. It was an artificial explosion that was caused intentionally. The power generated by the shockwave released energy that was equivalent to several billion suns, in a fraction of time. The Nundar not only captured phenomenal nuclear power, but also the universal iron of which compose all the planets. The celestial metal was assembled in space and used as a terribly destructive weapon that came down over the worlds of commerce, in an avalanche of radiant fire. To complete the cataclysmic reaction, unknown war machines swooped down from space on columns of red flames in order to destroy the planetary systems that were loyal to the Guild.

The heavy, monstrous, oversized spaceship threw themselves upon the biggest cities. The sky, the air, the earth, and the water were set ablaze. A vengeful apocalypse fell upon them to avenge the insult made to the minorities. Completing the destruction, the super-heated worlds triggered convulsions in the soil that in turn woke the volcanoes. The burning ejections and rivers lava melted down the cities. The destruction was complete. The victims of this punishment were shocked. The suddenness of the attack took the Guild-affiliated worlds' defensive structures by surprise. They were quickly cut off from the rest of Anriba (*the galaxy*). Fleets of gigantic machines paced over the nations, in search of survivors. Distraught, fleeing the horror and the furnace, the few survivors wandered the streets in search of shelter and food. Programmed to exterminate all life, the implacable Nundar machines with artificial intelligence and equipped with motion detectors tirelessly tracked down every trace of life. The merchant ships suffered the same fate as the orbital stations gravitating around the worlds that were affiliated with the Commercial Guild: they were systematically hunted down and destroyed, even in distant space.

The Nundar's diabolical plan forever scarred Anriba (*the Galaxy*). Their violence greatly changed the stellar configurations and our sky maps. In less than four Iti (*months*), in world after world, ancient nobility's proud Commercial Guild was reduced to the lowest level of existence. In their miserable degradation and with the little strength they had left, the few survivors fought amongst themselves over food, supplies, or rudimentary tools.



After the stupor and the bloodshed, the first defenses organized themselves as best they could. A roar of revolt raised the ranks of the largest galactic families that still stood. A sneaky, falsely federating propaganda spread, in an attempt to save the little honor that remained. Unlike the royal Kingú, in search of prestige, we, Gina'abul remained inactive before the Nundar's revenge on the old world. Although they were kept out of the Commercial Guild's business, the Kingú-Babbar offered their services to the biggest galactic families. They claimed to possess a weapon capable of wiping out the Nundar's domination, the only solution, they affirmed, to restore peace and galactic society. This unexpected offer on the part of a very discreet, solitary people who never mixed with others was amazing. A quick decision had to be made. Completely desperate, the survivors of the old Commercial Guild's worlds flocked to all sides. The worlds spared by the Nundar attacks were totally overwhelmed and could no longer cope with the chaotic mass exodus.

The new galactic coalition designated the Abgal amphibians of Gagsisá (*Sirius*), known for their wisdom, to be intermediaries. Their belonging to our Gina'abul family allowed them to easily approach the Kingú-Babbar, but they did not want to deal with the Gagsisá beings. We were aware that the royals were afraid of supreme intelligence and subtle philosophy of the Abgal. Were the Abgal not called "*the dispensers of knowledge*" by the majority of the Universe's beings? Far too distant from the royals' systems of thought, and even sometimes from the rest of the Gina'abul, the Abgal had always protected their independence, including independence to our Gina'abul crown. The Kingú, however, called for talks with our Sukkal cousins who lived in Urbar'ra (*Lyra*), not far from the Gina'abul, Emesir, and Muš'šagtar males. The latter, who were not part of the former Merchant Guild, had no interest in this mission. During the course of these cross-consultations, the Nundar did not calm their fury, and continued their attacks. We had to act fast.

In the midst of chaos, an unexpected event troubled the confederate states: our Queen Narra, ruler of the Urbar'ra (*Lyra*) Gina'abul females, wanted to participate in a meditation in order to find out the truth about the Kingú-Babbar's real intentions. Narra did not trust the royal breed that she considered dangerous and very manipulative.



Just as it was planned, Narra sat on the high balconies during the great conciliation. When her turn came, she spoke. When she stood up, a thunderous sound spread through the palace. Narra's face changed slightly under the Assembly's stunned eyes. She became unbearable to look at. Like magic, she had morphed into Barbélú, Mother of Origins. Mother of Thunder then spoke through the Urbar'ra (*Lyra*) ruler. The penetrating vibrations from the anger in her voice forced to bow everyone in the room. The building and its foundations trembled when she gave her sentence:

"You, Kingú-Babbar! You have obtained the Kingalàm's technology, whose power divides

the Universe. You gave this technology to the Apin's (*Andromeda*) Nundar in order to obtain their precious minerals. You have forgotten that our ancestors brought death to their surroundings and that we all, the Mušidim and Gina'abul, carry this heavy responsibility. These solar explosions not only create fissures or stellar routes, they also conceive Bùranna (*black holes*) whose presence curves space-time and produces holographic barriers. Our Universe is covered with these irregularities. You, the reckless Kingú-Babbar, have taken the evil demon out of his cage, doing your business without worrying about the risks this posed for our Universe!".

Hearing these words, the Kingú-Babbar delegate stood up, provocatively claiming that all of this was myth. In light of the strong suspicion created by their Divine Mother's words, he claimed his fundamental right to be considered innocent until proven guilty and asked the Gina'abul assembly to present proof of these false allegations. Assailed with contradictory thoughts, the Assembly separated in utmost confusion. Great ruler Narra seemed stunned and drained of her energy. She walked slowly, refusing her daughter's help. She felt overwhelmed and deeply troubled by this sudden link with the Mother of Origins.

Following the shaken Assembly, the biggest galactic families gathered to form a planner formation called Kadištu<sup>[127]</sup>. This new organization regrouped the Universe's most ancient races. The Kadištu became regulators who took it upon themselves to insure the different galactic communities' security.

## 4 - The creation of the Ušumgal and the Amasutum

At the same time, at the heart of the Ušu (Draco) constellation, the Kingú-Babbar created the Ušumgal lineage-[\[128\]](#) meant to be the royal Gina'abul breed's workers. Ušu's crown called for workers to dig deep into the mines, to get the minerals and metals needed for their industries. As a result, the illustrious Kingú-Babbar created their workmen with colossal proportions. They needed robust, powerful and resilient labor. Although their laborers had no need of females to multiply, they conceived males with a Geš (*penis*). In those distant days, the Kingú produced living forms using the great Uzumúa-[\[129\]](#) crystals containing the power of artificial procreation. That is how they multiplied the number of inferior worker beings as necessary. In the opulence of their environment and their buildings, whose summits flirted with the clouds, the Rabàr rulers deployed their slaves throughout the colony, not worrying about the management required for such a mass of workers. Only a few thousand dragons of great stature, descending from Šuhia's ancient red Kingú-[\[130\]](#), were in charge of monitoring the miners. The Ušu crown created mines and subterranean cities to house the various trades connected with this monstrous industry. All the planets that were known to contain the sought-after minerals and metals were consensually or forcefully invested by the Kingú. in consequence of the planning conventions established at the beginning of the Dimmati-[\[131\]](#) age.

Tirelessly, the unfortunate Ušumgal deeply dug out basements into the planets they were sent to, most of the time with rudimentary means. Extreme conditions created significant health risks. The Ušu crown's League of Miners alerted the Rabàr rulers many times, but in vain. The extractions had to intensify and not diminish, in order to support their luxurious living standards. In the hollow's galleries and abysses, the Ušumgal worked relentlessly in difficult conditions. In spite of their colossal stature, they endured their misfortunes without a word. Had they not been created and programmed for this sole purpose?

Then came a terrible epidemic. A new infectious disease, very contagious, contaminated royal mines one by one, especially the Kùsig (*gold*) ones. The ruthless working conditions and the lack of living supplies contributed to the infection's aggravation and expansion. The obscure germ spread at lightning speed. The contaminated workers inexorably suffocated. They were isolated in deeper and deeper work-zones, far from the eyes of the Kadištu regulator. The abysses became their new habitat. For Limamu (*millenniums*), they organized themselves in their containment zones, that progressively began to take on residential aspects. The royal jailers wouldn't even go down there anymore. As long as production continued and metals and crystals reached the surface, no one cared...

In the midst of this urban servitude, with its columns and inordinate vaults, many Ušumgal clans were agonizing in terrible suffering, while others learned to breathe with the breath of life, using the power of the Universe called Níama. Three Turnam mine clans mastered this universal force, thanks to their Abgal brothers' teachings. The Gagsisá (*Sirius*) Abgal appeared to them through the foam of time, before being plunged into the vast oceans and the great underground rivers: they were able to initiate them secretly, without the different Kingú knowing. While their exhausted brothers collapsed one after the other in the dust, these three Ušumgal clans secretly learned to control this omnipotent power. The three male groups were so focused on their own survival that they could not help their brothers. This was the fate of the three Turnam clans, who nevertheless knew neither perfection nor beatitude. They accomplished their destiny in absolute silence through occult arts, far from the unspeakable light. The three clans of forgiveness created the universal matrix, using the great green quartz of Ušu (*Draco*) from unfathomable abysses. The Abgal tried to convince them not to use the Uzumúa mineral-creator, but the desire to surpass their masters trumped their reason. The Abgal guardians left the Ušumgal, disappointed by the greed for power the Níama engendered in their proteges.

The Turnam Ušumgal conceived their own inverted image, through creative thought, mixed with the source of the abyss. The members of the three clans of remission came forth to the Uzumúa mineral and deposited their semen inside it. From this monstrosity came the first virginal thought, the perfect spirit, because they wanted to bring back the spirit of Barbélú – the Mother of Origins – who detains all power. A female form emerged

from the fruitful matrix, stripped of the chaos of the origins, and impregnated with the vivifying liquid. The Ušumgal community, completely subjugated by its creation, secretly treated and venerated her. Was she an abomination? Was she an indescribable wonder? No one knew, since Holy Tigeme ("*servant of life*") surpassed the Ušumgal in power, intellect and beauty. Although she was a female in every possible aspect. Holy Tigeme contained the spark of the Triple Power's ineffable light, she carried the virginal Spirit, the male power that makes self-fertilization (parthogenesis) possible, free of contact with flesh. The first Gina'abul demonstration of the Triple Power, Lady Tigeme became their queen, hidden in the greatest secrecy. They had to conceal her presence without interrupting their work. What would become of them? What would holy Tigeme bring them, knowing that their fate was sealed for eternity?

One day, however, the moment came when the aggregate demand for raw materials became more important than the productivity of all of the Kingú industries. From then on, the Ušu crown was not able to regularly transport the necessary food to feed the workers in their underground cities. Anger began to stir in the abyss, rebellion was organized in the mines of Turnam. In order to alert Rabàr's authority and to put an end to their servitude, the Ušumgal slowed down the pace of production. Reprisals came quickly, the heavily armed red Kingù ventured into the miserable underground domain. They try to restore their inflexible discipline. Lady Tigeme then emerged from her hiding place and set off the revolt. Her stature and her mastery of the Níama spread terror among their ennemy. To the Ušu crown's great despair, the Ušumgal broke their chains. Large blue quartz, secretly cut into the fertile caverns, served as transmitters and receivers, prompting the waves of the uprising to spread beyond the Ušu (Draco) constellation's borders and worlds. The survivors of the dark germ rose. The revolt amplified. It reached all the mines, while the voices gushing out from the darkness rose above the mineral barriers. The insurrection stunned the tranquil and organized Kingú world. The Ušumgal massacred their red-faced guards. They then spread out onto the surface of breathable worlds, discovering technology they were not accustomed to, but that would not remain foreign to them for too long. The pure light, that the Rabàr authorities captured, was use for the benefit of the rebels and their rulers: they pointed the gigantic panels sparkling towards the stars, to capture the transformative energy and use it for their purposes.

Lady Tigeme exalted the Ušumgal in order to stimulate their appetite for revenge! At that moment, part of the Gina'abul race sank into the chaos of war and destruction. The miners did not care much about the colossal losses they were enduring to recover all kinds of minerals and raw materials. Their goal was not to conquer the Ušu (*Draco*) constellation, but to destroy as many Kingú and infrastructure as they could, before heading for old Mušidim settlements!

Both sides suffered countless losses. The Ušumgal took many Kingú prisoners so that they could turn them into servants. Some Kingú-Babbar managed to escape by dematerializing themselves from KI (3D)-[\[132\]](#), using to small spherical objects that the highest dignitaries secretly

carried around with them. Soon Abba clan, one of the three Ušumgal groups that mastered the vital energy called Níama, gained the upper hand over all the others. Their chief, Enzubi-Abzu-[\[133\]](#), a disgraceful character, asked the queen for a new lineage in order to conquer the old Mušidim territories. Tigeme knew that she was invested with a mission and was not unaware that she was indebted to the Ušumgal who gave her life. Thus, great Tigeme voluntarily withdrew in the Turnam mining city's old quarters, and gave birth to males with whom she then mated to give birth to new sparks of light, separated into several generations of males. Hundreds of Ušumgal warriors were born from these unions, then, they were duplicated in the sublime Uzumúa mineral. To create the new Gina'abul females that Tigeme would need, the ruler then retired to the mines to self-fertilize using the Triple Power. In silence and great secrecy, she created her first daughters, whose fate promised to be famous. She called her holy offspring Amašutum: "*Lizard Mothers*". Coming out of the underworld, the Amašutum saw the light of day for the first time through the desolation and misery that the war had engendered. They were programmed to support their ruler, who destiny had chosen to comply with the Ušumgal's caprices. They decided to rename their creator "Tiamata"

(*Mother of Life*), considering that her original name, Tigeme (*servant of life*), lowered her divine stature to a mere Ušumgal-male servant. Surrounded by her new generation of females and under the constant pressure of the new Ušu (*Draco*) conquerors, Tiamata choose her male among all of the Ušumgal. She inevitably chose the most reckless one, Enzubi-Abzu.

The royal wedding's imposing ceremony took place in the Turnam city ruins, among rich marble colonnades, Kùsig (*gold*), and tapestries, which retained charred stigmas caused by the fires of war. The Ušumgal and Amašutum assembled at the foot of the high colonnades and the windows giving on to thousands of fires. At night, a scattering of torches and flaming crystals illuminated the scene. Mother Tiamata and her future lover appeared covered in dark veils, walking under the slow, monotonous rattle of untuned timbales. In the middle of the pathetic scene, the queen's disappointed look wandered over the silent crowd. From that moment she knew that she would have to savagely struggle to overcome the fatal trap in which she was being imprisoned. Silently, her veils were lifted and her face was revealed to the multitude. In a theatrical gesture, Enzubi-Abzu gave the signal for the start of the festivities. A wild and sustained music of percussion, flutes, and trumpets began immediately. In drinking and disgrace, the Ušumgal took the Amašutum's wives. The orgiastic feast lasted as long as the royal mating. When the rulers completed the sacred coitus, the decadent festivities were interrupted and everyone got busy on the great journey to the stars.



38. Reptilian humanoids celebrate in a scene portrayed on one of Pozo Moro's stele-pillars (Spain), 500BC, Iberian Necropolis.

The Ušumgal decided to leave the Ušu (*Draco*) constellation to head towards Urbar'ra

(*Lyra*) where the sovereign Narra ruled. The bellies of the Gina'abul crown's ships were crammed with provisions, material of all kinds, and many Kingú prisoners. The fleet took flight in an aerial ballet that bathed in lights. The shadow warriors and their dark females dove into the time tunnels that crisscross the great galactic flux connecting millions of suns. The nebulae curved upon their passage as their ships devoured time by crossing the infinite. They left to forever mark the Universe's history, and they borrowed a path that brought nothing but suffering and destruction. Nothing and no one in their path survived, except a few phantom populations ready to cling to life and suffer in silence in the name of a new religion that ignited Anriba (*our Galaxy*). Mother Barbélú, our holy mother, abandoned to sadness, sobbed in silence for all the evil that her children caused in the upper regions.

And so, the great Nuréa was created for [...] at the heart of the firmament. [...] In the middle of her terrible fleet, sovereign Tiamata heard an interior voice during one of her many meditations. [...] to chase away this intrusion [...] The caressing voice offered a shorter route to Urbar'ra (*Lyra*) [...] follow this heavenly route [...] understood that it was Barbélú's voice, Mother of Origins [...] The Ušumgal then smashed themselves against the holographic wall and its ghost images [...] terrible debacle [...] pour disappear into the terrible Bùranna (*black hole*) [...] the fleet's desolation. Arrived on Urbar'ra (*Lyra*), the survivors set fire [...] spread solitude through segregation [...] because of the Mušgir dragons [...] The Ušumgal allied with the furious dragons [...] to abandon their females to a sad fate [...] The Great War, the terrible war on [...] Nuréa. In front of her mother holy Tiamata, she begged her queen to stop laying eggs to create new combative females. [...] Nuréa implored her mother but the great mother – image of the Mother of Origins – with her aching thighs, continued her work in an effort to ward off evil [...] the Great War and its [...] desolation...”

## 8 - NURÉA'S AWAKENING

*"They heard (Norea) and hosted her in the Place that is hers in all times.*

*They gave her the Father, the spirit-image, as well as the two voices of the saint beings...*

*So that [Norea] could inherit from the First spirit she had hosted and rest in divine Autogeny, and generate herself insofar as she also inherited from the living sun, and join all the Imperishables, and so remain in the spirit of the Father, and (also) to speak with the words of life, and remain in the presence of he who is elevated, owning what she had received before the world was."*

**NX IX, 2 - Norea, 27,22 - 29,18**



Ğirkù -Tìla Nuréa / Min-ME-Ussu

I woke up totally overwhelmed by the information that A'a had transmitted to me during the Darígi-[\[134\]](#). Tears flooded my eyes while the voice from the ritual still resonated in my soul. At the end, the ritual left me with an impression of incompleteness. There was missing precious information concerning the arrival of the Ušumgal fleet in Urbar'ra (*the Lyra*) as well as the true events that triggered the Great War. Everything broke apart the moment I heard my name...

Drained of all my strength, I remained still for a few moments. My head was heavy and my body ached. This new information was very painful to bear. First of all, the different planets and the solar system had different names during the distant age of the Mušidim. Dubkù became Uraš (*the Earth*) and the Mulmuš Mother-House now had my mother's name, Ti-ama-te. I had just learned that we all come from Ti-ama-te (*the solar system*), but that no Gina'abul seemed to even know it, other than the Kingú, A'a, Wa and probably my mother Tiamata. I suddenly felt the weight of their profound solitude and the duty to keep this heavy secret: this secret was never to be revealed!



I, Nuréa, daughter of our queen Tiamata, from my affiliation and fidelity to my people, was forced into silence. In the underground mazes of our mother-planet Nalulkára, I solemnly swore to be faithful and self-sacrificing in the presence of the great Matriarchs. My mother conceived me artificially during the Great War to establish her union with the Kadištu (planners). This is the reason why they used Abgal equipment. Our Sukkal allies, also Kadištu, helped her enter the Confederation of the Makers of Life. Our science of amniotic fluid tanks, which resembles the uterus in the humanoids from our Milky Way, helped her ascension into the plannification world. My knowledge of the Siensišár and Uzúma tanks gave me the opportunity to approach several Kadištu such as the Ameli, and to act peacefully in different lands in our Universe before finding myself where I am now, in Ti-ama-te (*our solar system*).

My name spread in Anriba (*our galaxy*), before becoming an Ambassador for my reverend mother and for the Kadištu, I was the Gina'abul mining union's chief executive. I supervised the extraction of precious mineral substances from many mines around our colonies between the Ušu (*Draco*) and Margíd'da (*the Big Dipper*) constellations. It was claimed that the exponential dependency on mineral matter divided our two families, the Kingú and Ušumgal, to the point where they entered into conflict with each other once the resources became rare. This was the beginning point of an unprecedented rivalry that gave way to the most foul and abject abuses. This was the official version of history taught in our colonies. On this memorable day, having experienced the Darígi ritual, I learned a completely new version of the origins of the Ušumgal and the ancient Amasutum... What would I do with these fascinating secrets?

My vision spun, my senses were still altered by the potion. I tried to look at my crystal. It was still pulsating in archiving mode: Ugur! Why did my crystal have the same name as the Mother of Origins one's? Shivers went down my back: was it the same cristal? Did it record all of A'a's precious words?

The saint assistance audience remained silent in the semi-darkness. Far away, was my dear Šaran, frightened, hidden in the obscurity. The Darígi, secretly transferred by whispering, could be shared with no one else. Why were we all still in deep contemplation even though the ritual had ended? A'a appeared to continue his monologue, yet I could not hear a

single word. Seeing my wide-open eyes, his brother Wa raised his eyebrows and asked: "Can you hear us, Nuréa? Are you ready?"

"Ready? I am weakened. Give me time to come around."

"No, no, don't get up!"

With these words, Wa turned to his brother: "*Come here help me, the potion didn't work!*" he said. A'a approached me and carefully inspected me, while his twin added: "*I don't understand...*". I stood up, ignoring their advice.

"Do not be alarmed." I told them, "I have reached the end of the ritual and I am alive."

"But Nuréa. the ritual hasn't really begun" murmured Wa "You barely even closed your eyes!"

Stunned and dazed. I scrutinized the twins' faces: "Am I awake?" I asked.

"Yes, you are. We are saddened because we were not able to put you to sleep. On the other hand, the Kingú poison seems to be sparing you."

The two Abgal brothers resumed their careful examination while reflecting upon the situation. I was able to tap in to their silent discussion: "She's trembling," A'a pointed out, "her pupils are dilated... She is without a doubt in possession of the Darígi energy. Do you agree, my brother?"

"Yes, I agree," Wa acquiesced with a nod of the head.



39. A'a the Abgal reciting the Mušidim / Gina'abul Chronicles © Frantz Lasvignes / Anton Parks

Their observations penetrated deep into my soul. This whole story brutally came together like a rising tide. I became nauseous and threw up the last ounce of energy I still had within me. The two brothers wiped my face and advised me to control my breathing. Time became transparent, as if frozen by the great heavenly wheel that unwinds the distant stars. Their natural grace and charm that I have known for so long troubled me more than ever. I stared at them intensely as if I were looking at strangers. Submerged by a wave of uncontrollable emotions, I started to sob abundantly. I had finally unraveled the Mystery! Overcome by a strange sensation, I kissed their feet, touched and caressed their hands tenderly, my lips delicately kissed each of them. A'a lent his reassuring arm. I grabbed on to it desperately.

"By the Source's Grace," I said, "You are Saints, you are our Mother of Origins' two primordial Abgal! How old are you?"

Wa nodded his head with a slight smile.

“Death does not affect us. We have secretly watched over our Mother since her return. Have you received this information?”

“Yes, but what happened to me, since you were not able to complete the ritual? Why has time seemed to have stretched for me?”

"The Kingú Symbiont appears to have transferred its knowledge on to you before dying in your uterus. The Kingú-Babbar's knowledge about our origins are identical to ours. Our sources are the same because they stem exclusively from us both. Our teachings have reached the Gina'abul ancestors here, as well as those on many Mušidim colonies.”

Wa's tone of voice became grave. He asked me sit up. He continued the conversation through our thoughts, probably to be sure that no profane ear could pick up on our exchange: “Stand up, Nuréa. Your near-death experience has created a deep link with the Kingú- Babbar. The sacrifice of this symbiont that was voluntarily inseminated by the royal rebels has sealed a commitment you cannot break out of. We are not aware of the terms. You will most likely discover them some Ud (*day*).”

“I had been unaware of Ía’aldabaut and the refractory Kingú-Babbar's existence. I had been unaware of so many things...”

“Nobody can know of Barbélú's fifth child,” A'a said. "None of us can feed him without thoughts, we mustn't risk waking him up. Stand up, sister. May your heart fill with joy. At the end of your experience we had planned to complete your initiation by placing you in the presence of the Greatest of Secrets: our Mother has been asking for you. We will lead you to her hidden retreat in the folds of time, in the place where her son's injustice and destructive bitterness cannot reach her, where the darkness cannot absorb the last of Light's virtues. In this retreat, Mother of Thunder will reveal her request to you in the obscure Emeša dialect.”

Those were the words of my Abgal brothers before they took me with them into the twelfth superior region. I took my precious Ugur crystal and squeezed it firmly in my hands. When we exited the room, I was struck with panic, under the watchful eyes of the uncomprehending audience: Ugur had no recording of this entire story. This saga had only been transferred directly to me and my memory. I promised myself to record the information as soon as possible, before it would evaporate into oblivion. It was my turn to become a protector of our specie's spiritual and historical

values, so that life and hope could triumph. By its Grace and in the name of the Light of the Origins, in this solemn moment, I prayed to the Source of all things, so that she could make me worthy of this honor.

Seized with compassion, I also measured the ordeal our Mother-who had taken refuge from the evil that targeted her- was going through. I did not yet know that I would have to face the difficult task of removing her Ba (*soul*) of the stains her body had, since her fall into this other time that is our own. I didn't know that in exchange my own body would have to bear this heavy burden. In the name of Love and Peace, my duty was to face our Mother's distress and to give back to her some of her Original Light, the Light that her children had preserved in her name.[\[135\]](#).

# LEXICON

**Abgal** = Barbélú's primordial and amphibian twins. Later on, their descendants end up in the Gagsisá (Sirius) system.

**Abzu** = abyss, the underground, netherworld; the hollow part of a planet that contains subterranean water.

**Ádam** = animals, beasts, herds.

**Agarin of the Shadow** = the daughters of Queen Pištěš. The latter gave birth to them on her own using Triple Power (parthenogenesis) before departing with the Zida machine.

**Alagni** = clone.

**Ama'argi** = terrestrial Amasutum females, daughters of Pištěš.

**Amasutum** = female Gina'abul: members of the Kadištu (planners).

**ANGAL** = elevated dimensional floors where the Kadištu reside. The ANGAL is totally inaccessible for high-density beings.

**Anriba** = our Galaxy.

**Apin** = Andromeda.

**Aria** = Antarctica, derived from the Sumerian term A-Rl-A, "desert landscape, region."

**Ba** = Sumerian and Egyptian term for "Soul" (BA).

**Babbar** = "White, albino." Name initially given to the albino Kingú of Ía'aldabaut.

**Barbélú** = an astrophysicist and archivist from the Mother-Home. This book's main character and mother of the first Gina'abul. The latter call her the Mother of Origins.

**Bar-Dili** = eight planet of the Mušidim Mother-Home (Uranus).

**Bar-Min** = ninth planet of the Mušidim Mother-Home (Neptune).

**Bi'bu (or Bibu)** = first planet of the Mušidim Mother-Home (Mercury).

**Bùranna** = black hole.

**Danna** = hour.

**Dapinu** = sixth planet of the Mušidim Mother-Home (Jupiter).

**Dark Matriarchs** = daughters of Šuhia. The latter gave birth to them alone using Triple Power

(parthenogenesis) before definitively leaving the time of the Mušidim.

**Diranna** = star gate (access to an atemporal vortex, cf. Turzalag).

**Dubkù** = second planet of the Mušidim Mother-Home (Earth). During the Gina'abul era it is called Uras.

**Dunnu** = central continent on Dubkù (Earth) during the Permian and Triassic periods.

**ÉA'AM** = the PIŠTÉŠ expedition's mother-ship.

**Ea'm** = former Mušidim king. He was Queen Pištéš' husband and travelled through time with her using the Zida quantic machine.

**Emeša** = matrix language of the priestesses that includes the Sumerian and Assyro-Babylonian (Akkadian) Syllabaries; key to the encoded languages of the Earth.

**Emesir** = lit. EME-SIR “snake nurse.” Barbélú's daughter, who gives birth to the descendants of the Gina'abul.

**Enzubi-Abzu** = an Ušumgal from the Kingú mines of Rabar. Later on called Abzu-Abba. He married Tigeme (Tiamata).

**Ereš** = queen.

**Ga'anzír shadow** = the Orion nebula in which the ancient Mušidim set of stellar explosions. This unstable zone is linked to our Solar System, in particular to planet Dapinu (Jupiter) and its valley of storms.

**Gagsisá** = stellar system of Sirius.

**Gibil'lasu** = renewal of the skin (slough).

**Gilimanna** = the Celestial Bestiary.

**Gina'abul** = reptilian race to which Barbélú gave birth on Dubkù (Earth). It was then exiled in different Mušidim colonies in the Galaxy.

**Ĝírkù** = lit. “the sacred flash of light” or “the sacred sword.” Ĝírkùs are cylindrical crystals that belong to the Amasutum and contain much information.

**Green Kingú** = worker Kingú, created by Šuhia.

**Gurkur** = spherical Gina'abul object that permits travel between the first three dimensions.

**Hul** = third planet of the Mušidim Mother-Home (Mars).

**Hušmuš** = lit. “Wild reptiles” or “terrible reptiles.” These are prehistoric animals (dinosaurs).

**Ía'aldabaut** = Barbélú's fifth child. He is the great Archon according to the gnostics, and the creator of the Kingú-Babbar.

**Ima** = DNA, lit. the “body's source” in Ancient Sumerian.

**Inkubara** = lit. the “Queen's sovereign foundation.” This is the royal incubation tank.

**Iti** = month.

**Jade Palace** = a palace on planet Kaštu where all the Mother-Home's royal archives were stored. Barbélú was in charge of it.

**Kadištu** = planners of the universe working for the at the service of the Original Source ("God"). The Kadištu make up our universe's planner community and is made up of many different galactic races. The word KAD-IS-TU (lit. "the ancient assemblers of life") can be found in the Akkadian term Qadistu (holy woman), which was one of the names for high priestesses.

**Kahamanu** = seventh planet of the Mušidim Mother-Home (Saturn).

**Kaštu** = fourth planet of the Mušidim Mother-Home (Venus). Satellite of Muldar (which will become Mulge).

**KI** = 3rd dimension, dwelling place of today's humanity': also used to refer to the plant Earth or to a specific place.

**KIGAL** = lower level containing the various dimensional levels of the lower astral realm that

includes the first two dimensions (KUR-BALA and KUR-GAL) and the KI dimension. Kingalàm = enemies of the Mušidim.

**Kingú** = royal Gina'abul who live in the constellation of Usu (Draco, the dragon).

**Kingú-Babbar** = lit. "albino Kingú"; sons of Ía'aldabaut: leaders of the Kingú and ruling royalty of the constellation Usu (Draco, the Dragon), birthplace of the Gina'abul.

**Kinsağ** = telepathy.

**Kuku** = ancestor.

**Kundalini** = the latent energy curled up at the bottom of the first Sagra (chakra).

**KUR** = lower dimension in which the Gina'abul live; it includes the two dimensions of the lower astral realm, KUR-BALA and KUR-GAL (see below).

**KUR-BALA** = the astral bottom's 1st dimension.

**KUR-GAL** = the astral bottom's 2nd dimension.

**Kùsig** = gold.

**Limamu** = thousands of years (millennia).

**Makers of Life** = the Mušidim.

**Mámta** = Mother-Queen of the Mušidim.

**Mantara** = Barbélú's assistant at the Jade Palace.



**Margid'da** = constellation of the Big Dipper (Ursa Major), lit. the “elongated chariot.”

**Meka Light region** = the center of our galaxy and its black hole.

**Mímìnu** = strain of workers created by the Gina'abul; commonly referred to today as the “Grays.” Mother-Home = the Mušidim stellar system from 260 million terrestrial years ago. Its real name is Mulmuš.

**Muanna** = year.

**Muanna-Zalag** = light years.

**Muldar** = Taurus constellation.

**Mulge** = lit. the “black star”; sacred planet of the Amasutum and Kadištu in the Ti-ama-te system (Solar System). Formerly Muldar at the time of the Mušidim.

**Mulmul** = the constellation of the Pleiades.

**Muluš** = lit. “planets of the Snake.” Mušidim stellar system over 260 million terrestrial years ago, also called “Mother-Home.”

**Muš** = serpent, reptile.

**Mušidim** = ancient reptilian race, ancestors of the Gina'abul.

**Muš'šagtar** = “reptile with a judicious heart.” Name given to Barbélú's third son (following her Abgal twins). Name also given to her progeny.

**Nalulkara** = mother planet of the Gina'abul in the Anduruna stellar system, in the constellation Margid'da (The Big Dipper).

**Namlu'u** = term used by the “gods” and Sumerians to refer to primordial and multidimensional humanity created by the planners.

**Níama** = universal force in all things, that is found in the Nyama of the Mali Dogons and that conjures the life force.

**Nigzigal** = Sumerian term whose strict translation is: “a thing (or property) in which life was placed.” This is a clone.

**Nuhád** = the Mušidim's malicious queen during Barbélú's time. Daughet of Mámta the Mother- Queen.

**NUMUN (project)** = Šuhia's life project in which she implanted thousands of living species to create an exceptional breeding ground.

**Nuréa** = Tiamata's daughter. Gina'abul ambassador in Ti-ama-te (the Solar System). Later, she becomes Mamitu-Nammu, the great Gina'abul planner, serving the Kadištu.

**Onyx Palace** = a palace on planet Kaštu. The other name for the Royal Palace and its incubation room where the Mušidim queens laid their eggs.

**Pištěš** = queen of the Mušidim, daughter of Mámta the Mother-Queen. She was Éa'am's wife and travelled through time with him in the Zida quantic machine after giving birth to the Agarin of the Shadow.

**PIŠTÉŠ** = the name of Barbélú and Mantara's mission.

**Priests of the Great Oracle** = group of Mušidim priests whose duty was to assist the Mother- Home's royal couples.

**Red Kingú** = warrior Kingú, created by Šuhia.

**Rúmgar** = the name that Barbélú gave to the wild planet on which she crash-landed.

**Salbatanu** = planet Mars (SAL-BA-TAN-U, lit. "the matrix of the crown rations") This term is also found in the Akkadian word Salbatanu.

**Siensišar** = artificial matrix in Mušidim / Gina'abul (ancient Sumerian).

**Sipazianna** = Orion.

**Šuhia** = ancient Aragin of the Shadows. Upon returning from the depths of the ages she gave birth to the Dark Matriarchs using Triple Power (parthenogenesis). She also created the NUMUN project that aimed to implant thousands of living species of Dubkù (Earth) to create an exceptional breeding ground.

**ŠUHIA** = the PIŠTÉŠ mission exploration shuttle.

**Sukkal** = major race of planners; characterized by bird-shaped bodies.

**Tal** = small dinosaur of the iguanodon type. Barbélú's children's mascot.

**Temenlum (region)** = name given to the region and the site where the Zida machine is located.

**Tiamata (Tigeme)** = created by the Ušumgal miners, she becomes the queen of the Gina'abul and Margid'da (The Big Dipper) and the wife of Enzubi-Abzu (Abzu-Abba). She represents Barbélú, the Mother of Origins.

**Ti-ama-te** = the Solar System's second name. Initially called Mulmuš or Mother-Home.

**Tigeme** = male Gina'abul name from Margid'da for Queen Tiamata.

**Triple Power** = Parthenogenesis.

**Turzalag (particles)** = tachyon particles that compose the main structure of the dark matter in the universe and of the atemporal vortices (Diranna).

**Ud** = day(s).

**Udàr** = minute(s).

**Ugmu** = the cry of immediate death.

**Ugur** = the Ĝírkù of Pištěš stolen by Šuhia and finally transmitted to Norea.

**Uras** = Gina'abul name for the planet Earth.

**Urasian** = earthling.

**Urbar'ra** = constellation of the Lyre (Lyra).

**Ušama** = a red Kingú, Šuhia's assistant.

**Ušu** = constellation of the Dragon (Draco).

**Ušumgal** = “Great Dragons,” name of the ancient miners at the service of the Kingú-Babbar.

**Zag-Anki** = “the universe's horizon” or “the beginning of the universe” in Sumerian.

**Zalag** = light.

**Zianna (mission)** = this is the name of the galactic mission from which only Šuhia returned alive. Zianna got lost in space-time by jumping into several million years into the future.

**Zida (machine)** = quantic machine in the shape of an icosahedron. The Pištěš and Éa'am rulers travelled through time with this machine and created space-time problems due to their de synchronization.

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## Abbreviations in the book:

NH: Nag-Hammadi gnostic texts.

A.E.M.: Rend Labat and Florence Malbran-Labar's Akkadian  
Epigraphic Manual, Geuthner Editions, 1999.

# SYNOPSIS

Our civilizations' founding myths are rooted in History. The Gnostic texts of Egypt teach us that the Great Goddess, the Heavenly Mother, contemplated the firmament for a long time in an attempt to get a glimpse of the Divine Light. Driven by her hopes and dreams, she left her idyllic world of the *Pleroma* (fullness) and dove into the infinite— at the heart of the unfathomable regions of time and space. Her journey would lead her to the source of eternity, that she wished to draw closer to, in order to draw inspiration from her Creative Power.

Carried away by the flow of the cosmic Abyss and dazzled by the Living Light, she was dragged towards a destiny that forged the foundations on which human civilizations still rely today. At the end of her infinite journey, the Mother-Goddess fell down onto an implacable world located light years away from the Pleroma from which she came from.

In *The Dream of Eternal Time*, Anton Parks guides us through the fascinating discovery of Life's founding and nourishing forces. His revelations expand our understanding of the genesis of the Universe and our Solar System, in the light of events that are largely anterior to the coming of celestial beings, as it is claimed in many of our traditions.

The cosmic structure of the Universe exposed in the Dream of Eternal Time reunites the founding theories of relativity with quantum mechanics. This information gives a new meaning to the origins of time and the functioning of black holes— the birthers of worlds.

This transformative work sheds light on our secular conditioning. Despite our genes and diverse origins, Parks suggests that we all come from the same principle, and confirms that we are simultaneously potential creators, actors, and ultimately masters of our own destiny. Never has a book plunged into our roots so deeply—into the depths of time!

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[1] 'Epiphanes of Salamine's Panarion, 26,1,7-9.

[2] The letter “o” does not exist in Sumerian. NUR (ancient Sumero-Akkadian particle - M.E.A entry 325) alludes to an “elevated,” “distinguished” or “superior” person, or to an “aid” or an “assistant.”



[3] Some information received through my visions sometimes allow me to begin unexpected investigations for my documents and essays.

[4] The volume 4 of the Ġirkù Chronicles will be published by 2020 in France and translated as soon as possible.

[5] Mušidim are the ancient reptilian race, ancestors of the Gina'abul.

[6] [http://www.cnrs.fr/Cnrspresse/Archeo2000/html/archeo\\_11.htm](http://www.cnrs.fr/Cnrspresse/Archeo2000/html/archeo_11.htm).

[7] "'Nesbitt. Jacques. Creation et evolution. Editions IMEAF. 1976. Despite their relevance in claiming that even thing mentioned in the Bible is truth, we can note that creationists possess a very good critical sense of the theory of evolution of living species and. therefore. Darwinism.

[8] *L'histoire secrete de l'espece humaine*, éditions du Rocher, 2002, The French publication was totally abandoned a few years after its release.

[9] Academic opinion often accuses researchers of manipulating information. This magazine, which happens to have a serious reputation, clearly states that Cremo and Thompson concluded as follows: "*Authors' conclusions: intelligent beings must have lived here long ago and created these tubes.*" When I read the passage in Forbidden Magazine over and over again, the authors clearly state the following: "*After having considered and abandoned diverse hypotheses. Druet and Salfati (those who reported the discovery in 1968) have reached the conclusion that intelligent beings must have lived here 65 million years ago. In the hopes of obtaining more information, we wrote to the geomorphological laboratory at the University of Caen where Druet and Salfati had left their specimens. But we have not received any answer...*" What we have here is without a doubt a campaign of misinformation and manipulation of information.

[10] The museum's address is: Creation Evidence Museum P.O. BOX 309 Glen Rose. TX 76043-0309. His website is: [www.creationevidence.org](http://www.creationevidence.org).

[11] The Hopi Indians claim that their village. Oraibi. is nearly four thousand years old. By examining the wood used for the construction of Oraibi. scientists dated it at around 1150 and were thus forced to admit that it was the oldest continuously inhabited village on the American continent. However, in JF Blumrich's book (see Bibliography). White Bear, a Hopi Indian, states. "The archaeologists made this judgment based on the oldest piece of wood they found, but in reality three villages are located below the existing buildings, and the first one was founded 4.000 years ago. Oraibi was not the first village in this region. The very first one was called

Shungopavi and is located at the foot of the cliff on the second plateau, below the village which now carries that name." Nowadays, when dating ancient buildings, archeologists make their calculations based on visible evidence, without taking into account the different layers on which monuments have often been built: as is the case with the pyramids of Mexico. This practice minimizes the age of certain civilizations. This technique is still practiced on the American continent in order to reinforce the thesis (now held as truth) according to which Native Americans populated the continent by 12.000 BC, crossing the Bering strait.

[12] In fact, that is exactly what is currently going on at the time of this book's publication- to punish Russia and put it in a difficult situation.

[13] Saddam Hussein and Desert Storm." Le Livre Jaune N°5. Editions Felix. 1997.

[14] [www.cyberie.qc.ca/chronik/20030422](http://www.cyberie.qc.ca/chronik/20030422)

[15] We can point out that Iraq had biological weapons during its war with Iran. Eric Laurent notes in his book *La guerre des Bush* (Plon, 2003) that it was not until 1992 – thanks to an investigation led by the American Senate – that the truth was unveiled: “*Between February 1985 and November 1989, at least 61 biological culture deliveries had been expedited to Iraq. These deliveries included 19 containers of anthrax bacteria, supplied by the American Type Culture Collection Company, a company located near the Fort Derick laboratory, controlled by the American army, and whose laboratories worked on “sensitive” biological weapons. Fifteen doses of Clostridium Botulinum (botulinic toxin) had been supplied to Saddam's military laboratories by the same company, between February, 1985 and September 1988...*” Eric Laurent cites even more highly dangerous biological agents that the US government provided to Iraq during that period...

[16] A UNESCO's World Heritage Site

[17] [http://fpfre.peopledaily.com.cn/200304/18/fra20030418\\_60631 .htm](http://fpfre.peopledaily.com.cn/200304/18/fra20030418_60631.htm)

[18] <http://fr.news.yahoo.com/030611/202/3913s.html>

[19] [www.ulg.ac.be/capri/CAPRI\\_Fr2-Patri moine-15-04-03.html](http://www.ulg.ac.be/capri/CAPRI_Fr2-Patri%20moine-15-04-03.html)

[20] [www.lemonde.fr/article/0.5987.3218-318059-.OO.html](http://www.lemonde.fr/article/0.5987.3218-318059-.OO.html)

[21] Keep in mind that the American government grants itself the right to lead carefully planned military aggression under the pretext that the Iraqi regime had not cooperated and had supposedly "flagrantly violated its

disarmament obligations” by not authorizing UN inspectors to inspect its infrastructures! We all remember that at the end of 2002. while the American forces grouped up along the Iraqi border and took the entire world and the United Nations hostage, Iraq had already totally accepted everything. But when the terrible American war machine is in motion, nothing can stop it. The 1993 Chemical Weapons Convention requires adherent states to declare the chemical weapons they possess, to eventually destroy them and never develop, acquire, use or transport any more of them. Even so, did you know that the imperialist American government reserves itself the exclusive right to refuse inspection of any of its facilities?

[22] [www.convergencesrevolutionnaires.org/article709.html](http://www.convergencesrevolutionnaires.org/article709.html)

[23] <http://radio-canada.ca/nouvelles/Dossiers/11SeptZrepercussions02.html>

[24] [www.greenpeace.ca/f/campagnes/dossiers/starwars/](http://www.greenpeace.ca/f/campagnes/dossiers/starwars/)

[25] Marianne Magazine, issu n°331, August 2003

[26] As you probably know, the human brain is organized in three levels: the "reptilian brain." "the mammalian brains." and the "human brain" (or neocortex). The "reptilian brain" gathers the primitive structures of the first cerebral level, also called the paleocortex, which is similar to that of reptiles. The reptilian brain is responsible for instincts, reflexes (without emotions) and impulses: it is the ultimate "survival brain." Its speed of execution is immediate, three times more alert than the mammalian brain and thirty times faster than the neocortex.

[27] A vast majority of the world's traditions (Mesopotamia. Americas. India. Africa. Australia. China. Japan...) explain that the "gods" possessed an animal form and that they traveled in the skies thanks to "winged disks." often described as dragons or flying serpents.

[28] In Lucien-Jean Boni and Pkmt Skubiazewski: *L'image de Babylone aux serpents dans les Beatus - Contribution à l'étude des influences du Proche-Orient antique dans l'art du haut Moyen-Âge*, Paris, Carscript, 2000.

[29] Ibidem

[30] Notice how Yahweh (God in the Bible) is a clement God full of love! I invite you to attentively read the Book of Isaiah; you will see how "God" ty rannized and massacred humanity in order to have his law respected.

[31] Jacques Nesbitt. *Creation and Evolution*. IMEAF Editions. 1976.

[32] Roselline Pallascio et Isabelle Cloutier. *The Great Lie*. 2000. editor Louise Courteau.

[33] The Mìminu are extraterrestrials commonly referred to as the “small Greys.” They were created by and work for the Gina’abul. More information is available in volume 1 of Ġirkù Chronicles.

[34] [www.cybemaute.com/earthconcert2000/NouvelOrdreMon.htm](http://www.cybemaute.com/earthconcert2000/NouvelOrdreMon.htm)

[35] Guisnel, Jean. *Delires a Washington*. Editions la Decouverte. Paris. 2003.

[36] Or “the heart of language.” not be to be confused with Emesal. also a female idiom, which came later during the Paleo-Babylonian period.

[37] All of these points will be detailed in volume 1 of the Chronicles. The present volume traces the origins of life in our solar system and the beginnings of the Gina'abul civilization.

[38] When we mention the Gina'abul language and Emesa syllabary (the “matrix language” englobing all the Sumero- Akkadian particles), we usually call it the “proto-Sumerian language” or “Sumero-Akkadian language” and sometimes even the “Gina'abul-Sumerian language.” These different terminologies all mean the exact same thing.

[39] We will see that the first humans from the African continent were used throughout many millenniums to gather gold for the “gods.” Once you read *The Secret of the Dark Stars* (volume 1 of the Ġirkù Chronicles), you will understand why gold was so important for the Gina'abul. You will see that my original remarks are not at all in line with what independent researchers like Zecharia Sitchin claim to have read on the clay tablets (I wonder where he could have read them?) - that the Sumerian “gods” lived on planet Neberu (Nibiru) and that they used gold to create their atmosphere because it was no longer trapping sunlight (sic). I don't know where this information comes from, but what's clear is that not a single clay tablet states that Neberu was the Sumerian “gods” planet of origin. On the contrary, the only celestial habitat mentioned is Dukù, which I'll speak of several times. The Sumerians used this same word to speak of the chapels in the ancient cities of Eridu and Nippur. These places of worship symbolized the terrestrial manifestation of the primordial “gods” hill. This present volume shows that there was a Duku for the ancient Mušidim race well before there was a Duku for the Gina'abul and Sumerians.

[40] The Gina’abul’s mother planet, in the Anduruna stellar system, at the heart of the Margíd'da constellation (*the Big Dipper*).

[41] AN-RI-BA. lit. “*Huge sky*” in Sumerian, which means “*Our Galaxy*” (The Milky Way).

[42] NIM-RA. lit. “*Agitation of the Great Above*” the age of great commerce and galactic war during which many of our universe's races were in conflict (you will find out more information about the Age of Nimra later in this book).

[43] Kadištu, Planner organization that groups together the most ancient races present in our Universe, derived from the Sumerian term KAD<sub>4</sub>-IŠ<sub>7</sub>-TU. lit. “*the ancient assemblers of life*”.

[44] “Gina’abul spheric object that allows to travel through the first three dimensions.

[45] URU, lit. “guard, supervisor, to guard, to protect” in ancient Sumerian.

[46] NAM-LU-U, lit. “the immense human beings.” This is the term used by the ancient divinities and the Sumerians to refer to primitive mankind. This name was used much later to refer to Sumerians who considered themselves the first to be created by the “gods.”

[47] MUL-GE. lit. “*Black Star*” in Sumerian. Planet that used to be located between Mars and Jupiter. Today it is destroyed. The asteroid belt is what is left of its explosion.

[48] AN-RI-BA. lit. “*Huge sky*” in Sumerian, our galaxy.

[49] UZU-MU-A. lit. “*Where flesh grows*,” this term is present on several Sumerian tablets when they mention the creation of clones or primitive humanity. It is generally used to name an artificial matrix.

[50] Sages of Sirius also found in Egyptian mythology with Ptah-Osiris. Their names are WA (“understanding”) and A’A (“father of water”) in Sumero-Akkadian or Mušidim / Gina’abul language.

[51] \*UD-AR. lit. “chew or mince time.” Udàr is equivalent to our minutes.

[52] The Aramaic name Barbelo is hard to translate. Some believe it could mean Bar-bel “*the son of god*”. My point of view is that Barbelo is derived from the Sumerian BAR-BE-LU, lit. “*The Spirit that communicates with the male*”. This name could also translate to “*The Spirit that communicates with humanity*”. Or even more than that.

[53] “RUM-GAR “*the hostile reserve*” in Sumerian.

[54] MUS-IDIM, lit. “*powerful or distinguished snake(s)*” This ancient Sumerian term is used to refer to the royal divinity. This term used to be

used as a divine title by all of the Sumer rulers, probably to emphasize their connection to this ancient reptilian breed.

[55] MUL-MUS, lit. "*the planets of the Snake*".

[56] DIR-ANNA. lit. "*door to the sky*" in Sumerian. This term can also mean "traveling through space" or "going to the heavens".

[57] BI-BU: "revive the light" in Sumerian.

[58] DUB-KU, lit. "spreading holiness."

[59] HUL, lit. "hostile."

[60] ZE'ED. "raise the winds", which we find in Egyptian under Djed. I detailed ancient Egyptians' use of electromagnetism and Djed pillars in my essays *The Virgin's Testament* and *the Last March of the Gods* (2013).

[61] KAS-TU, lit. "the running bird" in Sumerian.

[62] MUL-DAR. lit. "High Planet."

[63] DA-PI-NU: "protect the light of knowledge."

[64] "Kahamanu: Seventh planet of the Mušidim Mother-Home (Saturn)"

[65] BAR-DILI and BAR-MIN: "Spirit-one" and "Spirit-two."

[66] KIN-GA-LAM: "Powerful order" in Sumerian. Very ancient, aggressive, galactic family.

[67] GA-AN-ZIR or GA-ANZIR. lit. "*annihilate the heavenly milk*" or "*destroy the heavenly milk*" This term means "darkness" and "inferior world" in Sumerian. It is also a synonym for "hell".

[68] Gnostic manuscripts assimilate Sophia ("Wisdom" in Greek) to the Mother-Goddess behind the original creation. This "Wisdom" is also present in many ancient texts such as the Bible in which it incarnates the Mother-Goddess in a cleverly diverted way. She is also dissimulated in the Hebrew term Hokhmah ("Wisdom"). Translated into Sumerian (the letter "o" does not exist in Sumerian) this gives us: HU-UK-MAH "*the incensed bird that expands*". What can Wisdom expand, if not conscience? The bird, or dove, is a universal symbol that represents the Mother- Goddess that Christianity distorted to incarnate the Saint-Spirit. This incensed bird is responsible for the first creation. It strangely resembles Sophia from the Gnostic texts, the female entity ousted by her own actions because of the demiurge. The Gnostic texts claim she is "outraged" by the Archons, or "evil angels" who hold her prisoner in this world. I'll come back to this later on.

[69] The Aramaic name Barbeld is not easily translated. Some believe this is Barbel "the lord's son". Barbeld is, from my point of view, derived



from the Sumerian BAR-BE-LU. lit.: *"The Spirit (or stranger) who communicates with the male"*. This name can also translate to *"The stranger who communicates with humanity"*. In this case, and I'll explain why later. Barbelú is the first of these possibilities.

[70] ZAG-AN-KI, lit. *"the horizon of the universe"* or *"the beginning of the universe"* in Sumerian. I interpret this as being what our astrophysicists call the Big Bang.

[71] BÙR-ANNA, litt. *"Opening of the heavens"*, as I understand it, what we call today "black hole".

[72] ME-KA, *"The hole of the powerful phenomenal region of Divinity"*. Ancient name given to the (alleged) massive black hole located at the center of our galaxy.

[73] Níama can be decyphred into NÍ-AMA or NÍ-AMA<sub>2</sub> meaning *"The power of the mother (or of the heat)"* or *"the power of the master"*. These two definitions show a neutral and unisexual conception of universal power. It is close to the Mali Dogon term Nyama. Malian Nyama is an energy, an impersonal substance in all living bodies. It is also defined as vital force.

[74] ŠU-HI-A. lit. *"mixed force (or power)"* in Sumerian. Since "O" and "F" do not exist in Sumerian, this term probably gave Sophia (Wisdom) in Ancient Greek, the Mother-Goddess of Origins archetype according to Gnostic cults.

[75] NUMUN "semen" in Sumerian.

[76] NÍĜ-ZI-ĜÁL: "creature" or "clone." Its phonetic translation is literally "a thing (or property) in which life has been placed".

[77] ZID: "faith" or "trust" in Sumerian

[78] É-A-AM: "the water house King." PES(PIS)-TES: "precious force of life" in Sumerian. This term maybe led to Pistis (Faith) in Ancient Greek, name given by the Gnostic to the goddess of origins.

[79] AGARIN. Sumerian term for "father." "mother." and "matrix." The Shadow Agarin had the ability to self-fertilize (also known as parthenogenesis, or Triple Power), which explains why this term is used to name the Shadow priestesses capable of giving life without sexual intercourse. This term can also mean "kin."

[80] The ancient Mušidim breed produced eggs. It's remarkable to point out that in Sumerian, the terms MUNUS and NUNUS translate to "egg(s)." "female" or "woman."

[81] Meaning Alpha and Omega.

[82] TE-ME-EN-LUM (TEMENLUM), lit. "foundation of abundance" in Sumerian. A region in current day Egypt: Dendera. according to my interpretation.

[83] IN-KU-BARA in Sumerian, lit. "*the Queen's royal foundation*". It is the royal incubation pit. This term may have led to the Latin word Incubar (incubate).

[84] It took me quite some time to understand the meaning behind all these technical considerations. The effect seems identical in our solar system, where Jupiter has practically the same annual revolution as the sunspot cycle. Jupiter's cycle is 11.86 terrestrial years whereas the average solar activity cycle period is 11.2 years.

[85] Reminder: the center of our Galaxy. Our Galaxy's black hole.

[86] The GI is an ancient measurement that can be found in Sumerian culture. 1 GI = 3 meters (six cubits).

[87] A similar process was used to bring Osiris back to life in Horus' body. I described this process in my essay *The Virgin's Testament*, and in the third volume of the Chronicles, *The Awakening of the Phoenix*.

[88] UD-TAR: second(s), literally "to cut time" "to determine time".

[89] Reminder: PES(PIS)-TES: "precious force of life" in Sumerian.

[90] It is well-known that every parthenogenesis-practicing species has out of the ordinary adaptive capabilities, allowing it to adapt to any situation to ensure its survival.

[91] The rainbow is a recurrent theme in many traditions and symbolizes the same subject each time:

- For the Mali Dogons. Nommo ("the great Nommo"), the genius behind the creation, travels using a rainbow called *Nommo sizu* ("Nommo's path").

- For the equatorial forest Pigmyes. God used the Khwa (or Wango, in Zande) rainbow to travel to the humans.

- In Japan, the Izanagi god and Izanami goddess come from the seventh generation of heavenly gods and came down to Earth using a rainbow.

- In Edda, Scandinavian mythology, the gods used a bridge to connect Earth to the sky. This is the Bifrost or Baefroest rainbow. According to this tradition, the Norse gods, called AEsir, came down from the sky in using rainbow-colored stripes. This is why the rainbow was called the AEsir bridge.

- According to ancient Colombian tradition, the god Bochica appeared before Soacha City's inhabitants riding a rainbow.



- Australian Aboriginals call the Great Snake of the Sky and Universe's high spheres Ularu, "the rainbow Snake". This is because he always moves around with a rainbow. The rainbow Snake is in all of Australia's Aboriginal mythologies.

- The Bible clearly mentions the rainbow in Genesis 9.13: *"I [Yahweh] have set my rainbow in the clouds, and it will be the sign of the covenant between me and the Earth."*

To conclude, the Sumerian term for rainbow is Tiranna, which refers to the Diranna (stellar portals) the Mušidim use.

[92] The Orion Nebula (M42) is often represented in purple and blue colors, but its true color in dark space is actually green or blue-green. Many scientists claim that M42 is only a few million years old but they do not consider the space-time factor. Some traces of old galactic masses once a part of M42 that have drifted away with time are in fact visible nearby it, for example in NGC2232.

[93] Reminder: the GI is a Gina'abul length measurement also used by Sumerians. 1 GI = 3 m (6 eubits).

[94] RUM-GAR "the hostile reserve" or "the reserve of shape" in Sumerian.

[95] The Mušidim and Gina'abul have an elongated cranium. The goal of the common cranial deformation practice of ancient times on Earth was none other than to resemble the "gods." There are many cases, such as the Lake Titicaca Aymara Indians or even the ancient Maya. To this we can add the 1897 discovery of very elongated human craniums buried in the ancient Abydos (High Egypt) cemeteries. Multiple pre-dynastic Egyptian etchings and statues show the same physical trait (for example, representations of Akhenaton's daughters of the 18th dynasty). In the n°35 American Anthropologist issue of 1993, eminent archeologist Henry Ford mentions discoveries of Sumerian tombs in Kish and Djemet Nasr, from which human remains with elongated heads were exhumed. These were totally unusual and looked like the ones from pre-dynastic Egypt. Likewise, baked clay figurines found in Iraq, at Choga Mami on the edges of the Zagros mountains, show facies with elongated skulls.

[96] This technique allowed giant herbivore dinosaurs to digest leaves, branches and pinecones without having to chew. Ostriches, crocodiles and some varieties of birds today have the same digestive function.

[97] IA-AL-DA-BA-UT: “*The fifth image that protects the (demon's) dwelling from the storm*”. Ía’aldabaut is indeed Barbélú’s fifth child. This term undoubtedly led to laldabaoth or Yaldabaoth, the Demiurge from the Gnostic texts, the child of Fallen Wisdom. Several interpretations were tried to translate this supposedly Aramaic - more precisely, Semitic - name, such as Yalda Bohuw, “son of chaos (or destruction)” or Yalad (S)abaoth. “he who conceived the armies” or “he who conceived Sabaoth.” The Gnostic laldabaoth is often described as being a snake with a lion's face, yet no one seems to have understood why. I think his name comes from an Ancient Sumerian tradition because the Sumerian term PIRIĜ means “lion” and its homophone PIRIĜ 2/3 means “shining” and “light.” terms that resemble the Demiurge's shiny, white skin. The term PIRIĜ was therefore clumsily translated into “lion.”

[98] Á-DAM. lit. “beasts,” “animals.” or “herds.” in Sumerian. The biblical Ádam was most likely derived from this word.

[99] KIN-GÚ lit. “to order the earth” or “to order of the regions” in Sumerian. In this word, we find the root of the English word “king”.

[100] Now that the reader has understood that the Mušidim’s planetary system is none other than ***our own Solar System***, we can make clear the following: our solar system belongs to the galactic Orion arm, also named Orion Spur. Modern astrophysics creates the hypothesis that our solar system was created by explosions coming from inside the Orion Nebula (*the Ga’anzír Shadow*). The swirling fusion of the stream of elementary matter drawn from this dense cloud, a cradle of new stars, would have propagated itself along the galactic arm to give birth to our solar system. This would mean that, in a way, we come from the explosions of several suns. We know that the elements ejected during these phenomena are heated at tens of thousand degrees, and form powerful x-ray emitters or energetic signatures. These light jets or plasma flows connect worlds together through Diranna (*stellar portals*) in order to create cosmic routes that connect the suns to each other. The Orion Nebula (*Ga’anzír Shadow*) is an unstable plasmatic cloud constantly heated at millions of degrees. This nebula is in resonance with our solar system, and particularly with Jupiter and its great spot (*the Valley of Storms*) that is constantly changing in size over time. Reminder: it was indicated in a previous note that Jupiter has almost the same annual rotation as the cycle of sunspots. Jupiter’s cycle is 11,86 terrestrial years, against an average period of 11,2 years for the cycle of

solar activity. Furthermore, we also know that Jupiter's position and angle (*Dapinu for the Mušidim*) play a considerable role, and determine the cycle of sunspots. All of these scientific elements give an additional meaning to the statements made by Barbélú above in the narrative, and now by Šuhia.

[101] TE-ME-EN-LUM (TEMENLUM). lit. "*foundation of abundance*" in Sumerian. A region of current Egypt, Dendera, according to my interpretation.

[102] From Ancient Greek ἀλλογεν / "Allogenês." lit. "stranger." "born elsewhere."

[103] We call this catastrophe the Great Permian Extinction, which officially happened 252 million years ago. About 95% of living terrestrial and aquatic species disappeared over a period of 60.000 years. This is the biggest Earth extinction ever recorded. Only 10% of the biological diversity survived. The globe's temperature increased by 5°C. This temperature rise let out toxic gasses, as the heating oceans emitted methane hydrate and Carbon-12. We also know that ancient Siberian volcanoes released around 3 million kilo of lava on an area of about 200.000 km. The gasses emitted during the eruptions also led to catastrophic climate changes on Earth. The volcanic ash rapidly settled in the stratosphere, keeping the sunbeams out of the atmosphere. Earth therefore suffered from very rapid heating, followed by a nuclear winter, and then by another intense heating that lasted until the late Triassic, at around 200 million BC. The true dinosaurs appeared after this catastrophe.

[104] UŠ-AMA. lit. "support the mother" in Ancient Sumerian.

[105] In light of the Pistis Sophia text and its commentaries, we know that several Gnostic schools of thought envisioned a second Pistis Sophia, daughter of the first, original one. This second, inferior Sophia (Šuhia in this book) appeared to be an imperfect creation that tried, like her mother (Pištěš, in this book) to elevate herself outside of the pleroma (the world of creation) but fell in the chaos of matter and merged with it. Her fall and wanderings formed a repetition of her mother's initial act. From the mass that enveloped her during her fall, she formed the world of matter and the new sky. At first, she enjoyed managing the formation of matter (the NUMUN project), but she rapidly began to suffer from her isolation and began praying to God (the Source). We don't know which Pistis suffered more and remained a prisoner of the chaos of forms the longest. Nevertheless, according to Pistis Sophia. her brother and spouse (one of the

others', or both), called Christ, who she had left in a hurry, who finally came to her rescue... About this subject, turn to the beginning of the complete version of the [Secret of the Dark Stars - Ğirkù Chronicles](#), volume 1 (éditions Nouvelle Terre, 2019).

[106] Reminder: this is the name once given to the black hole located in the center of our Galaxy.

[107] The regular penetration of extragalactic virgin clouds into our Galaxy, validated by many scientific observations during these past decades, is proof of the presence of one or of several universes from which ours supposedly emerges, in continual expansion. A recent theory partly confirms what is written here; the theory initiated by Abhey Ashtekar and taken up by Carlo Rovelli and Lee Smolin in 1990. This is the Loop Quantum Gravity Theory in

which space-time is not continuous like science has always suggested. Space-time is thought of as having an infinite amount of loops. This whole is quantic, therefore its evolution must be seen in terms of probabilities. Thanks to this model, the Universe appears to us as being a thread of quantum fields in infinite interaction with one another. This theory manages to conciliate Einstein's Relativity Theory with Quantum Mechanics. It also gives new meaning to the origin of time, the famous Big Bang. According to Loop Quantum Gravity Theory, the Big Bang is replaced by a Big Rebound, a narrow gully that gave birth to our Universe. When applied to black holes, this data allows us to suppose that the black hole's horizon's quantic states “stock” information that until now was considered lost, according to Einstein's Relativity. On one side there is a black hole, and on the other a white hole, from which we can access another universe... But this model does not entirely explain the different discussions I have received through my visions I collected and which composed this book. I think it has to include the inflation model of our Universe and of universes in general. Andrei Linde's inflation model proposes a cosmic fractal structure resembling a tree from which new universes continuously grow. Each expanding universe would be connected to each other by the presence of black holes, that in turn give birth to Big Bangs and worm holes (*time tunnels*).

[108]BABBAR: lit. “the shiners” in Sumerian.

[109] This new situation, involving the "game of chance," brings us back to the paradox in which Pištěš-Barbélú is confined and recalls Erwin Schrodinger's thought experiment, invented by him in 1935 in order to highlight the interpretative difficulties of quantum mechanics. In this very famous experiment. Schrodinger devised a cat in a box with a radioactive nucleus and a mechanical system ready to release a deadly poison after disintegration of the radioactive atom. However, since the kernel is quantum, it can be in a super-position of states. The condition of the radioactive nucleus (intact or disintegrated) defines the physical condition of the cat enclosed in the box. According to quantum theory, the cat should be both alive and dead, as long as the box is not opened. A new theory called "quantic decoherence" partly explains this paradox: our inability to observe certain environmental states is responsible for the classical aspect of the world. When quantum mechanics come into play—reality, as we perceive it- can truly change. We must not forget that in this story, the Zida machine is a quantic machine. During the transport of the two passengers (one of which did not wake up), the occupants moved from the particle to the wave stage and back again to the 3D reality. We are somewhat in the same game of chance as the Schrodinger experiment, where, in the quantum machine. Pištěš could very well have observed his companion before leaving Zida. In this case, a state overlay could intervene and offer a completely different story. Pištěš-Barbélú, always connected in a subtle way to his companion, carries within it this paradox.

[110] Aria is Antarctica. In Sumerian this term is A-RI-A: "desert land, region".

[111] IM-A: "the body's source" or "one's source" therefore "DNA" in Ancient Sumerian. Cf. IM / NÍ : M.E.A., entry 399.

[112] This procedure indicates that Barbélú's DNA is reorganized using Šuhia's genetic material.

[113] Cosmic background radiation was discovered in 1964 by two Bell laboratory researchers. Robert Wilson and Arno Penzias. This microwave radiation, which goes back to the Big Bang, is visible on our TV screens when set to a frequency between two channels. At the time of its initial diffusion from the Big Bang, fossil radiation was emitted in the form of a hot mass of 3,000 kelvins (nearly 2.7000°C) that surpassed the energy density of matter. Today, with the expansion of the Universe and its

progressive cooling, it is visible in the form of microwave radiation of 2.73 kelvin, almost near to the absolute zero.

[114] Ĝír-Kù: "saint sword" or "saint flash of light" in Ancient Sumerian.

[115] In 2007, at the time volume 2 of the Chronicles was first published, I deciphered Ugur down into U-GUR "the measure of capacity 10." In Ancient Sumer, the number 10 ("U") refers to a storm, thunderstorm and lightning. A strict interpretation of this word gives us: "the measure of lightning's capacity." With this translation we understand that the Ugur crystal has the same capabilities as a flash of light, which confirms its other name. Ĝír-Kù: "holy sword" or "holy flash of light." The crystal's ability to record data and contain very high energy also confirms this. Today, knowing that Sumerian allows for many puns to be made. I will add this new equally relevant possibility: U-GUR "the messenger of time." See GUR<sub>10</sub> / KIN : M.E.A.. entry 538.

[116] This is exactly what happens in quantum mechanics. For now, official science has not yet proven that this kind of effect does not only belong to the macrocosm world, but that it can also manifest itself on objects belonging to the microcosm world. That's actually what we can observe on our scale with twins who experience simultaneous events, while at a far away distance from each other.

[117] It seems like Éa'am and Pištéš have behaved like two photons, as indicated in the old Mušidim text, in the chapter called "*The Mystery of the Mother-Home*" in which it is said that the Zida machine separates the who beings into Alim and Alam waves. Two waves that are no longer in phase with each other don't add up or create interference fringes. Concretely, if the peaks and dips of two waves perfectly coincide, they form a stronger wave, but if their vibrations are no longer superimposed, then they cancel out. This shift can be explained by a kind of temporal difference experienced by the Alim and Alam waves. This is probably what triggered the awakening of one of the two drivers who became "polarized" before the second.

[118] Pourkier Aline. L'heresiologie chez Epiphane de Salamine. Beauchesne. 1992. p. 308.

[119] AMA-AR-GI: Sumerian term for "liberty." meaning "Mother(s) who contain the light" when broken down.

[120] Some of these phenomena can be seen in our sky using powerful telescopes. These effects are called "gravitational mirages" or "topological



mirages.” They can be produced by the presence of a galactic cluster or by black holes.

[121] MUS-SAG4-TAR. in Sumerian: “reptile(s) with a judicious heart”. Ancient male reptilian breed stemming from the original Muš’šagtar. Barbélú’s son.

[122] EME-SIR: lit. “child-minder snakes.” Ancient female reptilian breed stemming from the original Emesir. Barbélú’s daughter. Together they formed the first Gina’abul female breed.

[123] NUNUS-AKA: lit. “to lay eggs”.

[124] Reminder: “Agitation of the Great Above.” The age of great commerce and the galactic war.

[125] NUN-DAR: “dark princes” in Sumerian.

[126] KAL-DIRIG: lit. “remarkable and esteemed.” Iku (*Pegasus*) constellation’s Allogene race.

[127] Reminder: KAD4-1S-TU. lit. “the ancient assemblers of life” in Ancient Sumerian.

[128] Lit. “Big/Great dragon(s)” in Sumerian.

[129] Reminder: UZU-MU-A. lit. “where the flesh grows.” term used to refer to an artificial matrix.

[130] Reminder: the red Kingú that accompanied the Gina’abul rescue mission in the new heavenly worlds became fatally subordinated to the Babbar who had become the Kingú-Babbar. The red Kingú were then multiplied, using ancient artificial matrixes called Uzumúas.

[131] DIMMA-TI. lit. “new life”, the age of reason that prevailed after the galactic war during which many of the Universe’s races were in conflict.

[132] Reminder: the third dimension.

[133] EN-ZU-BI AB-ZU: lit. “the ruler who carries the knowledge of the underground world” in Ancient Sumerian.

[134] Reminder: Nuréa wakes up from her initiatory experience on the verge of death- the end of second chapter of the narrative entitled The Destiny of Nuréa.

[135] You can find the rest of Nuréa’s story in the new version of The Secret of the Dark Stars (volume 1 of the Ĝirkù Chronicles), the complete edition, reviewed and completed by the author.